

November 30, 1960

Registered in Australia for transmission by post as a newspaper.

The Australian

Over 800,000 Copies
Sold Every Week

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

PRICE

9[¢]



In
Color - A GALLERY OF CATS

COVER
M
CONTEST

The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Head Office: 168 Castlereagh St., Sydney. Letters: Box 4088WW, G.P.O.
Melbourne: Newspaper House, 247 Collins St., Melbourne. Letters: Box 185C, G.P.O.
Brisbane: 81 Elizabeth St., Brisbane. Letters: Box 408F, G.P.O.
Adelaide: 24-26 Halifax St., Adelaide. Letters: Box 388A, G.P.O.
Perth: C/o Newspaper House, 125 St. George's Terrace, Perth. Letters: Box 491G, G.P.O.
Tasmania: Letters to Sydney address.

NOVEMBER 30, 1960

Vol. 28, No. 21

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

- The beautiful cats shown on pages 21 to 27 were all photographed in Sydney.

AMHURST ARGUS (page 21), or Bruno, as he is called by his owner, Mrs. P. Hetherington, of Middle Cove, N.S.W., was six months old when his picture was taken by staff photographer Ron Berg.

Bruno is a Burmese cat, and was bred by Mr. G. G. Allen, of Parramatta, N.S.W. He was one of the first litter born in Australia, and his parents were First Tomahawk and Calypso Pallas Athene.

So far there are few Burmese breeders in Australia, but the breed is growing in popularity.

Burmese cats are said to be similar to Siamese in activity, intelligence, and general habits.

Ali Baba, the beautiful Persian on page 23, belongs to Mrs. May Baxter, of St. Ives, N.S.W. Her picture was taken by Laurie Le Guay.

On the same page are the enchanting Chinchilla Persian kittens belonging to Miss M. Haswell, of Turramurra, N.S.W. Staff photographer Keith Barlow took this picture.

The Siamese kittens on page 25 are Amanda, Regina, Chi Chi, and Teena, and were six weeks old when staff photog-

rapher Jim Ellard took this picture.

They belong to Mrs. C. F. Alley, Darling Point, N.S.W.

The six-month-old Siamese cat Jacris Princess Anna, on the same page, belongs to Mrs. G. Howard, of Willoughby, N.S.W. Staff photographer Ron Berg took the picture.

The “common or garden varieties” on page 27 will appeal to all cat-lovers.

★ ★ ★
WHEN a new chrysanthemum bred by Mr. Reg Smith, of Applecross, W.A., came into bloom on Princess Margaret's wedding day he named it The Princess (see gardening, page 53).

Later Mr. Smith wrote to Princess Margaret offering to send her some plants.

Now he has received a reply from Clarence House, saying that Her Royal Highness appreciated his offer, but, as she and her husband, Mr. Antony Armstrong-Jones, have no garden, she was unable to accept the plants.

£3000 Cover Contest

- This week's cover, with the identifying letter “M”, is the thirteenth to keep in our £3000 Cover Contest.

IF you have missed one of the covers, you can obtain a copy of the issue at our offices in capital cities—the addresses are listed at the top of this page.

You save our covers for 16 weeks and list the 16 covers in the order of your preference.

Each cover has an identifying letter on a little square—from “A” to “P”—for the 16 weeks. An entry coupon, on which to list your preferences, will be published at the end of the contest.

You will not need to describe the covers—they will be identified on the coupon by their letters. The coupon will also include a space for a cover suggestion of your own.

The last cover of the contest will appear on our December

21 issue. The entry coupon will be in that issue with instructions and conditions.

The contest will be judged by a panel, including, among others, an artist, a housewife, a businessgirl. Members of the panel will not be chosen until the contest closes.

The £3000 prize will go to the reader whose entry places the 16 covers in the same order as the judges or is nearest to the judges' choice.

In the case of a tie, the £3000 prize will go to the tying entry in which the suggestion for a cover is judged best. If the cover suggestions are judged equal in value, the prize will be equally divided. The additional awards of £10 will be made for the best ten suggestions for covers.

Our cover



● The cuddlesome kitten on our cover—the thirteenth in our £3000 Cover Contest (see details below)—was just four weeks old when staff photographer Barry Culen took the picture. The kitten's father is a black Persian and its mother a Tabby named Mamma. The kitten belongs to Barry's sister, Mrs. F. Graber, Clovelly, N.S.W.



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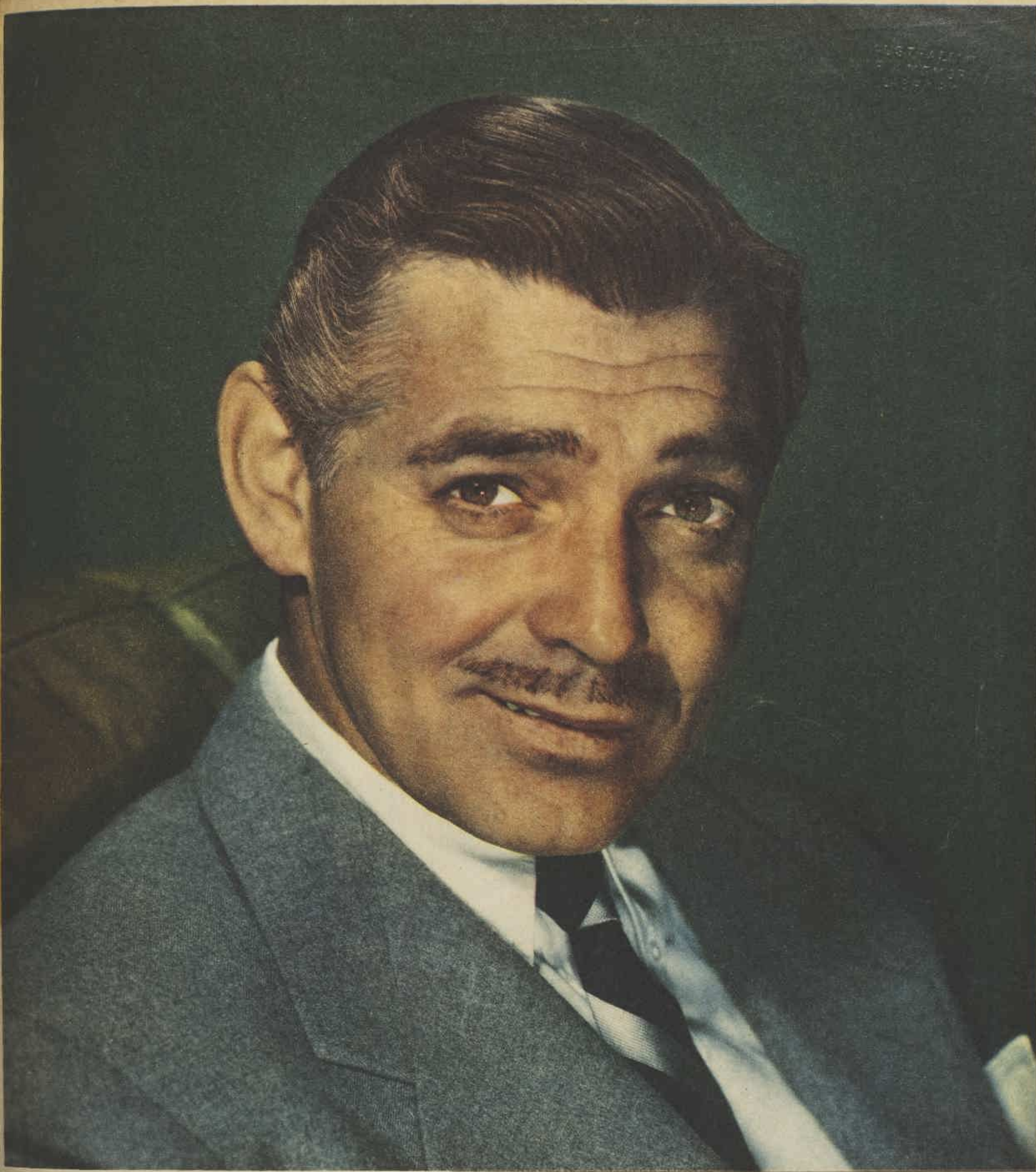
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CLARK GABLE

● To the young the death of Clark Gable was only a Hollywood obituary. But millions of middle-aged women went briefly into mourning, not so much for him as for the nineteen-thirties and their own lost youth. For Clark Gable earned his title of "The King" in the hey-day of the "talkies" when the cash-registers made music in a thousand picture-palaces. Then, the mothers of today's teenagers held hands with their boys in back stalls and yearned for he-man Gable. To these fans, now often impatient with their daughters' rock-'n-roll idols, Clark at 59 was still handsome. Though none of his pictures since wartime had been really successful, the faithful still remembered him with affection. From time to time revivals of "Gone With The Wind" showed him, forever at the peak of his masculine good looks, as Scarlett O'Hara's Rhett Butler. Such fans were unaffected by his famous confession of screen technique: "When I have to look longingly at a girl I think of a juicy steak." Gable was five times married. His widow, Kay Williams Spreckels, is expecting his first child in March.

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Bourke: A good place to live —

● When the scorching sun burns down on Australia's arid outback, city dwellers may think of Bourke, Milparinka, or Marble Bar—and wonder how people survive out there; indeed, why they live in such places.



WONDERFUL fishing at Bourke. Here Mr. and Mrs. Cec Barrett, of Sydney, pose proudly with a huge cod from the Darling River.

THEY read of 100-plus temperatures, and they think of heat and dust and flies and drabness.

But the people of Bourke don't see it that way at all.

Boom town Bourke, population 3000, stands beside the placid Darling River, 500 miles north-west of Sydney, at the end of the line.

Beyond are grey seas of mulga and gidgee, the occasional swell of a red sandhill—the traditional "Back-of-Bourke."

It's country with a ten-inch rainfall, one sheep to ten acres. It could be expected to nourish a hard and hungry race.

But Bourke is no Aussie Siberia.

It is a boom town in the best sense of the word.

Not only in its modern shops, banks, and offices, but in the incredible green of its parks, sporting ovals, bowling clubs, its flourishing lucerne crops, fat and golden citrus orchards producing some of the best crops in N.S.W.

Home gardens blaze with color—for every kind of fruit and flower suited to a warm climate blooms in the rich dark soil.

The people of Bourke have no particular secret for the success of their town. Work and water is all that is needed, and they give plenty of both. Water comes from the Darling.

The climate is kinder than many people think. Winter, spring, and autumn are mild, and the waves of above century summer heat rarely last longer than a week.

There's an old side to the town too—ancient hotels which still carry the signs of Cobb and Co., a crumbling river-bank landing where the paddle-steamers of bygone years loaded wool.

But the past ten years have seen a tremendous change.

The current boom had its birth in the false prosperity of the early 'fifties, but Bourke has made its greatest strides during the past few years.

Sheep's back

Bourke lives by wool.

It has been calculated that the district's annual income from wool and meat would gross £6 million.

Even isolation has been turned to good use.

The people of Bourke have a gift for pulling together.

The full weight of the town went into raising £22,000 towards an £80,000 Olympic pool, to be officially opened on December 10.

Last year, 1959, was a drought year. Yet Rotary president Colin Sutton spearheaded a drive for funds for a Baby Health Centre.

The full cost of the Centre, £4000, was raised, and the Centre, too, will be officially opened on December 10.

No one thought to ask about subsidies from State or Federal authorities.

The question is never "Why doesn't someone do something?" But "What will we do?"

This year, for instance, when businessmen in Bourke failed in an effort to have a Technical College opened, they started training and coaching the town's young people themselves to halt the drift "down inside."

(Sydney City and all points between are called the "inside.")

Helping hands

Again, in February, A youngster was drowned in the river. Fifty men dived and searched until the lad's body was recovered—and a Volunteer Search and Rescue Organisation was formed. The search had shown the need. No one had to be prompted.

There's no TV, no night life, no beaches, no resorts—and no monotony.

CHILDREN play with their pet birds in lush orange groves at Braemar Orchard, near Bourke. Golden citrus and green lawns are part of the Bourke scene.



— says **Vic McCristal,**
32-year-old bachelor,
who's lived for 8 years
in busy Bourke

Simply because of the local outlook.

With about one mile of town streets bitumened each year, dust, the worst housekeeping bugbear, is on the way out.

Inside many homes air-conditioning has broken the back of summer heatwaves. In the streets, thousands of young trees are growing.

Locals play golf, tennis, cricket, football, hockey, polo, croquet, bowls. They shoot with a rifle or gun club, swim or water-ski or fish. Half-a-dozen different race clubs hold meetings during the year.

The women of the town are active in Red Cross, C.W.A. (the C.W.A. rooms are new, naturally), Far West, various church organisations, Hospital Auxiliary.

The family store reigns supreme in Bourke and, local character being what it is, the shop on the corner can be expected to stay.

Accommodation has always been short. But two motels are under way, and they're expected to clear the bottleneck.

Many of Bourke's tourists are fishermen, for the Darling provides some of the best fresh-water fishing areas in the country—fish of 50 pounds and more are commonly caught close to town.

The kangaroo is the major driving hazard around Bourke. For the outback is very close, and kangaroos and emus are often seen on the fringes of the town.

The shop fronts and bank buildings of Oxley Street shine with modernity. Bright-shirted aborigines and high-heeled drovers yarn in the shade of the awnings. A truck loaded with men and suitcases rolls up the street, a shearing team on the way "out." The thrice-weekly plane to Sydney (two hours away) roars across the town.

Bourke's a good town to live in.

Spell of inland

When the time comes for people to leave for the "inside" some strange inland alchemy makes them loath to go. Many stay.

Recently the townsfolk honored Stanley Gorrell, manager of the Bank of N.S.W., who retired after 24 years in Bourke.

There's a legend about this man. His faith in his inland friends was such that he often submitted overdraft applications to his head office, with a note attached, "This has already been approved—please confirm!"



BOURKE is a boom town that lives on wool. ABOVE: The new £80,000 Olympic pool to be opened officially, along with a new £4000 Baby Health Centre, on December 10. Both projects were tackled with typical local enthusiasm and "do-it-ourselves" philosophy. BELOW: Wool, Bourke's life-blood, being loaded into railway waggons for the "inside."



RICH flower gardens surround many of Bourke's homes. Here, neighbors Mrs. Bill Crothers and Mrs. Ted Baker chat across the side fence, in gardens built by work, and water from the placidly flowing Darling.

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WONDERFUL
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Success
story:

Sydney model JEAN NEWINGTON

● In the perfumed pink jungle of the Paris fashion world, the iron claws are being worn longer this year, but it's not considered polite to let them show—except on formal occasions. This fascinating snippet of fashion-world news comes from someone who knows—Sydney model Jean Newington, who is now in New York.



1955 Typical Australian-look girl Jean Newington as she appeared in our Italian Fashion Parades.



1960 Jean Newington, the gaunt gamin witch, one of the most-photographed faces in Europe.

FOR the past five years Jean Newington has been working in Paris, and now has one of the most-photographed faces in Europe.

"It hasn't been easy," she told me in the accent she has acquired from constant exposure to French. "When I came to Paris, I was a fresh-faced, healthy girl from Bondi Junction. I couldn't speak a word of French, and everyone was very kind."

"Two days after my face appeared on the cover of 'L'Officiel,' half my friends stopped talking to me."

"What the other half had to say made me wish they'd joined in the boycott, too."

She gave a long sigh.

"Cattiness," she said, "is the—how you call it—house-maid's knee of the modelling profession."

"It's cold and lonely at the top and anyone who tells you it's not is lying."

I had dropped in on a short visit to Paris to say hello to Jean at her apartment in the fashionable Rue Verniquet.

I was curious to see what five years and a change of continent had done to the girl who was once Australia's most-photographed model.

She was up to her photogenic chin in Balmain suits, baubles, bangles, and beads, packing for her trip to the United States.

Jean quickly disclaimed the jewellery.

"Don't you dare write and say I wear this," she said.

By **LILLIAN ROXON,**
in New York

"This is for work, and this"—she opened a small box revealing half a dozen pieces—"this is what I wear."

All the pieces were small, delicate—and real.

"In Paris," she said, "people are quick to spot fakes."

"But I was talking about cattiness a minute ago. Tell me what you think of this."

"An Australian model arrived here the other day. Someone asked me if I'd like to meet her, and naturally I said yes. I always enjoy seeing Australians."

"So this girl arrived, a very pretty girl, and never mind her name because I'm not going to tell you. She looked me up and down for a minute or two, taking in the Alexandre hairdo and the Carven suit and the shoes that the House of Dior made for me."

"Then she said: 'So you're

Jean Newington. I've heard a lot about you, but you don't look quite as old as I expected."

Jean threw up her hands in exasperation, "What was she expecting?" she asked. "Grandma Moses?"

Jean at this stage had her hair in rollers and not a trace of make-up on her lightly freckled skin. She did not, in fact, look much older than the Dover Heights Domestic Science High School pupil a newspaper photographer discovered on Bondi Beach.

I told her so, but she seemed unconvinced.

Film career

"Do you think so? Well, you're probably right. Only the other day Dorian Leigh—she runs the agency that handles me in Paris—suggested I drop four years off my age."

Dorian, sister of the fabulous Suzy Parker, also wants Jean to try for a film career. She had Jean all set to appear in a film with Brigitte Bardot, but Jean changed her mind.

"I didn't like the part I was asked to play," she said. "The character wasn't feminine enough."

She started dabbling foundation on her face.

"You know," she said,

"I'm disappointed that you don't find me looking older. You see, here it's chic to look as if you have lived."

"Surely I'm not the same Jean Newington you remember in Australia?"

She made a face so chilly and remote that Bondi suddenly seemed very far away. The freckled schoolgirl became the gaunt gamin witch of the Dior Bubble.

Make-up and facial expression have changed her face so much that old friends riffling through "Vogue" and "Harper's Bazaar" can pass her picture a dozen times without recognising her.

Jean showed me how a touch of shadow, a lining of the brow, a subtle curve in the cheekbone or the lip line can change her from an exuberant 16-year-old to a sophisticated matron of 35.

Thinner than in her Australian days, she uses dark foundations below her cheekbones to give her face an even gaunter look.

"I use my hair more than I did in Australia," she said, brushing it into shape. "I've just had it cut, but I'm growing it because you can do anything with longish hair and a basic set."

"I never go to a hairdresser except to have it styled. Then

"I was so ambitious, people didn't like me..."

I go to Alexandre. Last time I was there Tina Onassis sat just beside me."

The other lesson Paris has taught Jean is how to smile—lips closed, corners turned up.

"That healthy, outdoor-type laugh is a thing of the past," said Jean. "The French like their models to look sad. To them a woman who has suffered is more interesting."

To look literally hollow-cheeked, many French models have two or three wisdom teeth removed, Jean says.

Even outside working hours Jean now looks more serious.

"I am more serious," she insists. "In Sydney I loved being a model, going to parties and nightclubs, and being seen with the handsomest young men about town."

"Today nightclubs bore me. I only like small parties, and I like to relax."

"I love the success I have, and I want it more than ever. But I now know you pay a big price for it. I often wonder if I might have been happier married with a family."

Thinking that she still had time, and that surely a well-known European beauty has the opportunity of meeting many rich and charming young men in the international set, I asked Jean whether she really meant that last remark.

"Of course I do," she said. "I know what you're getting at. You want to know if those famous playboys have come my way. Well, they have, and I don't like them."

"Since leaving Australia I have gone out mostly with boys my own age— young lawyers, actors, and writers."

Jean gets approximately £30 an hour, £45 after 5 p.m. She rarely earns less than £600 a week.

"What do you do with your money?" I asked her.

"I spend it in the most glamorous way I can think of," she said. "Travelling. I've been to every luxury resort in Europe, and I always stay at the best hotel."

"I'd rather have two weeks living like a millionaire than a wardrobe full of mink coats."

Jean told me that when she first came to Paris she spoke so little French that she had to turn down all photographic offers. She couldn't understand what poses were wanted.

She became a mannequin for Madame Carven. It was Madame Carven who gave her confidence.

"She said I was one of the few models who knew how to 'sell' clothes," said Jean. "So whenever she took a collection to another country, she took me with her."

"Even today, I'll drop much more lucrative jobs if Carven needs me."

"Ambition"

I asked Jean if working in New York meant that she was tiring of Europe.

"Not at all," she said. "I want the experience—and the money is wonderful."

Also in New York are fellow-Australians Margo McKendry and Pauline Kiernan.

"What makes Australian models so successful overseas?" I asked Jean.

"Ambition," she said. "Girls from other countries have what it takes, too, but they drop by the wayside. It's tough work, and only Australian girls have that driving ambition to keep them going."

"When I was in Australia, I was very ambitious—often to the point of being unscrupulous. Whenever there was a

fashion parade I would get there first and pick out the best clothes."

"Some people didn't like me for that. But I wasn't interested in being liked. All I knew was that no one gave you special marks for being considerate."

"If you didn't look good in a parade or a picture you simply weren't used again. The competition was stiff—and stimulating."

Jean told me that behind her own successes was an even stronger motive—jealousy.

"If another girl does well at something," she said, "I have to go and do the same thing better."

"I shilly-shallied about going to America until I heard how well Pauline was doing there. That did it. I had to prove I could do it, too."

"I wasn't interested in a film career until I heard Margo McKendry had done some film tests. Now I have started acting lessons."

"This makes me sound awful. But look, let's face it, isn't that what drives women to the hairdresser's, the dress-maker's, and the interior decorator's, this need to go one better?"

"It has also helped me mature. I read more now. I write a little. I painted that Crucifixion on the wall."

"Sometimes I feel modelling isn't enough. Only my love of fashion—and photography—keeps me interested."

"From time to time, job offers from Australia filter through. I've always said no. One of these days I'll feel like going home and it'll be yes."

"I'd like to work as a fashion adviser for a store. I'd like to have my own show on TV."

"Do you think they'd take me with this French accent of mine?"

FACE and figure with which Jean Newington has conquered the fashion world and is now planning to break into films.



MODEL on holiday. Jean Newington with Jacques Bonnet in Spain.





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Margaret on "light duties"

From ANNE MATHESON, in London

● Princess Margaret has been put on "light duties."
Her official programme has been heavily curtailed
and all tiring engagements cut out.

THE "light duties" programme will operate when, with her husband, Mr. Antony Armstrong-Jones, Princess Margaret goes to Brussels to represent the Queen at the wedding of the King of the Belgians to Donna Fabiola on December 15.

Because of her curtailed duties, the Princess did not attend the State opening of Parliament by the Queen—a morning programme that would have meant getting up early.

The Queen also excused her sister from attending the brilliant State Reception—for the Diplomatic Corps—at Buckingham Palace.

Instead, Princess Margaret and her husband that night went to a small charity function in aid of the Edwina Mountbatten Fund. It was a quiet evening.

Her only other recent engagement was a brief visit to

the Victoria League. She stayed less than an hour.

Those who are close to the Princess were not surprised when, at the wedding of Douglas Fairbanks' daughter, Daphne, she confessed to feeling "rather tired."

Her weekends have been spent in Sussex, the quietest being with her husband's mother, the Countess of Rosse, when the only excitement was the failure of the electric current.

Quiet weekend

Tony had to run for the electricians while the Countess and Margaret lit candles.

Margaret and Tony spent one of their weekends in Sussex with Lord and Lady Nevill, shopping in Lewes and going quietly to the theatre at nearby Brighton.

Afterwards they had supper at a well-known Brighton restaurant.

A quiet dinner at Windsor Castle with the Queen, after Tony had been shooting with Prince Philip and Earl Mount-

batten, followed a weekend when Margaret had no engagements.

It is reported in the English Press—contradicting numerous stories appearing in Continental papers—that Tony Armstrong-Jones will be given a job when Princess Margaret has had a baby.

"They are both longing for a baby," said a close friend.

It is also reported that Margaret and Tony do not wish to leave Kensington Palace until after they have had a child. The source for this report is a young journalist who was once a close member of the Princess Margaret set.

Meanwhile, Tony has set up a new darkroom at Kensington Palace, fitted with thousands of pounds' worth of new equipment.

One suggestion that has been made for using Tony's talents is that he should go abroad for brief periods for the British Council. This would not be a commercial undertaking in any way.

Margaret's attendance at the wedding of the King of the Belgians will be her last

official engagement before Christmas.

Her stay in Brussels will be brief.

And the only celebrations the Princess and Tony are likely to join in—apart from the wedding ceremony and reception—is the Grand Ball in Brussels on the eve of the wedding.

PRINCESS MARGARET . . . she has been advised to "take it easy" on her forthcoming visit to Brussels.



Puppets for the Shah

● The Dynamic Duponts, Australian cabaret artists who have been appearing with their marionette act in Teheran, were recently invited by the Shah of Persia to perform in the Imperial Palace—a few days before Queen Farah's son was born.

DESCRIBING how she and her husband felt about the royal "command performance", Eve Dupont writes:

"As the last notes of 'A Pub With No Beer' echoed out from the ballroom of the Palace, the audience began to applaud our puppet impression of an Australian roughrider.

"Only two hours earlier we'd been tramping round the sprawling covered bazaar, dazzled by the huge selection of Persian carpets and trying to find just the right one to take back home to Australia.

"We didn't dream that soon we'd be taking part of Australia to the heart of Persia.

"The moment we returned to our room there was a telephone call for us to come quickly to the cabaret for a special gala performance.

"When we arrived, the cabaret director told us our gala was to be at the Shah's Palace for the birthday celebrations of Princess Shahnaz, the ruler's daughter.

the right of the Shah, was wearing a white satin dress embroidered with pearls, and looked radiant.

"The Shah sat smiling gently at the remarks she made.

"I was surprised to find him a much smaller man than he appears in his photographs.

"Speed was important, for the driver the Palace had sent was the man chosen to drive the Queen to the Maternity Hospital, and the poor fellow was on tenterhooks in case she needed him while he was away.

"Once our gear was loaded we were driven through gaily lit streets of Teheran, decorated in anticipation of the royal birth, to the Palace.

Festive note

"The ballroom of the Palace had been turned into a nightclub for the occasion, and we found ourselves in the presence of the Shah and Queen Farah, and about 100 guests.

"Some of them were dancing the cha-cha in the centre of the floor—to the accompaniment of an Italian orchestra.

"While preparing our marionettes, we opened the door and peeped out to see if the Queen and the Shah were as we'd expected.

"Queen Farah, who sat at



THE DYNAMIC DUPONTS, Australian cabaret artists, Francois Dupont and his wife, Eve, pictured with one of the stars of the marionette act they performed at the Shah's Palace in Persia.

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BALCONY scene, "lifted" almost straight from Shakespeare.

● "West Side Story" is the same smash hit at Melbourne's Princess Theatre that it was at Broadway's Winter Garden and London's Her Majesty's. A modern musical with a Romeo and Juliet plot translated to New York's slums, it is directed by American Joe Calvin, played by a brilliant cast of youngsters, mainly American.



DRUGSTORE proprietor Doc stops a violent attack by the young Jet gang on Anita, girl-friend of Bernardo, dead leader of the rival Puerto Rican Shark gang. Anita is played by Rita Tanno; Maria (Juliet) by Wendy Waring.

Musical drama set in slums



EXCITING dance (left) by Puerto Rican girls led by Anita as they sing of the joys of living in America. Anita is in foreground (high-kicking), and from left are Arline Woods, Diana Rivera, Suzanne Charney, Mercedes Ellington, and Dallas Rennie.

Feel as pretty as you look, in



STRAPLESS BRAS by

Charmfit

New, flexible, flat underbust, wires mould to your figure, and are encased in foam rubber tubing for your protection.

STRAPLESS BRA NO. 053

A dream of a bra in Embroidered Nylon Marquisette... with frosted Nylon pleats... Underwired foam cups, Dacron elastic sides and elastic back control, mould gently but firmly into high, round contours... Wear it strapless or attach straps for off-shoulder wear or as a halter. A, B & C Cups: 32-36. A mere 59/9.



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TORSELETTE NO. 093

A torselette to nip your waist for bouffant fashion. Underwired foam cups for high, rounded contours. Wear it with or without suspenders. Features new cushion-tipped spiral boning. In Embroidered Nylon Marquisette... with frosted Nylon pleats... Dacron elastic sides. A & B Cups: 32-36. C Cups: 32-38. Particularly good value at 105/-.

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... actually part of you, from the top of the extravagantly beautiful cups (foam contoured and underwired) to 2" below your waist. New cushion-tipped spiral boning, exclusive to Charmfit, never deviates from its original position... positively won't twist or dig. Can be worn with or without detachable shoulder straps. A & B Cups: 32-36. C Cups: 32-38. Only 79/11.

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Leading Retail Stores and Corsetry Salons will gladly demonstrate the range to you.

GOSSARD

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FATHER



MOTHER



"You came the first time I called. WHAT'S WRONG?"

It seems to me

By



Dorothy Drann

"WHY don't you write something about how awful women look in pants?" asked the man I often meet on the way to the office.

"I can't very well," I explained. "I wear them myself for shopping and at weekends."

"Maybe you look all right in them," said the man, hedging politely. "But thousands don't. Some of the proportions in these narrow-legged jobs!"

"Never mind," I consoled him. "Those beach pyjama things, flared at the ankle, are coming back."

"Oh, don't," he exclaimed. "I remember those, too. They were just as bad." And he buried his nose dismally in his paper.

Well, there you are. I've done what I was asked to do, and I am sure that the gentleman is a spokesman for many others.

Nevertheless, pants, long or short, narrow or wide, are so comfortable that I doubt they'll ever go completely out of fashion.

IN London a beauty firm is said to be doing good business by showing women how they will look in ten years' time.

Customers see their faces magnified, with little forehead lines blown up to the size of deep gullies.

This treatment, the experts say, softens up clients, who then spend large sums in an attempt to stave off the ravages of time.

It might affect some people like that. Others, and I'm among them, would be so depressed that they'd give up the struggle entirely.

HOW long does it take you to do your housework?

An American housewife made headlines recently because she does hers in an hour.

She has a husband and two sons. Her husband does the cooking and she sends the wash to the laundry.

She gets up at 6.30, eats the breakfast cooked by her husband, and then rushes madly round between 7.30 and 8.30 before flying off to play bridge all day.

Some details are missing from the story. We don't know how big the house is.

Do the boys make their own beds? What sort of covering on the floors? Is the suburb dust-free?

And—all together now, please—DOES SHE DO THE HOUSE PROPERLY?

The clue to the situation is given by one fact. When this speed-queen of housewives hears the telephone ring she doesn't answer it until she has finished her job.

People who can let telephones go unanswered belong to a special class. They have more drive and less imagination than ordinary souls.

Think of the things a telephone bell can mean—tragedy, good fortune, wrong numbers.

This housewife is in the wrong job. She ought to be running a factory staffed with robots, not contributing to the discomfort of human beings.

ACCORDING to a dispatch from the International Fashion Council in Amsterdam, designers of men's clothes are worried by the increasing number of beards.

The Council says: "Especially for leisure wear, the bearded man, asking for coarser material and natural colors, will evoke new conceptions for styling men's wear."

If you don't know what that means, neither do I.

I can grasp the bit about coarser materials being appropriate to beards, but what are natural colors?

I can see, though, that the tie-trade might be worried. Why buy a madly expensive tie and then draw the eye away to a beard?

Frankly, I don't care for beards, but, leaving personal preferences aside, I know what I'd do if I were running a tie or razor business.

I'd buy shares in a hair-coloring outfit, and then start an advertising campaign to encourage beard-tinting, starting with blue and purple rinses for greybeards.

After that it would be simple to lead younger men into the rainbow colorings now obtainable for women's heads.

You may think the above is fantasy, but, noting the passionate interest that the modern teenage boy takes in clothes, compared with his conservative predecessors, I think that apricot beards are no idle dream.

FORECASTING changes which are likely to influence housing in the next 60 years, a British architect says: "The historic concept of a room with four walls entered from a corridor no longer applies. Interior doors will become obsolete. The kitchen will be a place to show off, not to enclose and hide away."

*I rather liked a parlor where one could shut the door,
But it's no good being wistful, they're gone for evermore,
It was always neat and tidy when people came to tea,
You could live in happy chaos somewhere else—they couldn't see.
And then, when entertaining, and you had a meal to cook,
You could work in decent comfort, the guests, they couldn't look,
You set it all before them, and they said, "Why, this is nice!"
They saw no preparations, didn't offer their advice,
And somewhere safely hidden were a multitude of sins
Appropriately destined to rest in garbage bins.
But now we're all together, happy, happy—like a tram,
And if you're in a temper, why, there's not a door to slam.*

TWO SAMPLERS TO EMBROIDER

● Since we published the Lord's Prayer sampler in our October 5 issue, we have received many requests for a similar sampler of the Hail Mary. Both samplers can now be obtained for 9/- each by sending a postal note or cheque to "Sampler," Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney. Use the coupons below.

BOTH samplers are reproduced on this page. The Lord's Prayer sampler (shown below) has already been ordered by thousands of readers but some are still available.

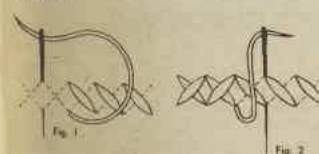
Below are directions for working the stitches in the samplers and the coupons required for ordering either or both. If ordering only one, cross out on the coupon the name of the sampler you do not require.

The sampler will be mailed to you complete with the full color range of cottons which are needed to reproduce the traditional embroidery shown in the color pictures at right.

The completed samplers each measure 17in. x 21in.

Here are the basic stitches used for working both samplers:

CROSS-STITCH EMBROIDERY (3 strands): Keep all top stitches sloping in the same direction. One line of crosses is completed before the next is worked. The back of the work comprises vertical stitches. Bring needle through to front of material at lower right-hand point of cross, insert again at higher left-hand point, bringing out again at lower left-hand point (see Fig. 1 below). Continue to end of row. Stitches are then worked over those already done in the same manner from left to right to complete the cross. (Fig. 2 below.)



SATIN-STITCH (2 strands): Use for working small leaves, flowers, or dots. To make it look well, first pad the design with a

close running-stitch (see Fig. 1 below), then work the satin-stitch evenly and closely across the padding, with the satin-stitch worked the opposite way to the padding-stitch (see Figs. 1 and 2 below).

Sloped satin-stitch is decorative for leaves, flowers, etc. Fig. 3, below, shows how it is worked.



STEM-STITCH (3 strands): Use for stems and lines; bring the thread up at the end of stem or line, take a small straight upward stitch and bring needle up again at beginning of thread (see Fig. 1 below). Continue to work along the line, with straight upright stitches of even length, always bringing the needle back and up at the end of the last stitch (see Fig. 2 below). The wrong side should look like fine back-stitch. If closely worked in lines with one strand of stranded cotton, this makes a most effective stitch for filling in ribbons, leaves, and large or small spaces (see Fig. 3 below).



LONG AND SHORT SATIN-STITCH (for the Hail Mary only) (2 strands): Use for outlining or filling in flower petals, etc. Start on the left-hand side and run around the outline with a fairly close running-stitch to the end of the right-hand side, put needle down and bring up again on the inside of the outline and begin the long and short

stitches by putting the needle down on the outside of the outline and bringing it up again on the inside, making a sloping stitch (see Fig. 1 below); continue these sloping stitches, making one long and one short stitch alternately. All stitches on both sides must slope down on the inside to the centre (see Figs. 1 and 2 below).



COMPLETED SAMPLERS. Keep pictures as guide to colors, stitches.



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To: "Sampler," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please send me the Hail Mary sampler/samplers
The Lord's Prayer sampler/samplers.

I enclose cheque/postal notes to the value of

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Each sampler with cottons is 9/-. Cross out name of sampler you do not require.

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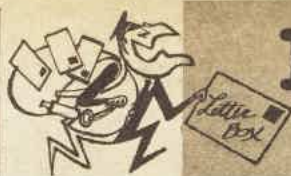
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LETTER BOX

• We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

Her crowning glory

I'M middle-aged and still have long blond hair, which I arrange in smooth shining masses of crowning glory, attracting admiring glances from everyone including my husband, who threatens to throw himself to the sharks if I succumb to the short-hair cult. Why do attractive women make themselves plain and uninteresting with semi-mannish haircuts that mostly look untidy and in need of combing?

£1/1/- to Mrs. G. L. Clifford, Maylands, W.A.

Aboriginal axe factory

HOW many readers have ever come across an aboriginal axe factory in their travels? On an ironstone ridge about six miles from Goombungee, South Qld., I once saw what could have been the remains of one. There were a number of stone axes in various degrees of manufacture — some were nearly complete, others half finished, and some had just been started. Evidently the tribe had been disturbed while busy at work. About a century ago the Wakka Wakka tribe roamed this area and close by are their ancient bora grounds.

£1/1/- to Mr. H. C. Heilig, Sandgate, Qld.

Shaking hands

"DUTCHIE" (N.S.W.), whose outstretched hand has been ignored on introductions, asks what is the custom for Australian people regarding handshakes. Assuming you are a male, it's considered not polite to offer an outstretched hand to a female unless she offers her hand first. When men meet, the usual practice is to shake hands.

£1/1/- to "How do you do?" (name supplied), Belmore, N.S.W.

MY sympathies go out to "Dutchie." To ignore a friendly outstretched hand is bad manners in any language or any country.

£1/1/- to Mrs. N. Chandler, Hurstville South, N.S.W.

MY advice to "Dutchie" is to stand back and see what the other person does first. A firm handgrip has always been admirable, but, unfortunately, the custom is now almost obsolete.

£1/1/- to Mrs. V. M. Stone, Bald Hills, Qld.

IT seems the custom of shaking hands is "going out." Surely a handshake is so much nicer than a nod of the head.

£1/1/- to Miss A. Timmins, West Ryde, N.S.W.

Ross Campbell writes...

UNTIL I met Mr. Lambton, the hatter, I didn't care much about hats.

I threw my hat on to pegs, so that when I missed—as I usually did—it fell on the floor. I rarely brushed it or showed it any kindness.

This indifference to hats is common among men.

There is even a tradition that sellers of men's hats are mad. We say a person is mad as a hatter. We never say mad as a milliner, although there might be more reason for the phrase.

I went into Mr. Lambton's shop to get a new hat.

He had me on his side at once, when he said: "You have a normal-fitting head, not long oval or anything." I felt very relieved not to have a long oval head, or a dome-shaped one like a master-mind's, or some other abnormality.

Mr. Lambton produced several hats, talking about them the while.

"Styles are more flattering today than they used to be," he said. "Crowns are tapered, and the narrow brims have a slimming effect. Would you try this one?"

THE SANE HATTER

I put the hat on, but Mr. Lambton frowned.

"You shouldn't perch a hat on the back of your head. It's a bad habit newspapermen have," he said. "Pull it down more in front to preserve the line. Just off the right ear is correct. That's better!"



I was coming under the spell of this dedicated hat man.

He explained that hats with wide bands were for business wear and hats with narrow bands were for leisure wear.

"Why?" I asked.

"Narrow bands are more sporty," he said, as if that settled it.

I picked out a wide-banded hat, and Mr. Lambton gave his approval.

"I'll just freshen it a bit," he said. He turned on a gadget I had not seen before, a hat-steamer. He held the hat in the jet of steam, then brushed it.

"Always brush a hat anti-clockwise," he told me, turning it lovingly in his hand.

As I was about to go, Mr. Lambton said: "I hope you'll take care of your hat. Hats are much abused, you know. Men throw them about, and crush them, and shove them under seats at the theatre—"

A look of sadness came over him as he thought of all the ill-treated hats in the world.

I promised to give the hat a good home. "At least I wear a hat," I said humbly. "I'm not one of the hatless brigade."

Mr. Lambton's eyes gleamed with sudden irritation. "It's very vain of people to think their heads look better without a hat," he said.

I had touched on the one thing that makes hatters mad. It is the thought of men who won't wear hats.

Helena Rubinstein's WOOD FERN Fragrance



WOOD FERN

**a new fragrant Cologne . . . Talcum and Soap,
to keep you tingling cool on summer days**

From morn to night you'll be as dainty and refreshed as a wood nymph when you start the day with Helena Rubinstein's fragrant "Wood Fern"! Know the luxury of "Wood Fern" Complexion Soap with your bath or shower; the soothing softness of "Wood Fern" Talcum and the delicious, refreshing coolness of "Wood Fern" Cologne—splash it liberally over your whole body for fragrant daintiness and protection on the sultriest summer day.



Complexion Soap, 5/5 Fragrance Cologne, 13/6 Fragrance Talcum, 11/6

"Wood Fern" is available at Helena Rubinstein's Salons, all leading city stores and authorised agents throughout the Commonwealth.
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 30, 1960

Page 15

You change your fashions
for a **NEW LOOK** of confidence...



...from spotted organdies to a new tunic sheath! You never hesitate to change your fashions for flattering new lines. That's how you're confident in looking your best. Now there are big changes in Kotex... the most feminine thing of all. So change to new Kotex and you'll always feel as confident as you look.

PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN THE KARA SALON, SYDNEY.

now change to *Wondersoft Kotex*
FEMININE NAPKINS
for a **NEW FEELING** of confidence

You can look your best in a new hat, a new hairstyle or a new dress, but *feeling* your best is another thing. Change to Kotex with the new "Wondersoft" cover and *feel* your best at all times. The extra softness is such a comfort, the increased absorbency offers extra protection and safety. But the thing you'll notice most is that Kotex with the new "Wondersoft" cover gives you greater peace of mind. Kotex belts offer you greater comfort, too. They stay smooth and flat—never twist or curl. Choose from 5 styles in pink or white.



Change to *Kotex* feminine napkins with new "Wondersoft"... choice of discriminating women.

*Registered Trade Mark. KK41AR

SOCIAL

By PATRICIA O'CONNELL

ROUNDABOUT

ALL the skiing fans who've had to sweep snow for surf are envious of Virginia Hyne — and no wonder. She is leaving by plane early in January for two months' skiing in Switzerland.

Caroline Anderson is going with her and they're stopping off in Hongkong and Bangkok on the way. Then after their ski-ing stint, they'll move on to London and Paris.

Besides coping with passports, packing and all other preparations, Virginia is busy overcoming the language problem.

She's fitting in a French conversation lesson nearly every day till she leaves. Caroline already speaks quite fluent French, a souvenir of her year at finishing school in Switzerland.

★ ★ ★

PRETTY Sue Watts will have five attendants for her wedding to Gilbert Coles at St. Swithun's Church, Pymble, on Thursday, November 24. Four of the girls trained as kindergarten teachers with Sue—Mrs. Barry Greenwood, Mrs. Peter Adams, Mrs. Brian Lamble, and Rosan Butler—and the fifth is Gilbert's sister, Jenny Coles.

After a honeymoon up north, Sue and Gilbert will be moving into their new home at St. Ives — just in time for Christmas.

★ ★ ★

IF you go for that life on an ocean wave, be sure to get aboard a yacht next Sunday, November 27, for the yachtman's day organised by the Rose Bay and Broken Bay branches of the Royal Motor Yacht Club. And don't forget to pack a picnic lunch—everybody's anchoring at the Basin in Pittwater for a midday party. It's all in aid of a very good cause—the Deaf and Blind Children.

★ ★ ★

WHAT a fabulous honeymoon Ann Marce and John Bolger are having. They flew to Fiji, and are now cruising round the Cassawa group of islands. When they arrive back in a few weeks' time they'll be living at "Fontenoy," Walendbeen.

★ ★ ★

THE Christmas exhibition held by the Forest Lodge branch of the Sydney Day Nursery Association is always one of my favorite things. And this year it promises to be better than ever.

The committee is working like beavers getting ready for the opening at David Jones' Art Gallery on November 30. They've had a working bee every week at Mrs. John Warry's place at Bellevue Hill—making more than 200 tiny Christmas trees which will be on sale during the ten-day show.

"We're up to our eyes in red, green, and white tulle, sequins, glitter, and ribbon," Mrs. Jasper Lloyd told me, "and arrive each week with bags of play-lunch, ready to work all day."

★ ★ ★

UNIVERSITY exams are the big worry right now for lots of pretty girls who've had to replace parties with textbooks. Sally Spurgeon is coping with Arts II exams, so's Sue Baume, who now whizzes up to Uni in her cute tomato-red car—by the way, Sue's christened her little cocoa-colored poodle "Coco" — and Carole Roussel (remember she was Carole Money) is doing her final Arts III exams. Carole and husband, Pierre, have a flat in Macleay Street.



SHIPBOARD PARTY. Mr. and Mrs. Paddy Russell at the gay party held on board Monterey, and organised by the Black and White Committee. Mrs. Russell wore a dress of white brocade with her frou-frou hat of white tulle—on it she clipped two fabulous earrings which matched her necklace.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY November 30, 1960

PEOPLE AND PARTIES

AT CATTLE SALE: Mr. and Mrs. Randolph Galt (film star Anne Baxter) at the stud-cattle sale held at "Risdon," Warwick, Queensland. The Galts flew from their property near Gloucester, New South Wales, to "Risdon"—Anne stepped from the plane looking cool, relaxed, and windblown in a red-and-white cotton dress and jaunty hat.



ABOVE: Pretty Sue Quigley (left) gives a perfume favor to Prue Boundy as she arrives with Tony Pratten for the champagne party and film premiere held on board Monterey. The proceeds of the evening will go to the Royal Blind Society.



AT RIGHT: Malayan champion S. A. Azman at White City with Mervyn Falke (left) and Marion Fraser during the New South Wales championships. Azman will be in Australia for three months—this is his first Challenge Round trip.



MANAGER of the United States Davis Cup team, Mr. David Freed, with his wife, Blanche, at the New South Wales tennis championships at White City. The Davis Cup matches will be played off in Sydney on December 26, 27, and 28.

No other sox compare for comfort, value or wear

HOLEPROOF

YEAR
OF THE
NEW

S-T-R-E-T-C-H

ZEALONS FOR BOYS & GIRLS

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SIZE FOR
GROWING FEET

NO SHRINKING
OR DARNING
WORRIES

EXTRA
REINFORCING
AT HEELS
AND TOES

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COMFORT



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Compare! You'll agree Holeproof gives you real value in children's sox. Look for the generous fit — plenty of room for growing toes. See how the exclusive heel pocket fits perfectly — sox never slip down into kiddies' shoes. You're free from darning too; Zealons construction with extra reinforcing ensures that. With Holeproof, you buy quality beyond compare. All Holeproof sox are guaranteed — six months' wear or a new pair, FREE.

A. "Nigger Boys". White, Sky, Lemon, Bone. From 5/11
B. "Felicity". White, Sky, Pink, Bone. From 5/11
C. "Tinkerbell" Lurex Top. White, Sky, Pink, Lemon. From 6/6

D. "Wig Wam". Grey, Fawn, Lovat, Saxe. From 6/6
E. "Twinkle Star". White, Sky, Pink, Lemon, Green. From 5/11
F. and I. "School Mates". Plain Ribbed Ankle. White, Sky, Pink, Lemon, String, Green. From 5/11

Green, Grey, Fawn, Saxe, Black, Navy, Red, Bottle, Maize, Chartreuse. From 5/6
G. "Daisy Chain". White, Lemon, Pink, Sky. From 5/11
H. "Princess". White, Sky, Pink, Lemon, Green. From 5/11



HOLEPROOF

AUSTRALIA'S LARGEST MAKERS OF LOVELY LOVELY THINGS TO WEAR . . .

Worth Reporting

LOVE this man . . . Pinin Farina, incomparable Italian car designer, who has had the world's car-makers — German, British, American — beating a path to his door since the early post-war years.

Where does he get the inspiration for those flowing, fluid lines ("a Farina-designed car suggests motion even when standing still") that have revolutionised the shape of cars?

From studying beautiful women.

Says Farina: "The body of a beautiful woman and a Farina-designed car have simplicity and harmony of line . . . when they are old, one can still see how beautiful they once were."



PININ FARINA . . . women inspire his car designs.

"I still study beautiful women," says the 65-year-old, who has now handed over his £2,000,000 factory to his son-in-law, "but for line only."

Battle of the bulge . . .

A TALE all women will understand.

The first day his wife wore her new girdle to town, HE had to "wait" while SHE ducked into a ladies' lounge to remove both it and her agonising stomach cramp.

He continued to "wait" during the next few weeks while she "broke it in" by wearing it — and replacing it with her old comfortable one . . . just before cramp zero-hour.

Unable to stand the strain, he begged her to "throw the wretched thing away and get a larger size," a piece of male commonsense he thought she'd accepted when he found the "thing" stretched taut across the back of a bedroom chair.

Two weeks later, however, it was still there, only now padded out to XXXOS fitting with cushions and pillows packed into it.

Fascinated, he heard her finally pronounce, "It fits perfectly now."

What he wants to know now: Who "chickened out"? His wife — or the tough-fibred girdle?

★ ★ ★
FILM publicity handout: "Cliff Richard admired Dirk Bogarde's performance as Franz Liszt, the flamboyant pianist-composer — who was just as much a popular idol in his decade as Cliff Richard is among teenagers today."

FILM director Billy Wilder about Marilyn Monroe:

"I didn't realise what a disorganised person this is until I see in the back of her car."

"It is like she throws everything in because there's a foreign invasion . . . there's blouses lying there, slacks, dresses, girdles, old shoes, old plane tickets, old lovers, for all I know."

Someone's wrong

NEW ZEALAND novelist Sylvia Ashton-Warner may well be recalling Liberator's crack: "Every time a critic pans me, I cry all the way to the bank."

Her second novel, "Incense To Idols," which was thumbed-down by some London critics recently, has been bought by 20th Century-Fox . . . will be filmed in New Zealand.

Darryl Zanuck directs, Ingrid Bergman stars.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, who bought the film rights to her first novel, "Spinster," will begin shooting in N.Z. next month . . . Shirley MacLaine and Jack Hawkins play the leads.

Going a bit too fur

IF you're rich you can now buy chocolates packaged in London in mink . . . you heard us . . . mink fur (so chic, so novel after corny flowered and beribboned boxes).

Ugh! That was our reaction, too . . . and it convinces us that tragic-genius Scott Fitzgerald had something about the "Point of No Return" satiety in wealth.

Remember his short story about a family who owned a diamond as big as a mountain . . . they were finally reduced to lining rooms, floor to ceiling, with diamonds, rubies, sapphires, and ermine . . .

So sour grapes or not, girls, all together now, one, two, three —

Take back your mink,
"Assorted" in fox.
WE'D rather have
Our chocs in a box.

News on the run . . .

PRINCESS MARGARET "complaining" to Joan Sutherland after our opera star's triumph in "La Sonnambula" at Covent Garden — "I'm always meeting you in a nightdress" . . . Cary Grant claiming his favorite underwear is women's nylons — for comfort . . . Cliff Richard rating the Duke of Edinburgh, "He's the greatest — if he'd been a pop-singer, Elvis and I would have been also-rans" . . . Hollywood stunt man Larry Verne being hired for the "Mr. Custer" record because he had the "worst voice in the world" and now in line for a Gold Disc . . . Advertisement boosting a London strip show, "Twenty girls, five costumes."

gave
myself
a Toni

... bought

Presents with the savings



Is your Christmas shopping list bigger than your budget?

Then be a smart girl about your perm . . . wave and save by having a Toni at home! No fuss about making professional appointments at the festive season . . . no suffering those huffing-puffing dryers. Make your home your beauty salon and get the prettiest perm ever!

For Toni has a unique kind of curl. Beautiful blissful Toni, with exclusive 'Hidden Body'. It will smooth itself into a sleek hair-style or change-over to any airy-fairy swirl. Set it smooth, and set it curly, set it umpteen ways

— for Toni's 'Hidden Body' stays. No other perm has 'Hidden Body'. That's why you get such a soft settable long-staying wave with Toni. And how clever you'll feel, playing Santa with the savings! Wave and save with Toni



USE TONI REGULAR FOR NORMAL HAIR · TONI SUPER FOR HARD-TO-WAVE HAIR · TONI GENTLE FOR EASY-TO-WAVE HAIR

Whole Head Size, 13/6 . . . Tip Toni for end curls, 9/9

EXCLUSIVE TO
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You too can
Look your Loveliest . . . ALWAYS

WITH

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MATCHING
COSMETICS



12'6

NEW!

NEARLY THREE
TIMES LARGER!

**SUPER ECONOMY SIZE
AEROSOL PACK**

"Sheermist" sets your hair in seconds to STAY—the softest way. It contains no lacquer—will not film or flake. Rich in Lanolin, P.V.P., Silicone, "Sheermist" restores natural oils, gives your hair a lasting lustre, holds naturally lovely hair or pin-set curls in place for hours, and conditions as it controls.

FULL SIZE AEROSOL PACK **7'11**

EYE-LASH LOVELINESS made
EASY! PLEASANT! PERFECT!



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MAGIC
TOUCH

5'

**AUTOMATIC
ROLL-ON
MASCARA
DISPENSER**

Waterproof and odourless, needs no brush or water. It's so smooth, so safe, so pure, it makes your lashes look their longest and loveliest—never stiff or brittle. In smart metal case (with applicator) and coloured plastic cap denoting the striking velvety shades of black, brown or blue.

The colour Stays on—
Right around the clock!

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**AMERICAN
FORMULA
LIPSTICK**

5'9



It's the perfect lipstick—smooth-textured, glides on easily, long-lasting, non-drying. In a deluxe, gold-lacquered, free-wheeling swivel case in ravishing fashion shades of

Mardi Gras, Sunset Pink, Red Mist, Pink Rhythm, Pink Minx, Magic Orange, Coral Blush, Red Menace.

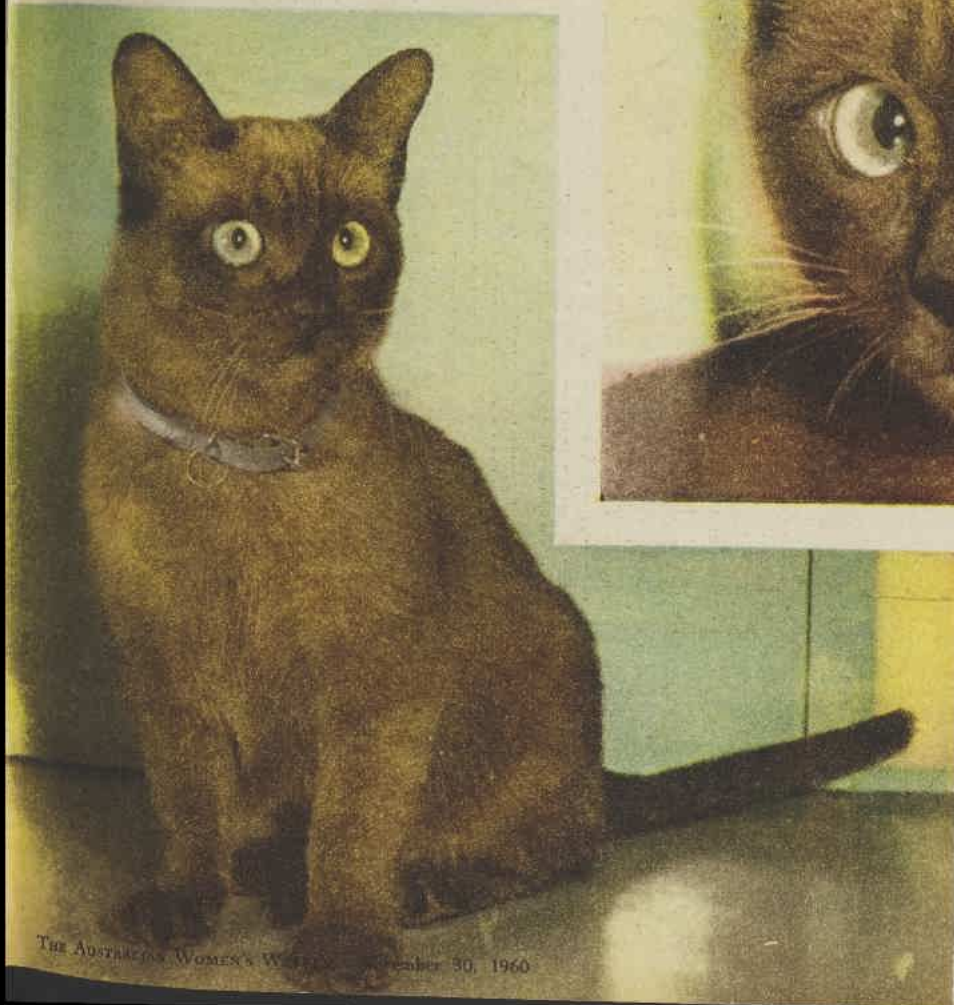
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G. J. COLES & COY. LIMITED (INCORPORATED IN VICTORIA)

A GALLERY of CATS

*Here for your pleasure
are four pages of
cats – plain and fancy*

(See who they are, page 2)



BURMESE

● The Burmese is a handsome fellow, with a distinctive dark chestnut coat and bright chartreuse-yellow eyes. They are friendly, placid cats, with long tapering tails and glossy short coats. There are comparatively few Burmese cats in Australia, but the breed, developed in America, excites interest wherever it is shown and is gaining popularity.



wash-up
to-day's
One-step
way
with

*No Rinsing
No Wiping—*

TriX
is thick
*by far the most
economical of all
detergents...you
can easily prove
it for yourself.*

It's TRIX that gives you one-step washing up because it's non-sudsing pure, and 100 per cent cleansing. With Trix you just wash-up — that's all . . . you don't rinse; don't wipe. Trix washes completely clean, then drains clean off — so dishes dry gleaming, hygienically pure, ready for use again.

Trix is sudsless — the modern improvement on all sudsy detergents and soaps. Trix gets to work with concentrated cleansing energy down in the water, absorbing grease like magic. Trix doesn't waste its energy making lazy suds. Suds can't clean — they merely float on the water and trap grease. That's why they leave not only soapy streaks but greasy patches on the dishes. And beware! Those dull surfaces collect germs — like the teatowels used to polish them.

Much easier, much cleaner, is the modern, no-wiping method of washing up, with TRIX.





PERSIAN

● The Persian is the prettiest cat, irresistible in its chocolate-box sweetness, compulsively cuddlesome in its long-haired softness. Persians are not delicate, as popularly supposed, and the only special care they need is regular brushing to keep their thick, silky fur free from knots. Like all proud beauties, they are responsive to love and admiration.



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Royal Siamese

The blue-eyed Siamese is very distinguished, elegant, and sensitive. In Australia its numbers are increasing. In Britain it is the most popular of all pedigree cats. Siamese love companionship and become very much attached to their owners. They fret when they are left alone.



THIS SUMMER'S FASHION SENSATION!



Jewellery by Peggy Hart of Sydney.

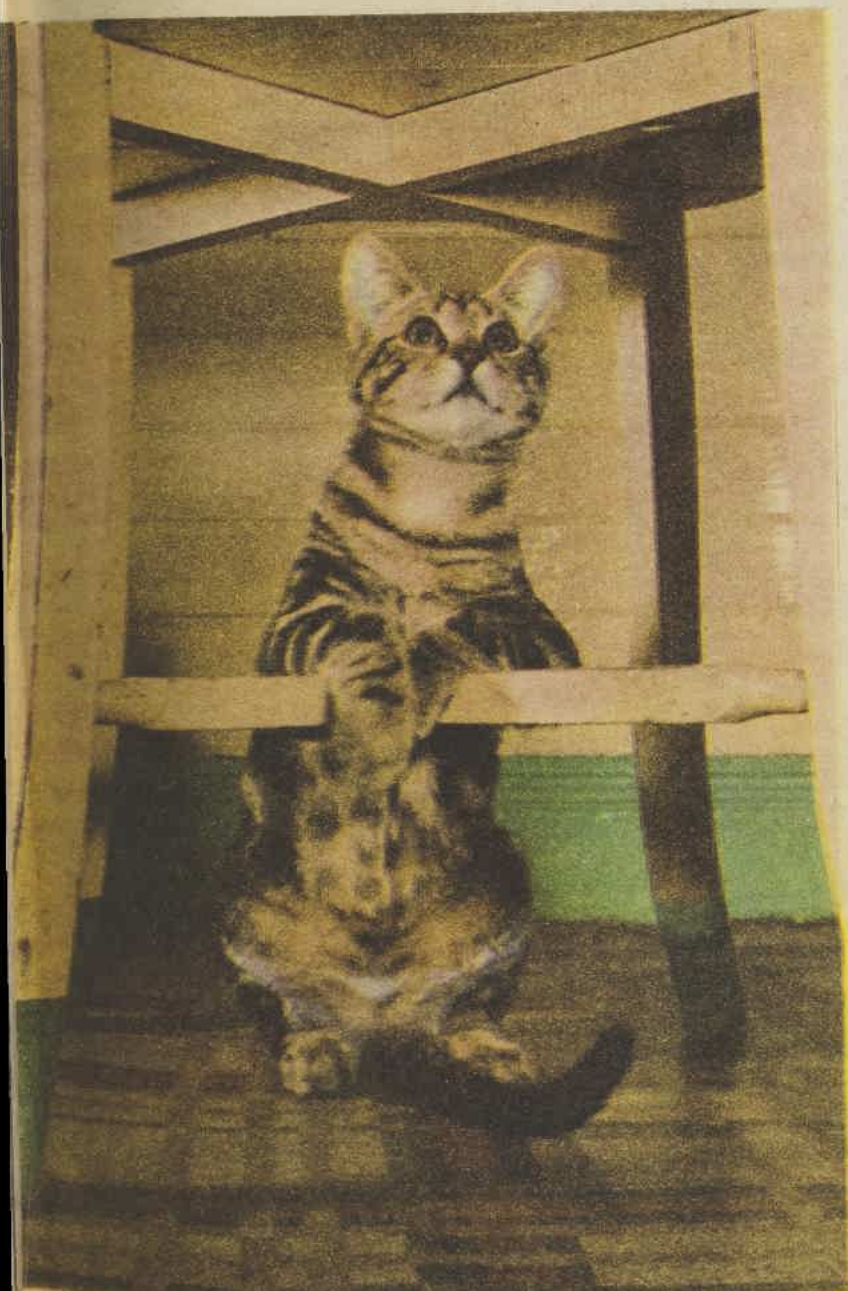
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MAX FACTOR

They're delicious . . . unashamedly
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 CAFÉ GLACE, six new cool, cool
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frostily iridescent. See just one of
 these fabulous colors and you'll
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REFILLS: IRIDESCENT, 10/9. STANDARD 9/6.
 HI-SOCIETY OVAL MIRROR CASE WITH IRIDESCENT
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THE CAT NEXT DOOR

● Here's Puss—just plain cat—but as much loved as any aristocrat. Black, white, or brindle, tabby, grey, or ginger, the common cat has all the exquisite grace, the baffling detachment, the beguiling charm, the fastidiousness, and superior intelligence of the entire feline race. You usually have to woo a cat's friendship, but it's nice to have.



Touch your summer dishes with a new flavour...

THE TEMPTING
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SALAD CREAM
Specially made for
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rich and smooth.

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New . . . spicy . . .
to inspire grills,
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A classical mayonnaise,
thicker, creamier . . .
mild and mellow.



CROSSE & BLACKWELL fine family foods



TAKE ONE RAINY NIGHT

An amusing short story

By **JACK FINNEY**

Illustrated by Batten

TURNING off the street into the Howsers' driveway, Benjamin Callander switched off the ignition, and the windshield wipers stopped abruptly. He brought the car to a stop before the closed garage, turned off the lights, and for a moment he and his wife sat in the darkness listening to the drum of rain on the metal roof.

He was a lean-faced young man wearing a snap-brim hat, and now he said, "By simply testifying to the preposterous events of this evening, I could have you committed for years."

"Oh?" Ruth Callander smiled. She was a small delicately pretty girl with fair hair, wearing a brass-buttoned raincoat and a matching hat.

"It'd be a cinch," he said. "As you know, your honor, there are lunatics, people driven to frenzy by the full of the moon. But my poor demented wife is a rainitic."

"She is driven mad by rain, and since it was pouring that night and every sensible soul in San Francisco was huddling by his fireside, she naturally wanted to go to the movies."

"Well, June Howser must be crazy, too, then," Ruth commented.

"Notice, your honor," he went on, ignoring her, "that there is a certain craftiness to my wife's dementia. By a kind of spurious logic, she was able to persuade her friend that, of all nights, this was the very one to attend the movies."

"There'd be plenty of good seats," she pointed out, "because it was raining so hard practically no one else would be going. Note the twisted

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Charley and Ben looked puzzled as their wives suddenly burst out laughing.

NEW! Goddard's ONCE OVER

**GUARANTEED TO OUTSHINE,
OUTLAST ANY SELF-SHINING
FLOOR POLISH YOU'VE EVER USED
— or your money back!**

World's costliest formula gives richest gloss in floordom! New Once Over is scientifically compounded from rare cleaning, polishing and protecting agents contained in no other floor polish. That's why Goddard's *guarantee* Once Over will produce the longest-lasting, most show-off gloss you've ever seen. On *any* kind of floor — linoleum, rubber, sealed wood or composition and vinyl tile. All through the house!

No polish easier to apply! "Once Over" means what it says. You don't rub. You don't buff. It *shines as it dries* . . . without rubbing. And never *ever* yellows! Once Over's rich gloss lasts for well over a month — longer than any other polish. It's easy to see why Once Over was an overnight success when it was recently introduced to the house-proud English!

Wet spills won't harm Once Over gloss! No more crying over spilt milk — or *any* spills. Once Over is spill-proof, child-proof, pet-proof. Simply wipe up and the shine's as good as new — with no *discolouring*. Once Over is slip-resistant too!

Amazing — Once Over beauty INCREASES with repolishing! The more times you polish with Once Over the higher your floor gloss becomes! Between polishings, simply wipe over with a damp cloth. And *extra-concentrated* Once Over is so economical the can lasts months longer. Put new Once Over beauty at your feet today! From all good grocers & hardware stores. **Only 6/11**



*it Shines....
as it dries....
without
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If you don't find Goddard's Once Over gives your floors a better, longer-lasting gloss than any self-shining floor polish you've ever used, return the partly used tin to J. Goddard & Sons (Aust.) Pty. Ltd., 104 Mount St., North Sydney, N.S.W., and your purchase money will be refunded.



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You'll never stoop to polish a floor again with the NEW ONCE OVER APPLICATOR.

Up off your knees madam! The new Once Over APPLICATOR does away with bending and messy polishing rags forever! Here is a *luxury* applicator. Built to *last* — as long as your floors need polishing! The Once Over polish can screws into the applicator and releases just the right amount of polish required. You just move the applicator forward once, back once — that's all!

Ask to see the new advanced *luxury* Once Over applicator at hardware, departmental, furniture and grocery stores.

Only 55/- fully guaranteed.

Goddard's specialists in fine polishes for over 120 years.



ILLUSTRATED BY KICK

In this idyllic setting they found romance . . . a short story

Summertime was nearly over

It had really been a swell weekend, he was thinking, as the late afternoon boat took them back to Naples. Much better than he'd expected, to tell the truth. But, then, he hadn't expected to meet Judy.

He lifted his fingers to touch her hair; the short, dark hair that curled on her browned neck. She could pass for an Italian, he thought, except for that nose . . . that absurd little nose. She looked up, smiling.

"Happy?" he said.

"Mhh . . ." she leant against him, curving her hand down into his. They sat there for a while, not talking. That was one of the nicest things about her, he thought. You didn't have to talk to her all the time.

"Listen," he said suddenly. "Where can I write you?"

"Oh . . ." she looked vaguely perplexed. "Do you really want to?"

"Sure I do!" he rubbed her cheek gently with his knuckles. "Any objections?"

"No, of course not . . ." she gave another smile; then, frowning slightly, she said: "I usually get my letters at the Consulate. It's safer than where I live . . . the doorman has a habit of forgetting to deliver them unless you tip him."

"Okay," he said, stretching his long legs. He wondered if she really wanted him to write; she had that boy-friend in Rome, he knew. She'd mentioned him briefly when they first met, but from the way she'd spoken he'd assumed it wasn't anything serious. But now he wasn't so sure. Maybe she wanted a husband—most girls did, he'd discovered—and this fellow sounded the marrying type. Oh well! he thought with a philosophic sigh, that's how things went.

He was always meeting girls whose only aim in life was to get married. There had been Sue, for instance, back home in the States; he'd felt a bit sorry for her that day on the wharf, when they'd said goodbye and she'd started to cry.

But now her memory had blurred and faded, as memories always did if you gave them half a chance.

And even if we do meet again, he thought, studying Judy's tilted profile, it wouldn't be the same. You couldn't repeat moments like this: they just happened.

He remembered their meeting, in a bookshop in one of the winding little Capri lanes, where she'd helped him find a translation of Moravia's new book, and how pleased he'd been to find someone who spoke English. They had swum together, and hired a boat to explore the blue-green depths of the Faraglione rocks; they had eaten spaghetti alle cozze, still in their damp swimsuits, at a little restaurant which looked into the blue of the bay; hand in hand they had climbed the cliffs and looked down on tiny fishing villages and luxurious villas; they had danced together at night in a smoky nightclub where the pianist was American, the singer French, and the clientele a mixture of all nations of the world.

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BY MARY WILKINSON



For graceful moderns—the Swan look. Sleek backswept side waves from which bouffant wings spring forward over the ears.



High in the crown and sideswept into soft feathery waves. There's nothing more chic in all Paris than this curly hairdo.



Bouffant and beautiful. Wide swirl waves spring gracefully from a tiny concealed parting. So easy with Richard Hudnut.

Famous model tells how to do them yourself

by Denise Dennis



What happens when an internationally famous model becomes a housewife and mother? Does she still maintain a smart, well-groomed appearance? We didn't have to ask that question of Beryl Rooker, now Mrs. John Twivey and mother of an adorable little daughter, Tina, for she was beautifully groomed as always with her hair coiffed in the very latest Parisian style. But we did

12 NEW PARIS HAIRSTYLES



The Cat Look. A crown pouf, a jag fringe and, at the sides, springy Hudnut curls standing out poised to pounce!



Classical styling for short hair. High and backswept with deep temple waves and a sideswept bang. Soft Hudnut neck curls.



Plumed effect. High on top with deep free-falling Hudnut waves and flip curls touching the cheeks.

want to know *how* she did it. For instance, we wanted to know how she managed to spend obvious hours having her hair so exquisitely styled—and still find time for her home and family.

"Oh, but I do my own hair," said Beryl proudly. "It's quite easy to duplicate any of the smart new hair styles if you have one of these charts to go by." She showed me a detailed chart with twelve different hair styles, each accompanied by easy word instructions and step-by-step illustrations showing just how to do it.

"These are home perm instructions," I said.

"But of course," replied Beryl, "the secret is to perm your hair to the style you choose. That makes it more manageable. And it's so easy with these little pictures to follow."

The twelve hair styles you see illustrated here are the twelve that were especially created by one of France's foremost hair stylists. Now, you can create these same smart hairdos for yourself because Richard Hudnut has prepared a special Hairstyle Chart and reproduced it complete with step-by-step illustrations and easy word instructions. Factual photos for easy reference show styles that can be combed or brushed to give you the desired result. You'll find one enclosed in every packet of Richard Hudnut Quick Home Permanent.

Even beginners find it easy to wave the Richard Hudnut way. The Crystal-Pure Wave Lotion penetrates so quickly that you can wrap more hair on to each curler and wave in *half the time!* With Richard Hudnut you needn't even shampoo first. You can shampoo afterwards, instead of rinsing, so that your new hairstyle is extra soft, extra wonderful.



Choose the Richard Hudnut home permanent specially made for your hair.
For easy-to-wave hair — RED BOX.
For hard-to-wave hair — GREEN BOX.
At all chemists and stores, 13/-



Use Richard Hudnut Quickette for smart end-curl styles. For an economical 9/- you get two between-perm pickups because you can re-cap the Crystal-Pure Wave Lotion for use a second time! HP27.FP



Youthful shingle style with one deep wave spinning right around the head to end in a dip wave over the forehead.



Pagoda style. Long hair wrapped round and round into a high tower. Over each ear a sleek Richard Hudnut wave.



Curly shingle variation. Centre parting, two natural-looking Richard Hudnut dip waves and soft end curls.



Typically French. A froth of soft, loose curls swept forward from the crown—with long flirty side curls!



The shingle is back, lovelier than ever. High rising bang comes from the crown, down and across. With cheek-y curls!



And when night falls on Paris, this jewelled hairstyle gleams the brightest in a world of high fashion.

SOMETHING LIGHT

Final instalment of our charming serial

BY MARGERY SHARP

BREAKFAST next morning was even pleasanter than Sunday's. Warm as the sunshine that streamed through the windows, the children's affection streamed out towards Louisa; and now she had no fears of what the fair show might conceal. Moreover they were particularly careful not to embarrass her by any suggestion of complicity; and when Mr. Clark suggested that no doubt Cathy meant to profit by such a fine morning to take Tomboy out early, not one so much as caught her eye.

When Louisa went round collecting laundry, she found they'd all made their beds.

She left Mr. Clark at table; he for once was being unusually slow. "Would you mind," asked Louisa, "if I didn't stay to pour your second cup? I want to get on with the wash." She had a pretty shrewd idea that this wouldn't offend him, and it didn't. "Those who wash on Monday," quoted Mr. Clark humorously, "have all the work to dry—"

"On a day like this," cried Louisa vigorously, "I'll be dry by lunchtime!"

She had the kitchen to herself, for Mrs. Temple, frustrated in clearing away breakfast, observed that all things being equal she might as well trot off to her own dhoby. ("In the washing-machine," observed Mrs. Temple; adding, "If you're still at that lark in a month's time, I'll eat my old man's hat.") Louisa was perfectly agreeable; she had formed the daring project of attempting to iron a shirt, and greatly preferred to be free of the cynical and experienced Temple eye.

She didn't over-estimate her powers; the shirts she was used to were the drip-dry variety; Louisa meant to start with one of Toby's, and then work up by degrees, through Paul's, before so much as setting iron to tail on one of Mr. Clark's. It is almost impossible to credit; Louisa's happy fancy actually envisaged starch; for stiff or evening shirts. But she was well aware that starch must lie in the future; and for the moment just picked out Toby's worst. Even that she set aside until she'd done the woollens; she wanted to get them out as soon as possible in the good drying wind.

"A month!" thought Louisa, echoing Mrs. Temple—and plunging half-a-dozen socks into blood-temperature suds. Why, years could pass before she tired of such delightful employment! It still pleased her that Mrs. Temple had said a month; a month was the latter's general time-unit, the equivalent of indefinitely. Mrs. Temple no less than the children, it seemed, considered her as a fixture!

And let but a week or two more elapse, thought Louisa happily, just going quietly on as they were now—the *va piano va sicuro*, softly softly catchee monkey—and she was pretty confident herself that such would be her happy fate.

Without in the least meaning to go back on her word, she had an idea that it might be wise to postpone her good offices on behalf of the children as long as possible—until Mr. Clark, as they'd said themselves, felt really cosy and safe.

Happily Louisa soaked and squeezed and rinsed out socks. She had a dozen pairs out in the orchard before ten. Not one bird but a whole family were going twot there. "Suet for Christmas!" Louisa promised them. "Pass the word!"

It hadn't occurred to her, all this time, to wonder what had become of Mr. Clark. Subconsciously, she presumed he'd taken himself off like the children. But just as she'd put in the third batch of woollens to soak, there at the kitchen door, coffee cup in hand, Mr. Clark appeared. In the other hand he held two more coffee cups, neatly piled on a plate.

As the children had made their beds for her, so now their father was clearing the breakfast-table. Louisa's heart beat.

Rapidly she checked over the times when it had so beaten, at least recently, before. When old Freddy, recalled Louisa, suddenly rose from a game of chess; when Jimmy Brown, by Candlelight, sat down beside her opposite a bamboo coffee-table; neither moment could compare, for true romance, with this, as Mr. Clark bore in the washing-up.

"I thought you were gone," said Louisa inadequately.

"So I should be," agreed Mr. Clark. "So I shall be, in a few moments. I just thought I'd bring out these."

"Put them down, will you?" said Louisa. "I'll wash up afterwards."

"What are you so busy at now?" inquired Mr. Clark.

Actually what Louisa had in the suds at that moment were his own longs. What a

delightful intimate circumstance. But instinct warned her to suppress it. She suspected in Mr. Clark a more than maiden modesty about his underwear. And while she hesitated—

"If you imagine I didn't hear, last night," said Mr. Clark, smiling at her, "I did. All the children chattering in your room!"

For a moment Louisa was thoroughly disconcerted. Hadn't she just decided to wait, before taking up the children's battle?—but if the opportunity turned out as fair as it promised, it might have to be seized. Just at the moment, however, she hastily threw Toby's shirt into the suds as well, in order to have something unembarrassing to pull out.

"I must say I liked to hear it," continued Mr. Clark. "Not of course as a regular thing, bedtime is bedtime; but just for once I admit it pleased me very much. It seemed to confirm an opinion."

Louisa's heart started thumping again. If the opportunity turned out as fair as it promised! What if the opportunity was for her? Mr. Clark overcome by sudden recklessness?

Louisa turned away thinking, of all the men she knew, the last one she'd have wanted to find her so disconsolate was Andrew McAndrew.

She found just enough breath to say she was very glad.

"I wonder if you can guess what I thought it sounded like?"

The suds rose in a sort of enormous meringue as Louisa, now unconsciously, added a pair of Paul's pyjamas.

"It sounded like the hum of a happy hive."

Lunatically, Louisa tipped in some half-pound of soapflakes. Meringue thickened to porridge.

"About the queen bee?"

By this time there were thick, glutinous suds not only all over the draining-board but also all down the front of Louisa's apron. Probably there were suds in her hair. One at least Louisa wiped off her nose. But it was with as much confidence as though she'd just emerged from a beauty parlor that she at last turned to meet Mr. Clark's eyes.

"What were they talking to you about?" asked Mr. Clark.

Reaping the fruit of her forethought, Louisa pulled out Toby's shirt. It was so full of soap it felt like a chamois-leather; however the

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This is the time to give



... a fine Swiss Watch

Time stands still when the gift is a fine Swiss watch, making the happy moment a lifetime memory. A Swiss watch is a whole future of faithful service, masterful accuracy and quiet beauty. A gift to be treasured and remembered—and a Swiss watch makes the pleasure of giving so much greater.

When choosing a watch, as a gift or for yourself, ask the advice of your jeweller or watchmaker. He's trained to explain and service Swiss watches, and he'll advise you on your choice. The selection is as wide as time itself. A gift that is forever—a fine Swiss watch.

ISSUED BY



The Watchmakers of Switzerland

MIND THE EGGS



As the car sped forward, the old lady exclaimed excitedly,
"Good gracious, don't tell me I've got in the wrong car!"

MY grandson Reggie says I was a fool to get into that car, but it all happened so suddenly there wasn't time to think. I was shopping in the High Street when there was a crash of glass and people started rushing about shouting.

Noise always unnerves me. A car stood at the kerb with the rear door open and a man at the wheel, so I hopped in with my groceries and plumped on to the back seat.

I thought I'd be safer there and he wouldn't mind when I explained, but he turned on me like a maniac.

"What d'you want? Get out, you old fool!" he barked.

I was about to say: "You don't need to be so rude to a lady, I only came in here because of that smashed window," when another man with a tray of rings dashed up and flung himself into the front seat beside the driver, slamming the door as the car shot forward and raced off.

He was heavily built and sullen-faced. "Step on it, Bill," he panted, getting his breath. "Blimey, that was a near one." Then, turning to me, "Who's the pick-up?"

"I should know," grunted the driver. "Just dropped in without askin', and before I could bundle her out..." He looked the spiv type.

What with the smashed window, the tray of rings, and the pace we were going, I knew something was wrong and thought I'd better explain, even if it was a white lie.

"Good gracious," I said, "don't tell me I've got in the wrong car! I'm rather shortsighted, you know, and thought it was my sister's — she brought me shopping."

"Shut up and keep quiet," the younger man commanded. "We'll deal with you later."

"You shouldn't talk to me like that," I protested, "just because you've got a guilty conscience about those rings. I'm old enough to be your grandmother. I did say I made a mistake and apologised. I'm not used to driving at this rate and don't want to smash the eggs in my basket."

The big man kept turning round and I thought he'd attack me, then I saw it was only to glance through the back window. He looked jittery.

"Step on it, Bill," he said again, "I think we're being trailed."

Just then they had to go half on the pavement to avoid another car. The jolt tipped the bag over and nearly tipped me over, too, knocking my old hat right over my eyes.

"Oh, my poor eggs!" I said, straightening the hat. Then I noticed that the big man was picking rings out of the tray and stuffing them in his coat pocket.

One ring dropped through the space between the front seats on to the floor. Bending forward, I picked it up and slipped it into my bag. I saw that by poking my hand through the gap I could just reach another, a beauty, set with an emerald and four big diamonds, so I dropped that into the bag, too.

We'd now turned into a quiet residential road and the two in front were arguing whether they'd "bail out." The driver said, "Maybe we could keep going for a bit, Jim. There's nothing on our tail now as far as I can see, and this dame in the back's good cover—no one would expect to find window-tappers taking their grandma for a ride!"

Just then Jim looked back and blurted, "Blimey, the dicks! Just come round a corner behind us. Give it all you've got, Bill!"

We shot forward on a long, straight road through the suburbs, and gradually the car behind us seemed to be gaining. It was so exciting—just like the films—I quite forgot I wasn't on their side and they were what they called window-tappers.

"Go it, Bill," I said.

But foot by foot, inch by inch, the other car drew closer—it was coming alongside, pressing us into the kerb.

"Bail out, we've have it," Bill spluttered, as a young police officer from the other car grabbed at him through the window. As Jim flung open the door his side, I saw that my hand was resting on a 2lb. bag of self-raising flour at the top of my shopping-bag.

Without stopping to think, I grabbed it and banged it over Jim's head. It burst all over him in a white cloud. As he staggered out, half-blinded, another officer from the patrol car pounced on him and brought him to the ground.

Bill was still trying to fight off his cop, hitting at him with a spanner. Now my blood was up. Sticking half out of the bag was an extra big parsnip. With all the strength I could muster, I banged him over the ear.

It was too much for Bill, this flank attack. He seemed to go all dazed, and the officer wrenched open the door and grabbed him.

A second patrol car came along and the two men were quickly bundled into it and driven off. Then the sergeant from the first car who had grabbed Jim opened the door on my side and stood looking at me rather surprised.

"Good afternoon, officer," I said. "Why are you staring at me in that rude manner?"

"I'm just wondering," he said,

"how you come to be in this outfit. Who are you?"

"All in good time, my good man," I said. "Don't rush me, please." I pointed over the front seat. "First of all, would you be good enough to find that lovely parsnip for me?"

He groped under the front seat and found it—also the ring tray.

"Shall I put it in your shopping-bag for you?" he asked.

"Thank you, officer," I said, "but do mind my eggs."

He had a good look at the contents before dropping it in, and something seemed to catch his eye. He fished out the emerald-and-diamond ring, probed more deeply, found the other one, then gave me a look.

"Had rather a busy morning shopping, haven't you?" he asked sarcastically. "Spent quite a lot?"

"Oh, those!" I couldn't help giggling at his expression. "I didn't see why those two dreadful men should have everything, so I thought if I took them back to the jeweller he'd give me one as a reward."

"Quite." He eyed me stonily. "In the circumstances, ma'am, you'd better come along with me and tell that to the inspector — or the Marines. Shall I carry the bag for you in case there's something valuable hidden away at the bottom?"

At the police station the sergeant made a brief report to the inspector and showed him the rings. Then I was called over to the desk and asked to give my name and address.

I explained about the gap between the seats, also how I came to step into the car.

"H'm." The inspector was trying to keep a straight, solemn face. "I suppose you know this is tantamount to being accessory after the fact, if not of receiving?"

"Oh, is that what it means?" I inquired sweetly. "I always wondered. But I should have thought it came under the heading of salvage, Inspector."

A few routine inquiries, and I wasn't only a free woman, I was a sort of heroine. The magistrate said some very nice things about me, it was all over the papers, and the jeweller thanked me.

"But he didn't offer me the emerald-and-diamond ring," I told my grandson Reggie when it was all over. "He gave me the other one. But it is quite nice." And I held out my left hand.

"But why on the engagement finger, Grandma?" he asked.

"Oh, just to celebrate," I laughed. "And would you believe it? Those eggs weren't even cracked!"

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A short short story by TREVOR ALLEN

glorious new paint colours

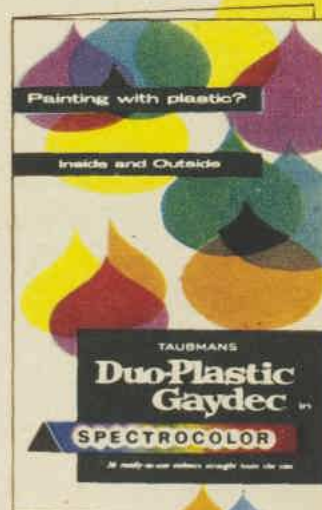
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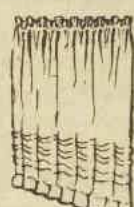
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DRESS SENSE *By Betty Keep*

● This two-piece ensemble was specially chosen for a young home dressmaker who asks for casual weekend separates to make from a pattern.

HERE is her letter and my reply.

"I need a paper pattern for a skirt and separate blouse or jacket for casual wear in the weekends. I want the skirt in a dark shade of linen and the top in white. Could I obtain such an outfit with a pattern? My size is 36in. bust, I am 5ft. 6in. tall, and feel at my best in casuals."

My suggestion for your weekend separates is a slim skirt and tunic-type belted overblouse. The design is illustrated at right. I hope you will like them sufficiently well to copy.

You can obtain a paper pattern for the design in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Under the picture are further details and how to order.

"I WOULD be really grateful if you would plan an interchangeable daytime ensemble to take on a visit to Melbourne in mid-December. I am quite an experienced home dressmaker—it is only the ideas I need. I am dark and in my early forties. How do you like the idea of beige rayon linen for color and material?"

I like your material and color suggestion. Not only is beige right in fashion but it mingles well with white, red, and brown. For the design I suggest coat plus slim sheath dress, plus jacket. An ensemble in this category could make as many as four fashion effects.

This is how it is done: Dress worn solo, dress and matching coat, dress and matching jacket, and coat worn belted as a coat-dress.

"NEXT month I am to make my debut. The occasion is quite unofficial, but I want to be correctly dressed. The problem is what length should I wear my skirt, and should the frock be white or a pastel tone."

It is considered correct for a traditional debutante's dress to be made in white and have a full-length skirt. However, recently, and particularly in America, a deb's dress with an above-ankle-length skirt has become popular. I advise you to wear white, but as there is nothing official about the occasion choose the length for the dress according to your own taste.

"QUITE soon I will be attending several parties and would like your help about suitable dressing. One outing is to a ladies' luncheon at a city club, and another is dinner at a hotel. For the latter I have been told dressing is



DS427.—Skirt and separate jacket in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 36in. material for jacket and 1½yds. 36in. material for skirt. Price 4/6. Patterns may be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

informal. I can afford only the one outfit and am at a loss what to choose. I have a good piece of ice-blue shantung—sufficient for an ensemble. If you like the blue would you suggest a color for hat and accessories? I am slim and rather short."

I suggest you use your shantung for an ensemble that looks like a suit but is in fact a dress and matching jacket. Have the dress made with a sleeveless bodice finished with an oval back-and-front neckline and a bell skirt. Have the jacket waist-length and perfectly tailored. Minus the jacket the dress will look pretty and summery; worn with the jacket you have a quite formal city suit.

For the accessories I like

the idea of a matching blouse for the hat, and beige shoes, handbag, and gloves.

"MY husband and I have been invited to Christmas cabaret dinner, and as I am expecting 'my first child I am at a loss as to what I should wear. Have you any nice suggestion, please?"

I think a high-waisted Empire line is still the prettiest silhouette for a maternity party-dress. The high waist best accomplished through self-material inset. The inset should be made in the form of a narrow band, and should be curved upwards to meet the bosom. The skirt from below this level should either be gathered or made with unpressed pleats.

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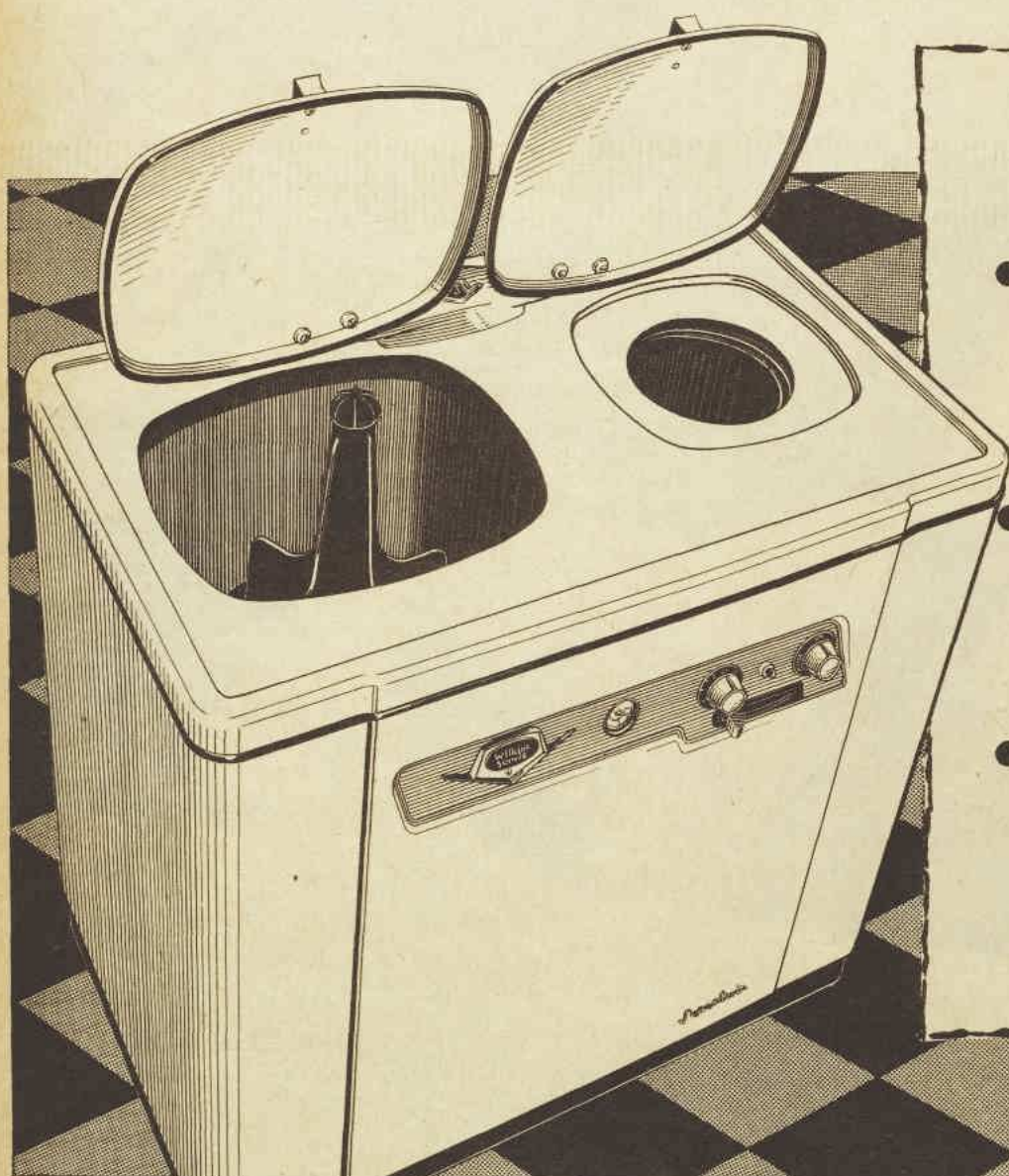
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Continuing . . .

SUMMERTIME WAS NEARLY OVER

from page 31

But now it was time to part. He smiled, recalling the old song about the Isle of Capri, which had run through both their childhoods — his in New York, hers in Melbourne.

"Funny," he said, "I always thought it was a lot of bosh about Capri being romantic and all that. You know, you expect it to be a bit of a disappointment when you finally get there. But it wasn't. Maybe it was you . . ."

He squeezed her shoulder, remembering the place where they'd dined last night, with its curved whitewashed ceiling and all that. You know, you expect it to be a bit of a disappointment when you finally get there. But it wasn't. Maybe it was you . . .

But now she was suddenly remote, gazing out at the sunset over the bay. She could close up like that, he'd noticed, in a matter of seconds. She'd done it once before, when he'd mentioned what he'd do when he got back home. Heck! He had his job waiting for him. She should realise he couldn't hang around Europe forever.

"Listen," he said all at once, "can't you take a month off work and come up north with me?"

She gave him a startled look, and then shook her head. "Don't be silly; you know I couldn't."

He pulled out a cigarette and lit it, concentrating on shielding the flame from the wind. "Is it because of that boy-friend of yours?" he asked lightly.

Her eyes seemed to darken. "Giorgio? I told you; he's just a friend."

He grinned. "Well, why not come? I'm sick of travelling alone. I get lonely!"

"I can imagine!" Her laughter was derisive.

"No. Honest!" He frowned. "You're the first girl I've met on the whole trip that I've even talked to . . ."

She gave him a grave smile. "I wish I could believe that. But thanks, anyway . . ."

He smoked in silence, looking at the sunset. Of course it wasn't true, what he'd said; he'd been travelling for almost two months now — ever since June, in fact, when he'd turned twenty-five and come into a small legacy which he could see no point in not spending.

He'd talked to lots of girls along the way: plain, friendly girls in England; plump, conservative girls in Holland; frank, boyish girls in Germany; petite, flirtatious girls in France; and beautiful, elusive ones in Rome; but she was the first girl he'd really felt at home with, the first one he'd been able to share jokes with and know she was laughing at the same thing.

He would have liked to have told her that, but the boat was crowded and people kept squeezing past them, falling over his outstretched legs and muttering automatic excuses in half a dozen languages. It was the end of summer, and the tourists were migrating back to their homelands, carrying with them memories and color slides and healthy sunburns.

"Do you have to rush off up north?" Judy asked casually as they sat there watching the endless procession. "I mean, couldn't you stay a few days more in Rome? There must be lots of places you haven't seen."

He felt a squirming inside him. So that was it. They all got around to this in the end, this wanting to pin you down.

"Well, I might," he said, just as casually. "You never know."

She moved slightly away from him, and he saw her face had clouded. Hang it, why did girls always have to get like this? She had been so different up

till now; gay and loving and undemanding. That was why he'd liked her so much. Why on earth did she have to ruin it all?

A pity, really, he was thinking, that I couldn't have met her in about five years' time, when I might start thinking of settling down. But not now . . . oh, no, not now, thank you. He'd seen it happen to his friends, ex-college mates who'd been so vehement that they weren't going to get trapped. And where were they now? He grinned with a touch of malice. Back home, looking after the kids . . . while he, . . .

● Nothing tires a man more than to be grateful all the time.

—E. W. Howe

Doug Banfield, roamed where his fancy took him, picking up girls where he pleased. And nice girls, too, he qualified, glancing again at Judy's curly head.

The boat was pulling in to the docks now, slipping past a huge white liner and a row of American torpedo boats. There was a mad rush to get off the ship, but they lingered behind, waiting until they could saunter off in ease. To be honest, they were both rather reluctant to leave the ship, as if by so doing they would leave behind the magic of Capri.

It was six o'clock on a Sunday evening, and Naples had turned itself into a pre-dinner parade of families in their "Sunday best." Doug and Judy joined the throng, laughing at each other and feeling pleasantly allied against the world. It was fun to wander through that elegant crowd, knowing they were conspicuously not a part of it. But, then, everything seemed fun to her, he thought, surprised at the discovery.

THEY found a pizzeria along the waterfront and sat there with hands linked on the table, while a man in a tall chef's cap slid freshly mixed pizzas on a long wooden pole into an open oven. A sudden tiredness overcame them, and Doug was glad when the wine came. He poured out two glasses and handed her one.

"Can I have a cigarette, too?" she asked, as he pulled out a packet.

"Sure," he said, surprised. "But I thought you didn't smoke."

"Only on big occasions." She tried to smile, but it faltered away and she lent forward quickly to get a light. He saw her hands were trembling.

"You make me feel a heel," he said.

"Really? Why is that?" She had recovered her composure and took a sip of wine.

"Oh, I don't know. You complicate things."

It was the first time he'd admitted it, and she looked up slowly.

"Do I?" She smiled. "That's good."

"I've been thinking," he went on, but he wasn't really thinking at all; he was saying the first thing that came into his head. "I've got to get back to New York; you know that. But what's to stop you coming over later? Just for a visit, I mean." Her eyes glowed.

"That sounds rather fun," she said cautiously.

Oh, heck! he thought. What have I done now? Careful! Careful!

"Of course," he added, "you'd have to get a visa and all that; but it shouldn't be

hard. They give visitors' visas without much trouble, I think. And I don't suppose you'd want to stay too long—New York's a pretty expensive place, you know. But it's sort of on your way home, anyway, isn't it?"

He hated himself for saying it, but he had to make it quite clear. He didn't want the poor kid chasing around the world after him under false pretences. He had to be fair with her.

She didn't say anything for a moment; then she managed to laugh.

"Yes, I suppose it is," she said. "But I'd have to think about it."

It was awful after that. A constraint came between them, and everything they said seemed to end in an awkward silence. He was glad when they finished eating and took a taxi to the station.

The train to Rome was just about to leave, and they were lucky to find two seats together. They didn't talk much on the trip. But she let her head droop against his shoulder, and he rather liked the feel of it there, heavy and yet curiously agreeable. He was quite sorry when they reached Rome, and she sat up, tousled and drowsy.

Outside the station he hailed a taxi for her, and then stood wondering what on earth he could say that wouldn't be either too incriminating or too blunt. It was Judy who solved the problem.

"Well," she said briskly, getting into the taxi, "don't forget to send me a postcard from wherever you go, will you? And have a good trip!"

"Oh, sure," he mumbled, half relieved that she was taking it so well. But, then, girls were good at this sort of thing, he'd found. They could pretend better than men. And now she was pretending that this was only a casual encounter, a pleasant weekend that would lead nowhere. He was almost angry at her for being so nonchalant about it.

"Hey," he said, leaning down to catch a last glimpse of her as the taxi swung out. "Don't forget about New York . . ."

But he doubted if she heard. She was fumbling in her handbag for something: change, perhaps, or a handkerchief . . .

He walked towards his hotel, which was just around the corner. There were still people in the streets, ambling along or sitting at the open-air cafe in the big piazza with the illuminated fountain. A man with an accordion was singing, and Doug was swept by an unaccountable feeling of loss and loneliness.

He was so tired of hotel rooms, of travelling alone, of eating alone with only the waiter for company, of always saying goodbye. When he got up to his room he had a shower and then poured himself a whisky. After that he began to feel a little better. He sat at the window, listening to the sounds of Rome and trying to forget how her head had felt on his shoulder.

It would be a mistake, he told himself, to stay on here, on the offchance of feeling the same way they'd felt on Capri. These things never worked out. Besides, she'd probably be tied up with that Giorgio of hers. And it wasn't as if he intended to get serious about her.

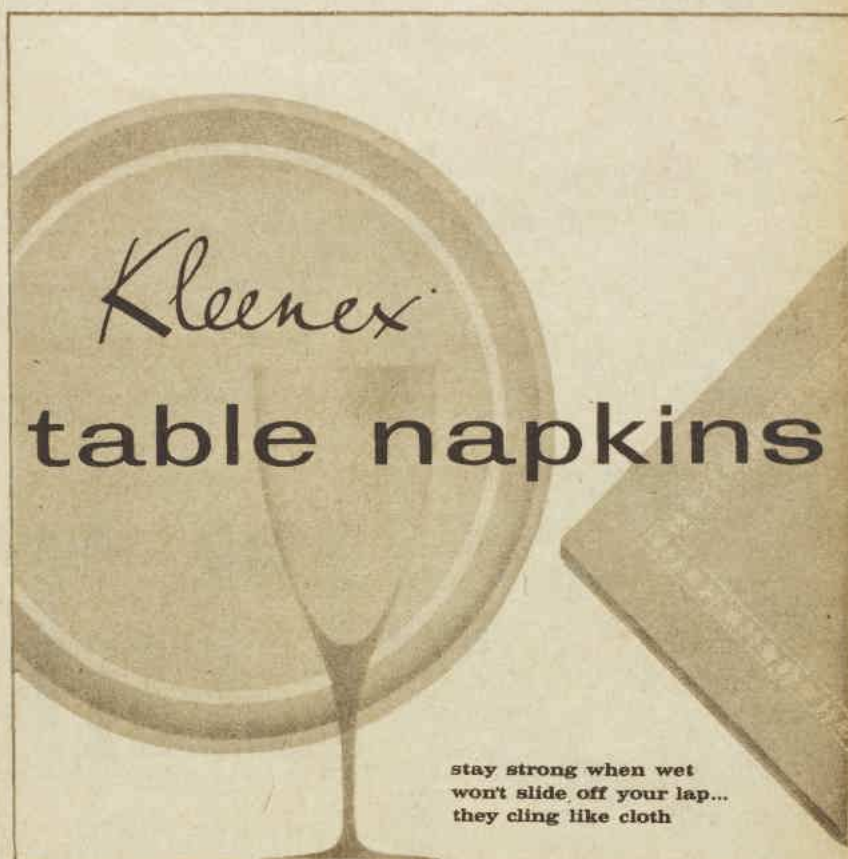
Even as he dialled her number he was thinking: I'll just stay a few more days. There's a lot I haven't seen here yet. The Pantheon, for instance. Everyone says you shouldn't miss the Pantheon.

He sat back, waiting for her to answer the phone, and smiling a little as he imagined the surprised note in her voice. And it seemed suddenly that summer was no longer ending, but only just beginning.

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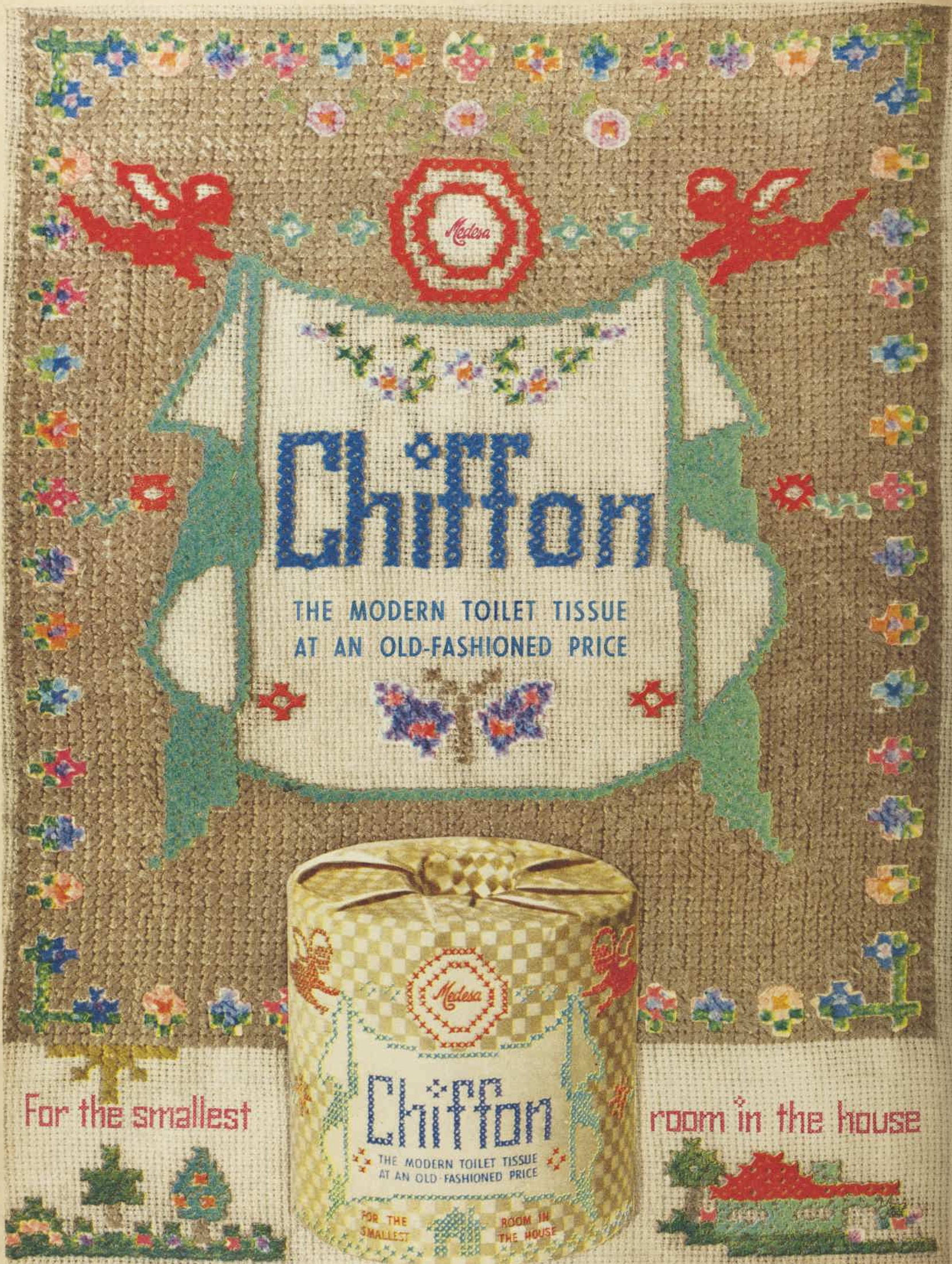
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Page 41



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AT HOME *with*

Margaret Sydney

● Margaret Sydney, already popular with readers, runs a typical Sydney home and is the mother of a lively family. She writes about the everyday dramas that occur at her — and at everybody's — place.

THIS week I've spent my time with a paint brush in one hand and a book in the other. The paint brush has been an instrument of destruction, not of decoration — I've at last discovered a poison which really deals with onion-weed.

The manufacturers recommend that you apply the poison in the conventional way — with a spray. The paint-brush system is my own, but I really think it's worth the trouble. We have a quite large area of rough, addocky sort of grass at the end of our garden, and I've started some very young trees in it — cotoneasters, lemon-scented gums, a couple of flowering tea-trees, and other bits and pieces of shrubs.

Spraying, which was to get rid of the onionweed and oxalis, would also have got rid of the grass for a good many weeks, and I was a bit afraid it might kill the shrubs.

So I used a bucket of the mixture and my salomine brush and went round dabbing the foliage of every weed I saw.

There were plenty of them — we must have let the onionweed seed last year without realising it — and in parts I counted as many as eighteen onionweed plants in a square yard. Dabbing each one of them separately may sound tedious (it is! And very tiring for the back), but it seemed better than turning the whole area into a dusty wilderness.

We have to be careful always about garden poisons because of the cats. This one is harmless to animals and people, which is just as well because I got my legs pretty thoroughly painted with it in my enthusiasm.

Now I go out each morning and inspect the damage — all the plants dying, with the color fading gradually out from the bottom up towards the tips of the leaves. I gloat.

It sounds unpleasant, but onionweed brings out the assassin in me.

Monkey

business

THE book that has been absorbing all my spare time (and the time that should have been spent on the ironing as well) is the Pelican edition of Wolfgang von Kohler's "The Mentality of Apes."

This may sound like heavy reading, but it's not. It's a long, patient, and detailed account of experimental work done with apes (each of them with a different emotional make-up and a different attitude to the tests and the tester) made in about 1917.

I was howled down by my entire family when I said that the behaviour of some of the apes, when faced with a problem they couldn't solve, reminded me almost exactly of my own children.

But I was able to prove my point. Von Kohler did some parallel tests on two-year-old children (in playpens, I hasten to add, not in cages) and found very marked likenesses.

Intelligence

tests for cats

THE outcome of my absorption in the book and the way I've been reading snippets to all the family is that Diana and Mike have conceived a project for making what they grandly call "a contribution to the world's knowledge of cats."

Diana is planning on squared paper a maze which will cost a fortune to build and take

up far more house-room than we could possibly give it, while Mike is working out intelligence tests involving a complicated series of levers, pulleys, and patty-pans full of mincemeat.

We've got the cats to test, certainly. All they will need is a pair of hands each and an I.Q. of about 140.

And our cats are used to being pampered, not to being made to think.

But it is a pleasure to see Diana and Mike working together on something, no matter how impracticable. Normally they bicker a good deal, or treat each other rather as they would treat a clumsy, useless bit of furniture.

The agony of being young

AT tennis the talk is still of end-of-year dances. One of the girls' schools (not Katherine and Diana's) is having an official dance for its Leaving girls. The school staff would be amazed if they knew the upheavals caused at home by this harmless jollification.

The point is that in this case the girls must invite the boys, and for all but the most sophisticated it would apparently be pleasanter to have a tooth out without an anaesthetic than to have to ring up a boy and invite him to a dance.

Apparently it's absolutely the bottom of the barrel to take a brother or cousin.

Bernice Evans was saying that her daughter Jill had put off this nerve-racking call as long as possible, and finally on the night before the school's invitation list closed Bernice and her husband had had to volunteer to take the dog for a walk so that Jill could have the house and the telephone to herself.

I know Jill, and she's not a particularly shy girl, but the idea of having her parents overhearing such an embarrassing conversation was just too much for her.

The opinion among the mothers at tennis was that the dance would run better and be pleasanter if the school simply invited the necessary number of boys from a brother — or neighboring — school.

Dial M-U-M

for Mother

AN Australian friend of mine who married an American astounded me by telling me that they'd had a separate phone with a separate number put in for their children.

We certainly couldn't afford that.

However, the only one of the family not guilty of "hogging the phone for hours," as Hugh calls it, is Mike.

I managed to teach the girls to answer the phone and deal with messages reasonably well when they were still quite tiny, but Mike still picks up the receiver and says, "Who's that?" in an aggressive voice, and if somebody asks whether his father is at home, he's quite likely to say "Nope" without offering to take a message, or giving any information.

Mike developed a deep distrust of the telephone at an early age. One day when he was just learning to spell Hugh found him shaking it in fury and shouting at it.

I was out for the day, and apparently Mike had something he wanted to tell me urgently.

He'd been dialling M-U-M over and over again, and the telephone's failure to put him in touch with me had thrown him into such a rage he was trying to demolish it.

You see what I mean about my children's ape-like behaviour?

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COOKING THE CHRISTMAS HAM



HAM WITH A GALA LOOK

One uncooked ham, 2 sticks celery, 2 stalks parsley, 1 large onion, 1 bay leaf, few peppercorns, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup vinegar.

Scrub ham well, place in large pan with tepid water just to cover. Place vegetables, seasonings in water, pour in vinegar. Heat slowly until water is almost boiling, continue simmering, allowing 30 minutes per lb. for thick ham, 25 minutes per lb. for medium-sized ham, 20 minutes per lb. for large thin ham. Allow ham to cool in water, then remove and peel off skin. Chill in refrigerator for several hours.

Chaud-froid Sauce: Three tablespoons butter, 3 tablespoons flour, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups stock, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups milk, salt, pepper, 1 cup aspic jelly, 1 tablespoon cream, 2 egg-yolks.

Heat butter in saucepan, add flour, stir over heat 2 minutes without browning. Remove from heat, stir in stock and milk. Return to heat, stir until mixture boils and thickens. Simmer 3 minutes, season well with salt, pepper. Add aspic jelly, stir until dissolved. Simmer sauce 10 minutes, stirring occasionally. Remove from heat, stir in the cream and beaten egg-yolks; mix well. Taste sauce, season again if necessary. Strain through fine sieve, cool until almost on point of setting. Use at once.

Aspic Jelly: Three tablespoons gelatine, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold stock, 2 cups clear light meat stock, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 tablespoon dry sherry.

Soften gelatine in cold stock. Heat 2 cups stock in saucepan, add gelatine, remove from heat. Stir until gelatine is dissolved, add lemon juice and sherry. Cool until mixture is on point of setting, then use at once.

Note: When meat stock is not available, substitute with a little meat glaze, bouillon or bouillon cubes dissolved in warm water. However, the flavor will not be so delicate as when well-made meat stock is basis of aspic.

To garnish ham, as illustrated above: When chaud-froid sauce is almost on point of setting, spoon quickly and evenly over chilled ham. A large spoon and quick, deft strokes are necessary for smooth finish. Return to refrigerator.

Cut holly leaves from thinly sliced cucumber skin or green pepper, and holly berries from tomato or red-pepper skin. Yellow candles with red flame are shaped from preserved paprika (candles could be other colors if desired). Music lines and notes are made from eggplant skin. Arrange and attach decorations in desired design on to ham using little aspic jelly as adhesive. Re-chill ham. Pour aspic jelly over ham in similar way to chaud-froid sauce, trying to avoid overlapping sections. Chill. Serve on large platter with crisp salad accompaniments.

BY LEILA C. HOWARD

HAM bought by the half or whole leg is not really expensive for family holiday meals. It can be used — alone or combined with other meats — at every meal of the day and, carefully carved, provides many appetising dishes.

Ham can be cooked by boiling or baking, but in either method long, slow cooking is necessary to avoid the flesh becoming tough and shreddy. Cooking time will vary according to the size and thickness of the ham.

Processed hams now available in larger city areas require no soaking or boiling. Directions are usually explicit on the tin or wrapper. Most of these hams can be finished with a glaze or decorated as a cold cut.

Many hams develop a slight mould while

hanging. These should be scrubbed, rinsed, and soaked in a mild vinegar and water solution overnight, then treated in the normal way.

Spoon measurements are level and the eight-liquid-ounce-cup measure is used in all our recipes.

GLAZED BAKED HAM

One smoked ham, glaze, whole cloves.

Wipe ham with clean cloth, wrap loosely in aluminium foil or paper and place fat side up in shallow pan. Do not cover pan or add water. (For baking allow 15 minutes per lb. for hams 12lb. or over; allow 12 minutes per lb. under 12lb.) Bake in moderately slow oven or bake to an internal temperature of 150deg. F., being sure bulb of thermometer is inserted into centre of thickest part of meat and does not touch bone. Bake until within 45 minutes of total baking time. Remove paper or foil. Allow to cool slightly, then pull or cut away rind. Make series of shallow cuts across fat to cut into squares

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents November 30, 1960

Teenagers'

WEEKLY



**GAY DRESSES
FOR PARTIES
—pages 6, 7**

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly

Not to be sold separately

LETTERS

Hobby: Snakes alive!

I WONDER how many readers collect snakes as a hobby, as I do! Snake-collecting is a fascinating hobby, and is a good source of revenue. The fascinating part of it is watching how they move and climb over and through obstacles, while the profitable part is selling them and their venom for serum.

It costs next to nothing to keep them in captivity. After handling snakes for the best part of two and a half years, it has become quite a habit of mine to "catch or kill" any snake that comes into view, and I hope to have quite a number before summer's out. The most snakes I have had at the one time was 17. I don't often go looking for them because you don't often find them when you want to. Snakes are funny in this way. You run into them when you least expect it.—Charles Letchin, Westwood, Qld.

"New" Australian?

WHY must Australians insist on calling English people New Australians? After all, Australia is a member of the British Commonwealth, and most Australians come from either English, Scottish, or Irish stock. I myself am English, and get quite hostile when I am called a New Australian.—"C.A.," Albion Park Rail, N.S.W.

Delinquent parent

IN England they are discussing a law that the parents of delinquent children who are brought before the court should also be punished along with the child. I think this would be a wonderful idea in Australia. We seem to have so many young people in this category. Their parents claim they cannot control them. But I wonder could they gain control if there was danger of their being brought before a court?—Ruth Scott, Mt. Gravatt, Brisbane.



Ruth Scott, with two friends.

There are no holds barred in this forum. Send your snaps, too, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Send them to Box 7052 WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

OUR PIN-UP

this week is tall dark, and handsome Hollywood film star Rock Hudson. Rock is a keen horseman and is the owner of a giant-size yacht. After eight years in movies, he played his first comedy role last year with Doris Day in "Pillow Talk."

For Xmas cards

L.M., Traralgon, Vic. (T.W., 26/10/60), suggests that money spent on Christmas cards be sent to children's hospitals. Just imagine Christmas without the rush to the letter-box to see who has thought to send you a card. Christmas-card giving is one way of renewing old friendships. So let the money wasted on cigarettes, alcohol, and lottery tickets be given up, but Christmas cards—never.—J.A.B., Subiaco, W.A.

I USED to feel the same as L.M. about Christmas cards being a waste of money, but I have since learned that each year the United Nations Children's Fund sponsors cards which are designed (voluntarily) by famous artists of different countries. These are sold at 10/- for a box of 10, and the money raised helps the world's sick and hungry children. The cards may eventually "go in the fire," but at least the money spent on them has gone to a very worthwhile cause.—M.W., Beerwah, Qld.

... and against

I AGREE with L.M. that Christmas cards are a waste of money. Nowadays so many have to be purchased and sent that the cost runs into several pounds. The whole meaning is lost when they are circulated en masse, but it seems there is a social obligation to reciprocate them. All the money could be given to charity to make a happier Christmas for those less fortunate than ourselves.—"Non-Conformist," Neutral Bay, N.S.W.

Some letter!

MY brother at boarding-school is a rather poor letter-writer. Last week my parents received this "letter" from him:

Same School,
Same dorm,
Same day—one week later.
Same people,
Same story. Same excuse.
Love—Same person.
—"Cindy Sue," Mungindi, N.S.W.

Fare burden

NEXT year I will begin a nursing training course in Melbourne, 90 miles from my home. As first year wages are £6/13/- a week, less £2/19/6 for board, and fares to and from my home are £2, I am going to have trouble in being able to afford to come home very often. I suggest that if the Government could provide rail concession for such people as myself, as they do for school-children, more young people would be encouraged to take up nursing and other such careers which require training away from home.—Jill Harrison, Norwell, Vic.

Danger!

EVERY time it rains I steer clear of the city streets because of the jungle of umbrellas. Many girls carry these weapons so that the ends of the ribs are at face level, and are able to poke one in the eye. Please raise your weapons, girls!—Malcolm Moore, Canberra.

Bandwagon

IF there are any boys wondering how to spend their spare time wisely, here is a suggestion. If there is a brass band in your town, try to join it, for this hobby is both educational and fun. I am 15, and

BEATNIK



"Quick! Concerto in D Minor."

have been playing for three years, and I now play solo cornet in our band. We play at all important occasions in our town and district, and travel around to "Band Sundays" and contests. For just a small fee you are taught all about music and how to play an instrument.—"D.B.," Grafton, N.S.W.

School court

WE are arranging a mock court case at school, instead of the usual lecture and debates. Each child is given a part, and our imagination must be used to produce evidence. I think this is a good way of teaching oral expression. Have other schools tried this?—H. Hauritz, Nth. Cairns, Qld.

Sharing a flat

IT'S a wonderful experience for a girl to share a flat with a friend. Being away from the guiding influence of our parents, we now see the wisdom of their advice. We expect to be efficient housekeepers before long. As well as that we must make our own decisions about dress and behaviour. If every girl could flat before marriage we would have better wives.—"Fricadella," Malvern, S.A.

No black stockings

WEARING black stockings in summer at high school is ridiculous. Why can't we wear short ankle socks instead of these awful, hot stockings?—"A.G.," Toowoomba, Qld.

After the dance is over . . .

● Should a girl who goes to a dance unescorted go home with a boy she has just met at the dance? asked "Ruffled" (T.W. 7/9/60). Most readers think that this depends on the boy and the girl.

MOSTLY it is quite all right for a girl to go home with a boy she has met at a dance. If the dance is a respectable one, she should be able to judge the boy by his behaviour during the dance and the type of boys he has associated with. It is a great way to get to know boys, but this practice should not be repeated too often.—"Agreed," Waverley, N.S.W.

YOU can usually tell by a boy's appearance whether he is a nice type or not, but it would be wiser to have a friend accompany you home, if you accept the boy's invitation, until such time as he could meet your parents.—Margaret Jay, Gosford, N.S.W.

IT is all right to go home with a boy after a dance if you go straight home, with no detour to a milkbar or similar place.—"Tiki," Mosman, N.S.W.

IT is all right to go to a dance unescorted, but going home with a boy you have just met—definitely NO! Surely you can get to know boys without coming home with them on the first night. I have got to know many boys at various dances and socials without letting any of them take me home.—"Prue," Lockleys, S.A.

THERE is nothing wrong with this. Surely a girl can judge by a boy's manners and clothes what type of a boy he is. Grown-ups who are against it are just plain old-fashioned.—"Unruffled," Raymond Terrace, N.S.W.

THIS depends on the girl herself. If she is fairly mature, and knows how to conduct herself creditably, there can be no harm done, and many wonderful friendships begin in this way.—"M.," Casino, N.S.W.

A GIRL should not go home from a dance with a boy she has never seen before. If you explain to him your reason for not going home with him, surely, if he is sufficiently interested in you, he will suggest you both attend the dance again so that you will know him better and he know you better. This way he will probably think more of you and you will know he is kind and considerate.—"Tricia," Horsham, Vic.

WE are always being told to get out and meet people. A girl should have enough sense to tell whether the boy is her type or not, and she should be old enough to look after herself if she is old enough to go to a dance. I don't think there is anything wrong with this as long as she uses her own good common sense.—"Agreeable," Berry, N.S.W.

QUIZ

GIRLS! Don't be misled by the title of this quiz. It's for boys only to fill in — but it's really designed to help you find out what boys really think about girls. So, pick the lad you want to understand, and ask him to answer the questions. To make sure that he doesn't chicken out at the last moment, give him a stamped envelope, addressed to "Boys Only," Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052 WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

AND BOYS! There is no need to wait for a girl to ask you. Just fill in the quiz on your own account, and send it in. Remember — no names, no pack drill, so answer each question absolutely honestly by putting a tick in the appropriate column.

CLOSING DATE is December 7, and as soon as we have sifted and analysed the answers we'll tell you all about the girl most likely to be popular with Australian boys.



FOR BOYS ONLY

	Yes	No
1 Do you prefer a girl to follow the latest fashion, even though it does not suit her?	—	—
2 For a casual date, would you ask the "life of the party" girl rather than the modest, quiet one?	—	—
3 Are a girl's looks more important than the way she thinks?	—	—
4 Do you like girls who go steady more than those who play the field?	—	—
5 Do you prefer a girl who'll always fall in with your plans, with your crowd?	—	—
6 Do you like a girl to be an individualist, one who doesn't necessarily conform?	—	—
7 Do you think it's important for a girl to know about football and cricket?	—	—
8 Are you bored when a girl talks about serious books, music, or the state of the world?	—	—
9 Do you dislike girls drinking or smoking, even in moderation?	—	—
10 Do you prefer to take out a girl who is willing to neck?	—	—
11 Do you have a weakness for girls who wear pink or pale blue?	—	—
12 When your date flirts with other boys at a dance, do you feel angry?	—	—
13 Would you stop dating a gorgeous girl because she was a bit too loud?	—	—
14 Do you like a girl who insists on going home at the time specified by her parents?	—	—
15 Do you like a girl to chase you?	—	—
16 Do you prefer a girl to be aloof and reserved until you win her?	—	—
17 Are you offended if a girl doesn't care what she looks like when you take her out?	—	—
18 Does the girl you really like have a lot of things about her that remind you of your mother?	—	—
19 Do you object to girls who "kiss and tell?"	—	—
20 Do you resent a girl beating you at tennis or squash?	—	—
21 Do you resent having to chat to a girl's parents before you take her out?	—	—
22 Do you expect a goodnight kiss on a first date?	—	—
23 Do you prefer an independent "I-can-take-care-of-myself" girl to a helpless clinging vine?	—	—
24 Do you lose interest in a girl after she lets you know that she has fallen for you?	—	—
25 When you go steady, do you expect that the girl will eventually marry you?	—	—

Boy trains horses for TV Western

● Dressed in jeans, check shirt, and riding boots, the sun-tanned, blue-eyed boy was holding a team of stage-coach horses under the blazing lights. People were shouting directions, cameras were being moved into position, the horses were a bit nervous.

BUT not so young Grahame Ware. He held the horses steady as he waited for the stars of "Whiplash" to move on to the set.

Grahame has a job that any boy who likes horses and excitement would envy. Under the supervision of his father, Mr. Lionel Ware, he trains the horses used in the TV series being filmed at Artransa Film Studios at French's Forest, Sydney.

"Whiplash," an Australian Western set in the days of Cobb and Co., tells of the adventures of Chris Cobb, played by handsome American actor Peter Graves.

Already running on British and American screens, its release in Australia is expected soon.

Grahame looks like a genuine man of the land — which is what he intends to become—but,

By
DIANE ROBERTS

apart from a few days at a horse sale in Orange, he has never been out of the city.

For years, however, he has helped his father train horses in the livery yard they have established at the rear of their suburban home in Leichhardt.

They supplied most of the horses used in the film "The Sundowners," and were then offered their present "Whiplash" job.

A rigid training schedule was laid down for months before filming began.

Grahame taught the horses to ignore gunfire and accustomed them to a microphone by galloping them about with a tin dangling on the end of a stick in front of their noses.

Apart from the time a mare he was riding jumped into a fire

during fire-jumping practice, these months were mostly routine.

Since filming began Grahame's job has involved a lot more. His day begins at 6 a.m., when he grooms the horses and prepares them for the set, and it is sometimes mid-afternoon before he gets a break.

When interior scenes are being shot and the horses are not needed, Grahame spends the time polishing and repairing harness.

During lunch breaks in hot weather, he takes the horses swimming in a nearby water-hole.

Bit parts

Not only does Grahame teach the horses what to do, he sometimes has to show the actors what to do.

"A lot of these actors and actresses aren't very good riders, so I polish them up a bit," he said. "They have to be able to pass a riding test given by Dad."

On top of all this, Grahame has appeared in quite a few episodes.

"I've played a few bit parts and have been stand-in for various people," he said. "That's how I got the suntan. It's terribly hot under all those lights and the reflectors cause you to burn twice as fast as you normally would."

"I've also been in a lot of episodes driving horses and buggies through the town, and once I was an aboriginal."

Grahame is an avid viewer of TV Westerns. "I like to see what they do with their horses and I get ideas from them," he said.

Plan to go bush

He has his own dapple-grey horse, "Flash Boy," which he rides in shows and gymkhanas, and has many plans for the future.

He is saving most of his pay, £13/10/- a week, and hopes one day to have his own property outback.

"I'll breed cattle and horses, and when I say horses I mean good ones, probably show horses," he said.

"When 'Whiplash' is finished I'll go bush for a while. I'll travel around working on properties and learn as much as I can about management."

"I would like to settle down on my own property and get married when I am about 25."

And Grahame, with his goal set and a determination to reach it, could do just that.



GRAHAME WARE shows expert horsemanship in training one of his charges in "Whiplash." Below, during a break in filming, he chats with the star of the series, American actor Peter Graves.



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DRY DIVING



SUSPENDED by the harness in mid-air, Robin Bradshaw shows a fault by not keeping her feet together.



LANDING GENTLY. Bruce Prance takes Robin's weight on the handle while Judy Prance studies her timing and co-ordination. Robin, 12, is W.A.'s 1960 Juvenile Springboard Champion.

● A group of young Australians has started serious training for the Commonwealth Games in 1962 — by diving on to dry sand.

MEMBERS of the Western Australian Diving Association, they are using a technique imported from Sydney.

Dry diving was first used in Australia by two coaches, Wally Kirsop and Harry Tickle, about 20 years ago.

They devised a harness apparatus to allow a diver to use a springboard and land safely in a sand-pit.

Since then it has been developed by the Sydney diving coach Jack Barnett as a method of winter training and as a useful way of teaching beginners.

Last season he demonstrated the apparatus to Donnelle Bercov, Western Australia's senior women's springboard and tower diving champion for 1960.

She was so enthusiastic that when she returned to Perth she helped organise Australia's first dry-diving establishment outside Sydney.

The 30 members of the W.A. Diving Association, mostly teenagers, gave exhibitions to raise money to build the apparatus to Jack Barnett's specifications, and Mrs. Morris Samuel,

whose home is near the Claremont Baths, lent the river end of her property for its use.

Now every Saturday morning association members train on the apparatus under the guidance of honorary coaches Bruce Prance and his wife, Judy, both former State champions.

Bruce explained the working of the harness as follows: "The diver wears a belt fairly tightly around his waist. Flexible wires are attached to each side of the belt and pass through pulleys as in the diagram (at left) to the handle, which is held by a person who acts as a counterweight."

"When the diver takes off, the person holding the handle walks back, taking up the slack wire, and as the diver descends he takes the weight quickly but evenly until the diver lands lightly in the pit on his hands or feet."

Since formation of the association in 1957, the standard of diving in W.A. has risen sharply. With two years still to go for the 1962 Commonwealth Games, the association hopes to produce some world-class competition divers.

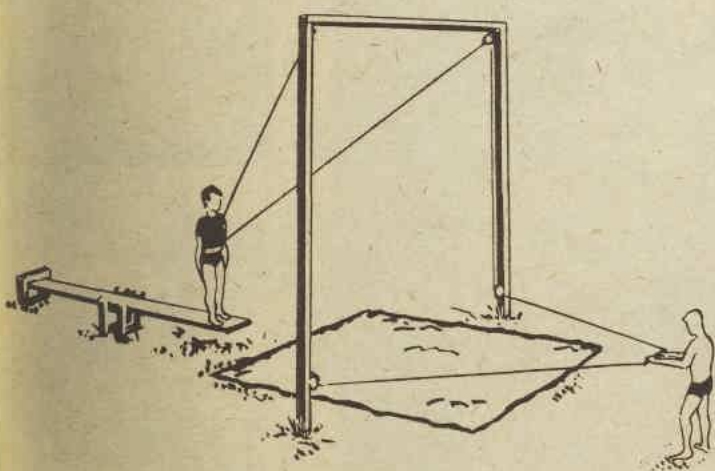


DIAGRAM showing how the dry-diving apparatus works.

MAGIC-EYE pictures (below) show Donnelle Bercov demonstrating a difficult "harness" dive into the sand-pit, while Robin Bradshaw looks on.



TEEN SPECIAL: CANDY HARDY PATTERNS FOR...

Party dresses-young

● Here are six dresses and one coat for the girl who likes the newest in fashions for those summer parties. All can be made from a pattern. Address orders to Candy Hardy, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Please state size required and write your name and address in block letters.



DRESS AND COAT, scene. 5973, a scoop 36in. material and sizes 30 to

THESE TWO dresses are designed to follow through prettily from late day into evening. 5969, a boldly striped onepiece in sizes 30 to 36in. bust, requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6. 5970, a floral onepiece in sizes 30 to 36in. bust, requires 3½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.

FAMILY COMIC

Sandra

By BILL SAWYER

SANDRA, still suspected of stealing the fashion sketches, is now in danger of harm from the real thief. Detective Mike Rogers warns her not to go home alone, but before he can come for her, someone breaks into her dressing-room, turns off the light, and goes to attack her. She screams "MIKE!" NOW READ ON...



CONTINUED

RIVETS



JACKY'S DIARY

by Jacky Mendelsohn Age 32½

LAST WEEK I TOLD YOU I WOULD TELL YOU MOPE ABOUT THE ARMY CAMP WE VISITED, SO NOW I'M TELLING YOU:

Like I all ready explained you, SOLDJERS ARE UNINFORMED ACCORDIAN TO RANK. THE MOPE RANK THEY ARE, THE MORE STRIPES THEY GOT ON THEY'RE ARM.

A PRIVATE 1st CLASS A full-Blooded CORPUSCLE an Etc.

When you come in the ENTRANTS the 1st thing they got is a BIG CANNON THAT PROBABLY COULD KILL A MILLION PEOPLE WITH ONE SHOT. So right away you could tell it's A GOOD PLACE.



They also had a place where they were trying out Ba-Lipstick Missiles, it was real intresting, exsept we couldnt go in.



The place we went to eat in was REAL POPULER. THE LINE WAS ABOUT A MILE LONG TO GET IN THERE.



so instead we went to a CANTIN...



Then we went & saw some SOLDJERS PHACKTISING GORILLA WARFAPE. ONLY we got there TOO LATE, ON a count of they were all out of BANANAS & COCONUTS TO THROW AT EACH OTHER.



So then we went Home.

P.S. I THINK I'LL BE A SOLDJER WHEN I GROW UP. THAT WAY I CAN GET FREE AMMUNISHUN FOR MY POP GUN IN CASE I LOSE THE CORK.



THE BALANCES by Galbraith



"It's for the school fete. I want to lick the egg-beater!"

"No fence would give for it. I happen to for myself."

"them, this history dred pages shorter!"

Planeteer Chris Welkin has enlisted the help of mind-reading Koot, the monster from Rigel, for testing his new space "sail boat." With Amaiza, Chris' girlfriend, they blast off from earth towards the space station, where Aquila and her friend Basil are waiting to receive them. Aquila ostensibly works for Chris, but these two are really earthling traitors who, with their allies from planet Callisto, hope to conquer earth. Koot, reading their minds, suspects them immediately. NOW READ ON . . .

CHRIS WELKIN PLANETEER

By Russ Winterbotham



TEENA

BY Lilla Terry



MANDRAKE the MAGICIAN



MANDRAKE, the Magician, having exposed the trickery of the "demon photographer," has returned from his Mt. Arat expedition and with his friend Narda has embarked this week on a new adventure. Begin reading about the amazing radio telescope...



nd gay



BARBECUE specials.
5972, the halter dress, in sizes 30 to 36in. bust, requires 3½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6. 5971, a cool one-piece in sizes 30 to 36in. bust, requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.



DANCE DRESS (at right) is in check gingham with a white top and can be made in ballerina or floor length. 5968, in sizes 30 to 36in. bust, requires 5½yds. 36in. material for floor length or 4½yds. 36in. material for ballerina length. The top requires 7yds. 3½in. eyelet edging and 1yd. beading and ribbon. Price 6/6.

are perfect companions for any festive summer fashion : party dress in sizes 30 to 36in. bust, requires 3½yds. in. contrast. Price 4/6. 5974, a smoothly tailored coat in bust, requires 6yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.

Louise
Hunter

Here's
your answer

Past mistakes

"RECENTLY at a sports meeting I met a boy who seemed extremely nice. Although he lives 50 miles away, he came to visit me the following Saturday. I have been writing to him regularly. Yesterday I heard something that disappointed me. I was told that he had been expelled from the college he previously attended. I do not know the real reason for his being expelled, but it was something to do with a girl. I know he is a prefect at the school he now attends and recently won a public-speaking contest. This news about being expelled came as a shock to me, but I consoled myself with the thought that he is now a prefect and did win the public speaking, and perhaps he has improved. He was extremely nice to me when he came down. I will probably never see this boy again, and I am wondering if I should continue writing to him."

"Worried," Vic.

If we were all condemned out of hand for our past mistakes, big and small, not many of us would have any friends.

I know how you feel—shocked and disappointed—but this boy sounds as if he is a thoroughly reformed character now. I don't think he would be appointed to the responsible office of prefect if he wasn't.

I think it would be dreadful if you stopped writing just because you'd "heard something." It may not be true. Why not let things go on as they are and wait till you see him again and then ask him?

Army nurses

"COULD you please tell me how I can obtain information on joining the Army Nurses Corps?"
D.P., N.S.W.

The Army Nursing Corps is made up of officers, who are fully trained nurses, and other ranks, whom the Army trains to the Nursing Aid Standard.

Minimum age for enlistment in the corps is 18. Maximum age varies. If you wish to join and have had no previous military service, you must be between the ages of 18 and 30. If you have had previous military service, the age is from 18 to 35; if you have had previous military service and been selected during it for warrant or N.C.O. rank, the age for enlistment is from 18 to 38.

Girls enlisted may be single, widows, or divorcees without dependent children. Each must produce a birth certificate, pass a medical examination, and be a British subject living permanently in Australia, or a non-British subject living permanently in Australia, or a non-British migrant complying with certain conditions.

The applicant must have an average primary-school education and pass an aptitude test.

Written consent of parents is required of applicants under 21.

Girls may enlist in the Nursing Corps for initial terms of either three or six years, and may continue at the end of their initial term for two, three, or four-year terms. Girls are required to serve anywhere in Australia and may also volunteer for service overseas.

When they are accepted as applicants, girls live in, are paid £3/1/7 a week, allowances, and are provided with uniforms. After they complete 10 weeks' training and are classed as Nursing Orderlies, they are paid £10/1/3 a week, as well as receiving all the other benefits mentioned. Rises after this depend on qualifications and promotion by examination.

Nurses in the corps are compulsorily discharged when they are 47. Members are discharged if they marry after

• Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

enlistment and before their term is completed, but if a girl wishes for a discharge for other reasons it is considered only if there are exceptional circumstances.

Girls have 18 days' annual leave and all public holidays, medical and dental treatment free, are provided with free uniforms and get a generous uniform allowance to maintain it in apple-pie order, and an allowance for under-clothing.

Not many girls finish the course, because as everyone knows there's something about a soldier, and "wastage" of members of the corps through marriage is colossal.

If you want further details or forms, you should write to the Combined Recruiting Services (Army) in your nearest capital city.

Here are the addresses: N.S.W.: New Beach Road, Edgecliff; Victoria: 83A Queen's Road, St. Kilda; Queensland: 130 Mary Street, Brisbane; South Australia: 99 Currie Street, Adelaide; Western Australia: 44 St. George's Terrace, Perth. Tasmanian applicants should contact The Recruiting Officer, Tasmanian Command, Anglesea Barracks, Hobart.

Friendship banned

"I AM very fond of a boy and he says that he is fond of me, but my mother will not allow me to go out with him. I think that maybe she is right about him, but the feeling of uncertainty and not knowing what to do is unbearable. He is a very nice boy and my mother thinks so too, but she says he is not for me. I am too shy to tell my mother how I feel, and you know what that is like, keeping it inside of you and not being able to tell anyone, but I think the attraction may have grown stronger because of this. Can you please tell me what to do?"

"Abby," N.S.W.

You will just have to tell the boy your mother does not approve of your friendship. Tell him that you are sorry about it and wish it did not have to be so. You must tell him the truth. You owe it to him and it will save him from the uncertainty you are suffering.

You don't say your age or why your mother forbids your friendship, but she must surely have a very good reason. Have you asked her? I would, and I'd try to tell her how you feel, although I do understand your difficulties.

Things like this make you very unhappy, and there is no way I can tell you how to overcome that awful feeling you have or how to cure it. Time is good. It may cure you completely or teach you how to live with the way you feel. And, you never know, in time your mother might feel differently, and so might you.

Boy's present

"RECENTLY I was invited to my boy-friend's 21st birthday party and, owing to illness, I was unable to go. I have not seen him since I have been ill, which is over a month now, and I still have his present. I will not be able to give him his present for another month as I will still be in bed. Should I or should I not give him the present when I am well again?"

"Uncertain," N.S.W.

I think you should send him his present now with a letter. He'd prob-

A WORD FROM DEBBIE

MAKE this a summer for putting your best foot forward.

Nothing looks worse than those scuffed down-at-heel sandals or high-heeled pumps with the heels worn down and broken. And, just as bad, shoes that are just plain dirty!

Make a point of looking after your shoes as carefully as any other part of your wardrobe. Clean them every time you wear them, BEFORE they go back into the cupboard.

There are creams on the market for every shoe color—and lotions for the latest shoe materials—pearlised leathers and the new pale suedes.

Make sure that all your good shoes are carefully stored away—wrapped in tissue in their boxes. Shoe trees are a wonderful addition to any girl's wardrobe. Your shoes will keep their shape and last much longer.

And silicone treatment, an easy do-it-yourself job, is a wonderful aid to keeping them new looking longer.

Most important of all, never let your heels wear too far down. Have your shoes heeled and (to save money) tipped as soon as they begin to show signs of wear.

Don't wear the same pair of shoes day after day. They might be your very favorite ones, but they won't last very long. One of the best ways to save on shoes is to rotate your shoe wardrobe.

It takes money, but it's money well spent.

ably be delighted, and as you're well enough to write to me you must be well enough to write to him, too.

Changeable love

"EARLIER this year I was going with a girl for about five months, but we got too serious too quickly, and when I broke it off I hurt her very deeply. Now I think I want to start again, a little more carefully. However, I won't unless I can be pretty sure I won't hurt her again. How can I be sure? Do I really want to start again or is my imagination working overtime? Is it possible to care very, very much for someone, then to stop caring for no apparent reason and then to start again? I am nearly 21 and she is just 19."

"Unsure," N.S.W.

You're completely on your own in this decision. No one can help you except yourself.

Who said teenagers were interested in nothing but rock-'n-roll? Here are two stories of young scientists on the march . . .

Rocket boy still trying

● A 16-year-old English boy is still trying to get official permission for his attempt on the amateur rocket height record of 10 miles, held by an American.

THE boy, Alan Bond, of Derbyshire, has his 4ft. 4in. rocket "Poltergeist" all ready to go, but Government authorities have refused him permission to fire it.

Alan is disappointed—but not discouraged.

Having become interested in rockets through science fiction, he made "Poltergeist" from scrap metal in his home workshop.

To solve the fuel problem he teamed up with a 21-year-old research chemist. They developed a fuel which Alan estimates would send the rocket 150 miles into space.

Banned from firing the rocket himself, he has approached a large firm in the hope that it will carry out the test.

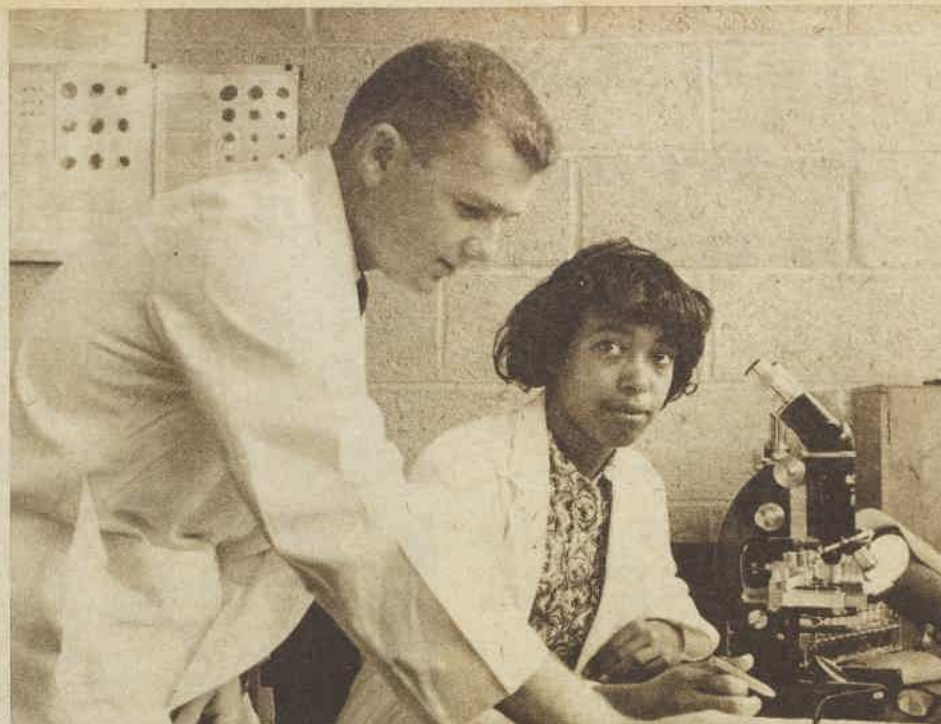
In the meantime, Alan and his group, ARADA, standing for Amateur Rocket Advance Development Association, are planning their second rocket, a four-stage job to be called Napier.

Even if he is never allowed to fire his rockets, Alan's future seems assured.

When the ban on "Poltergeist" was announced, Sir William Cook, of the Atomic Energy Authority, offered him a job.

"I have read of your case and I admire you for your enterprise," Sir William wrote to Alan. "We will be able to make use of what appears to be the right spirit and some promising material."

HERE is Alan Bond with the rocket he is not allowed to fire.



RESEARCH TEAM Arnold Lentnek and Patricia Bath at work in their laboratory.

Two teens win fame in cancer research

● Two 17-year-old Americans have recently startled the medical world with their research on cancer cells. They revived an old theory and found facts which are claimed to back it up.

IN effect, their work challenges the belief that cancer is a wild growth of tumorous cells, and has led to the testing of a new form of treatment.

This junior research team consists of a boy and a girl from opposite sides of the tracks in New York.

They are Patricia Bath, the bright, irrepressible daughter of poor, hard-working negro parents in Harlem, and cool, poised Arnold Lentnek, the scion of a well-to-do family, with his own yacht and private laboratory.

At Charles Evans Hughes High School, near Harlem, Pat was known as "the demon dissector."

At Rockaway High School, 15 miles away but still in New York City, Arnold resigned from the school football team to spend more time in research.

Both won awards under the National Science Foundation, and a year ago they joined a group of high school students selected to participate in a summer training programme at Yeshiva University.

They were assigned to do research at Harlem Hospital, under Dr. Robert Barnard, the consulting pathologist, and started work on totally unrelated bio-medical studies.

But Arnold and Pat worked in neighboring labs and over coffee they talked about their research.

Dr. Barnard had given Arnold some streptomycin beer residue and asked him to find its effect on single-celled organisms.

"I had no idea then that this had any connection with cancer," Arnold said. "But in feeding this residue to certain organisms, I found it increased their growth rate."

"When Dr. Barnard fed the same residue to cancer patients it seemed to slow down the growth of malignant cells."

Pat fed the same residue to a bacteria found in fish and water. It increased their rate of growth, too.

"But it also increased considerably the pigment this bacteria throws off," she said. "The pigment is toxic and the bacteria uses it as a defence mechanism to protect itself against other organisms."

"So we reasoned that the residue might create a similar defence mechanism when fed to cancer patients."

Arnold and Pat began to write their scientific paper. They reviewed their data, noting an earlier suggestion that cancer was a tearing-down process of the whole body, rather than a building-up process in a local area.

Although Pat's and Arnold's work was not completely original—little of modern medical research is—Dr. Barnard was most impressed.

He said: "If that boy hadn't worked as hard as he did—more than 10 hours a day in his lab, alone, plus time at

school—and if that girl hadn't had the fine, abstract mind she has, well, the whole theory wouldn't have fitted together so neatly."

The paper which the young team co-authored was read before an audience of 2500 scientists at the Fifth International Congress on Nutrition in Washington last September.

Patricia attended the Congress as a guest and her personality made a big impression.

Many physicians immediately dismissed the Lentnek-Bath theory as wide of the mark or irresponsible, but Dr. Barnard replied: "This theory is not new, and it has been ridiculed. What is new is that these kids have produced proof to back it up."

"The National Cancer Institute, all the Veterans' Hospitals, and a number of the leading pharmaceutical houses are now testing streptomycin beers and other residues on cancer patients."

"I was sceptical about having young assistants from high school helping me in my work. No more. Pat and Arnold worked their heads off in the laboratory all the time. Next year I'm taking 20 students from high school."

What are these two "squares" like—apart from science? Arnold spends all his spare time on Jamaica Bay sailing his 18ft. Pennant sloop. And Pat spends all her spare money on clothes and rock-'n-roll records.



Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly—November 30, 1960

This fad is *scent* to try us!

- Of all the girlish gimmicks which annoy a boy there is one that's really "on the nose."

BESIDE this frustrating fad, ludicrous lipstick looks pale, crazy clothes are just sew-sew, and queer coiffures aren't so hair-raising.

What is this horrible habit to which I refer? The use of perfume, of course!

Yes, of the little things that are sent by lasses to try us, scent "sends" us least of all.

To sum it up, I wouldn't say a feller's favorite TV station would never be Chanel (No.) 5!

You think I'm just turning up my nose for no good reason? Well, *whiff* due respect, here are a *phew* examples that might make you think about the stink!

First off, let me ask, just what is the point of perfume?

A girl makes herself smell of, for instance, violets to give off a wholesome scent of spring, you say? All I can say is, what a wasted effort.

If a bloke wanted that he'd date Mother Nature whose spring smells are the real thing. No one else's are. You might say that summer scents aren't just there for the (un)flasking.

Or, as the old saying nearly goes, "One wallow (in perfume) doesn't make a summer!"

Other perfume plans fail, too. For instance, wearing overpowering odors called "Passion in Paris" and so on is no lark de Triomphe that makes a girl an Eiffel tower of strength! French perfume doesn't convince the bloke that his date from next door is Brigitte Bardot.

The application of scent also stinks. Put it this way—a girl could put it on any way! And the result would be the same.

She could dab it on her kneecaps, and a bloke would get the message. But no, tradition decrees that behind the ears is the right place.

If that's not being really wet behind the ears I'll blow out my brains with a perfume spray!

Perhaps the most ridiculous aspect of fragrance nonsense—and one which proves that I know what I'm talking about—is the cost.

Yes, there's gold in them thar smells—for the manufacturer and sellers. It's measured and priced like gold. Girls buy it in ounces—for guineas.

If that isn't the most wasteful way of hitting the bottle! Not only does a girl Eau de Cologne, she also owes de money!

Yes, the only difference between the goo and gold is that perfume doesn't pan out!

Well, those are some of the reasons why scent makes me (per)fume. You sniff at my ideas? Nevertheless, it was high (really "high") time we men arose.

Remember, arose by another name . . .

—Robin Adair

BE PRETTY ALL THE TIME

- If you're a business girl, the ideal time for your beauty work is probably at bedtime when all the demands of the evening are over and you can bathe and primp to your heart's content.

SOME girls, of course, are perfectly willing to go to bed dappled with face cream and spiked with curling pins—all in the cause of beauty. But there is no need for that. If you put your mind to it, you can keep your skin, hair, and hands in apple-pie order for day-time AND look fetching while you sleep as well.

Take a nightly bath as your prelude to grooming and to sound, restful sleep. Bathing is the very basis of beauty. It washes away the grubbiness, floats away the kinks, sets the mood for relaxation.

With warm water, soap, sponge, and bath-brush, lather up all over, from that sometimes-neglected neck right down to the toes. Elbows and knees should be scrubbed, legs and arms and back soaped, underarms given special attention.

Bath oil and fragrant soap in pretty colors add to the pleasure of the daily tub and afterward, if you want an extra-refreshing touch, a splash of cologne will do the trick for you.

Prepare your bedtime face in the bathroom. It takes just five minutes to clean make-up off at night, even including the throat. Which is as good a place as any to repeat . . . never wear your make-up in bed if you want a good complexion.

For a prettier-in-bed look cleanse face and neck thoroughly with cream, lotion, or ordinary soap and water. Remember that all the cream a clean skin can take is absorbed in about 15 minutes and anything left on after that just sits there doing nothing.

However, it is a good idea to leave a tiny bit of cream on the skin until

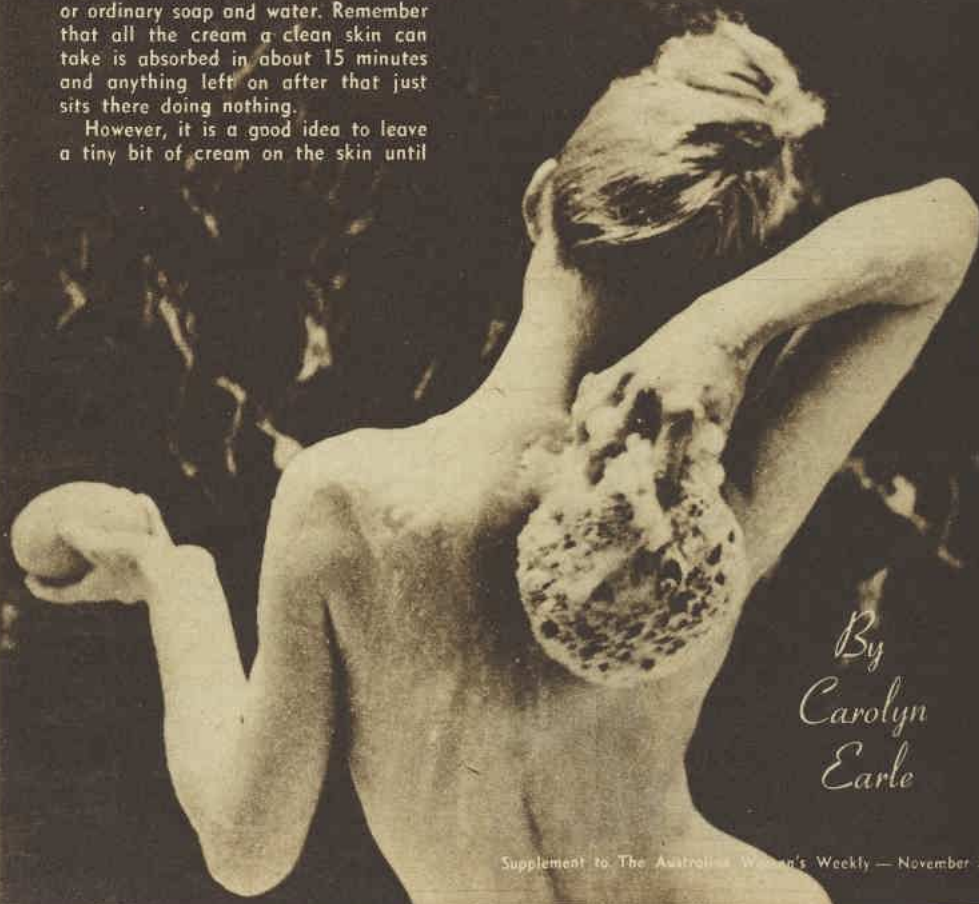
you have finished bathing, then tissue it off afterwards.

Bathe your eyes regularly each night. It only takes a second to remove the day's quota of dust and tension. Each eye should have its own allowance of lotion. This is the moment for eyelash cream, too. Apply it with a fingertip or with a small camel-hair brush. After putting on the cream, use an eyelash curler if you want your eyes to have that "starry" look even without benefit of mascara.

Brush your teeth for three minutes by the clock. Try doing this for one week and see just how little you have been brushing up till now, and what a difference the extra minute or two makes. If you go in for mouth lotion, bedtime is the best time to use it.

Arrange your hair to suit your habits and your schedule. If it must be set on rollers or pinned up, make a thorough job of it and wear the prettiest cover-up you can find—perhaps a bit of colored tulle or a scarf, or, just for the fun of it, a night-cap.

And as the last leisurely let-down into eight hours' sleep—the beauty treatment that beats the lot—why not do your nails? This is probably the only time in the whole 24 hours you can ever allow three coats of nail varnish to get absolutely dry.



By
Carolyn
Earle

LISTEN HERE

—with Ainslie Baker

● If you think all pop singers and rockers look alike, you haven't seen Bix Bryant, the bespectacled 22-year-old Sydney newcomer whose second disc, "Little Miss Muffet," may well hit the jackpot.

THIS new-type singing star, who looks more like a scientist, is shy and quiet. At one time he wanted to be a painter and did an art course at the Sydney Tech.

He started singing at dances in his late teens, and worked up to running a dance of his own at Brookvale before forming his own band, The Raiders. The boys were appearing at Deewhy beach when they were first talent-spotted, and now have a five-year Rex contract.

Bix's real name is Brian Bickford. He plays trumpet and guitar, and names skin-diving and flying as his favorite sports.

He has blue eyes, and says his present ambition is to be on the bill at one of the Big Shows.

The Raiders' bass player, Howie Leslie, wrote "Little Miss Muffet," and Bix and the group's sax-man, Tony Stapleton, share credit for the flip, "Ever-Lovin' Honey Bee."

Other members of the band are Johnny MacIntosh (drums), Brian Godden (guitar), and Billy Green (lead guitar).

When they first started playing together they were forced to practise in an empty factory, because nobody wanted them about the place. It's a different story now.

Local talent: Newest team making their presence felt on the local disc market are The Hawking Brothers, Russell and Alan, of Melbourne. Their own composition, "Please, Baby, Please" (Columbia 45), is catchy, and shows plenty of promise for the future. They're heard in a medium-tempo number, "Don't Leave Me," on the flip.



Bix Bryant

FORMER Sydney G.P.O. messenger boy Gregg Frend, who has already had TV dates on "Six O'Clock Rock" and "Hi Fi Club," makes his record debut with "Guardian Angel" and "No One" on a Columbia 45. This dark and tanned young Canadian came to Australia four years ago and was discovered by his present manager when he was delivering a telegram. He is 19.

Pops: Top marks go to The Four Esquires for their simple and harmonious handling of the folksy "Sweet Sixteen She'll Never Be" (Top Rank 45), one of the prettiest things to come along for quite a while. If you've ever fooled around at the piano with "Chopsticks" you'll enjoy the lively change-of-pace flip, "The Chop Stick Rock."

WITH things getting more and more competitive these days in the instrumental field, Duane Eddy still seems to have the edge on the newcomers. "Yep!" (London EP) gives you the chance to

hear Duane in "Three-30 Blues," "Lonesome Road," "Loving You," plus the title tune.

LATEST of the several pops built on the lovely main theme from Tchaikovsky's First Piano Concerto is Jackie Wilson's "Alone At Last." It was a red bullet entry in the American Cash Box, and the soulful approach of the young negro singer, plus the appealing melody, could make it popular here as well. Jackie makes a nice job of the up-tempo flip, "Am I The Man?"

SECOND of London's hard-cover teenage souvenir albums, with picture gallery and color pin-up, is "More Songs By Ricky." "I'm Not Afraid," "When Your Lover Has Gone," and "I'm Through With You" are among the dozen songs you hear Ricky Nelson sing.

IN the four years since their formation as a vocal group, Danny And The Juniors' biggest numbers have been "At The Hop" and "Rock And Roll Is Here To Stay." They've hit the American charts again with "Twistin' U.S.A.," a variation of The Twist, with a twist of their own added for luck. Flip of this Top Rank 45 is "A Thousand Miles Away," a slowie.

NO tired old Tin Pan Alley antiques in Jack Ary's "That Latin Beat" (Pye LP). Most of the tunes, the most familiar of which could be "Mildred," are fresh and fetching. Outstanding arrangements and exceptional recording quality make this disc a delight.

"FLAMINGO FAVORITES" (Teenage LP) is a versatile offering from the versatile Flamingos, who are as much at home with "Crazy, Crazy, Crazy" as they are with standards such as "Sweet And Lovely" and "My Foolish Heart." They throw in a couple of offerings like "Besame Mucho" to add spice.

Classical: It's going to be well worth while for new collectors to keep their eye on the recently introduced budget-priced H.M.V. Concert Classics series. Two of their discs worthy of note are Beethoven's "Emperor" Concerto, with Jakob Gimpel and the Berlin Philharmonic under Rudolf Kempe, and Beethoven's "Pastoral" Symphony, performed by the Paris Conservatoire Orchestra, with Carl Schuricht conducting.

A LISZT concert designed to appeal to a wide range of listeners comes from R.C.A. with their LP "The Music Of Franz Liszt." The Boston Pops Orchestra, under Arthur Fiedler, begin the programme with the second Hungarian Rhapsody, move on to two symphonic poems, "Mazeppa" and "Les Preludes," and wind up with that fiery piece of musical patriotism the Rakoczy March.



THE EVERLY BROTHERS — Don (left) and Phil — receiving a gold record for passing the million sales mark with "Cathy's Clown." This was the first disc for their new label, Warner Bros. Records, whose president, J. B. Conkling, is making the presentation.

It's 4711 TOSCA

When Fragrance Counts

because TOSCA is young and delicious, because it's the perfume HE notices, remembers and links with you



4711 TOSCA Perfumed Cologne
4711 TOSCA Perfume
4711 TOSCA Talc
4711 TOSCA Cream
4711 TOSCA Cold Cream
All Imported from Cologne

WORTH HEARING

BRAHMS: "St. Anthony Variations"

VARIATION-WRITING is one of the oldest and most popular ways of developing a musical idea. The technique consists of taking a short, self-contained theme and then decorating it in a number of different ways.

Sometimes the original melody is kept intact while new melodies are woven around it; sometimes the melody is filled up with florid decorations; sometimes the melody itself disappears and only the accompanying harmony is kept with new ideas added to it.

The theme need not be the composer's own. Brahms, who was a cunning and resourceful variation-writer, based his three most famous variation-sets on themes by earlier composers, two sets for piano on themes by Handel and Paganini, and this set for orchestra on a theme, "The St. Anthony Choral," which he took from a work by Haydn.

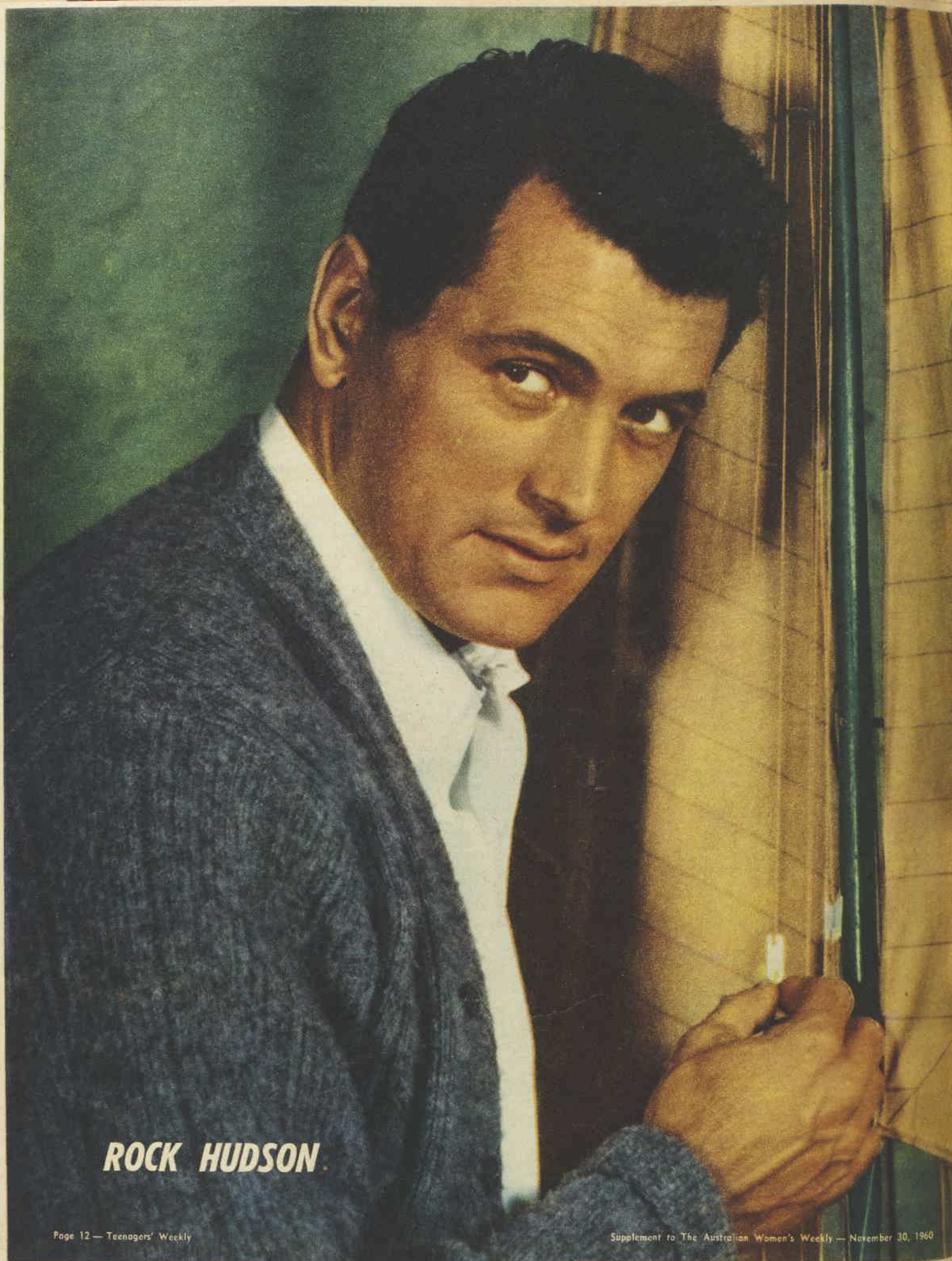
(We know now that Haydn in his turn borrowed the piece from someone else; so, although Brahms' work is often still called the "Haydn Variations," "St. Anthony Variations" is a more accurate title.)

There are two fine recordings of the work available: one conducted by Toscanini with the N.B.C. Orchestra and coupled with Mozart's "Haffner Symphony" (R.C.A.); another by Wolfgang Sawallisch and the Vienna Symphony Orchestra, coupled with Brahms' Second Symphony (Philips).

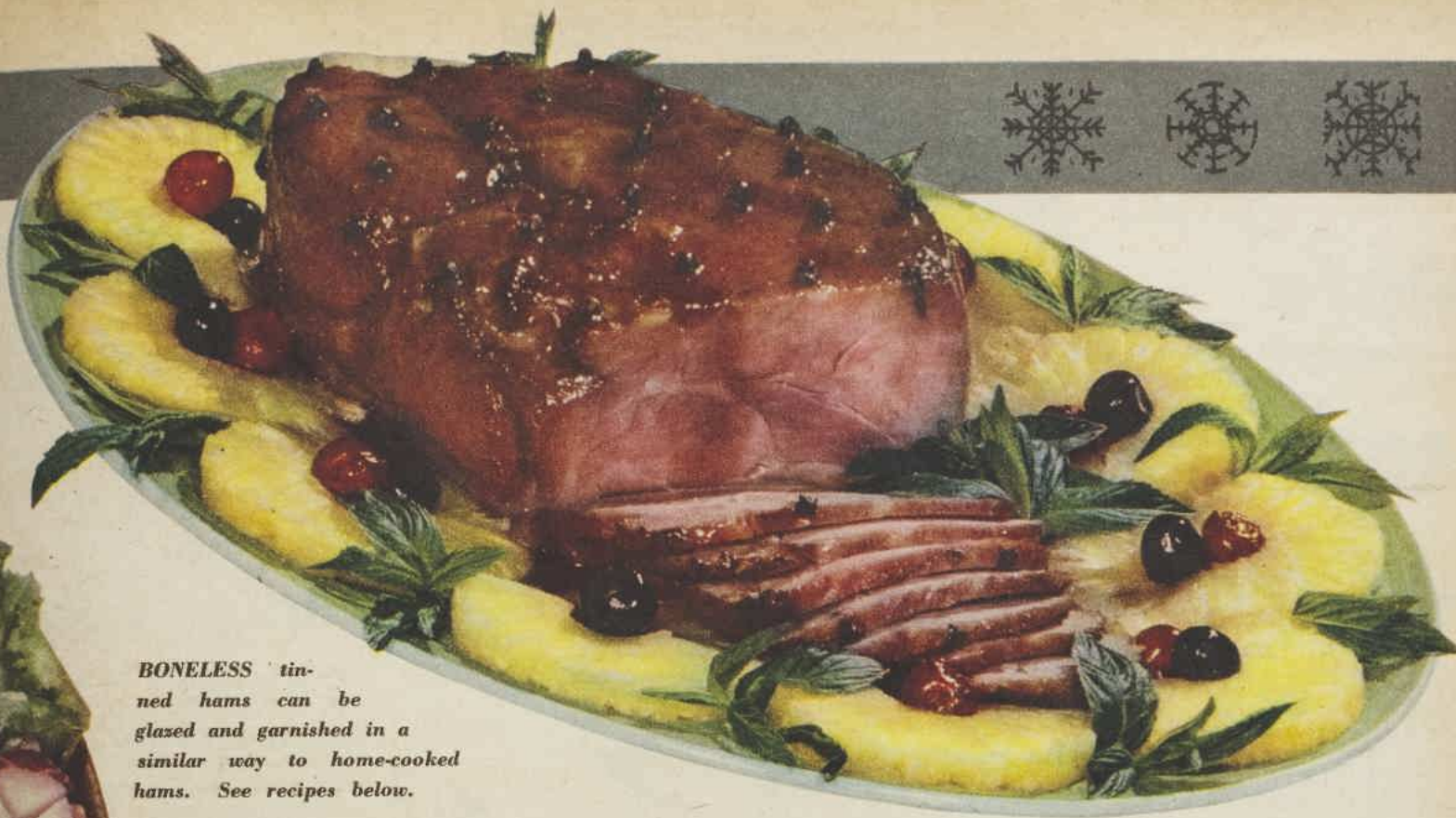
— Martin Long

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — November 30, 1960

Teenagers' Weekly — Page 11



ROCK HUDSON



BONELESS tinned hams can be glazed and garnished in a similar way to home-cooked hams. See recipes below.

- Most of us believe that the Christmas season is not complete without the familiar sight of ham, decorated to suit the occasion for those who like that final touch or served in home-cut slices to add a piquant taste to holiday meals.

TRADITIONAL Christmas decorations which enhance the leg ham illustrated above are made from cucumber, red pepper, paprika, and eggplant skins.

cloves, 1 teaspoon dry mustard, extra 2 tablespoons brown sugar, 1 cup red-currant jelly, 6 to 8 glace cherries, 12 to 18 almonds (skinned and halved), extra $\frac{1}{2}$ cup red-currant jelly mixed with 2 tablespoons white wine.

Soak ham in cold water at least 6 hours. Remove, wash well in warm water, place in large boiler. Cover with cold water, add vinegar, pineapple juice, crushed bay leaves, brown sugar, peppercorns, cloves. Bring slowly to boil, simmer approx. $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours, depending on size of ham. Carefully lift ham out, cool slightly, peel off skin. Mix dry mustard with brown sugar, press evenly over surface of ham. Place in large greased baking-dish, spread all over with red-currant jelly. Bake in moderate oven 20 minutes. With sharp-bladed knife, slash ham to depth of $\frac{1}{4}$ in. to form 2 in. squares. Garnish with cherries and almonds in form of flowers, brush again with extra red-currant jelly and white wine mixed together. Return to oven, bake further 10 to 15 minutes. Serve with vegetables.

thoroughly brown, basting often with the liquor for 30 minutes. Remove ham, allow to cool.

This ham can be served either hot or cold. Serve with fresh uncooked peaches and ham mousse.

BOILED MOCK HAM

One pumped leg of lamb, hogget, or veal, few bacon bones, 1 onion (stuck with cloves), few sprigs parsley, 1 dessertspoon brown sugar, 1 tablespoon vinegar, melted butter, hot pineapple, orange or lemon juice, brown breadcrumbs, cloves.

Place leg in large saucepan, cover with warm water. Add bacon bones, onion, parsley, brown sugar, vinegar. Cover, simmer gently, allowing approximately 20 minutes per lb. Test through the thickest part with very fine steel knitting needle or skewer. When cooked, turn off heat, allow ham to cool in the water. Remove from pan, brush with melted butter, hot fruit juice, and sprinkle with breadcrumbs, stud with cloves.

WAYS OF USING HAM

BELOW are some new ways of using ham over the Christmas holiday period.

LAYERED HAM ROAST

One and a half pounds thickly sliced cooked ham, 1 lb. cooking apples, 2 tablespoons browned breadcrumbs or crushed cereal, 2 onions, little sage, 2 tablespoons brown sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated cheese, 2 eggs, salt, cayenne pepper.

Thickly grease ovenproof casserole, arrange layer of ham slices on bottom. Sprinkle with some of the breadcrumbs, chopped onion, sage. Cover with sliced apples, sprinkle with brown sugar; repeat layers until ingredients are used. Place in moderate oven $\frac{1}{2}$ hour. Beat eggs, add cheese, and season. Pour over hot mixture, return to oven until eggs are set.

HAM-STUFFED SQUASH

Two medium-size squash or baby marrows, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 2 tablespoons brown sugar, 6oz. ham (minced), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup breadcrumbs, 2 tablespoons pickle, 1 tablespoon finely chopped onion, 2 tablespoons tomato sauce, 2 tablespoons melted butter.

Cut squash in halves crosswise; remove centres. Place, cut side down, in $\frac{1}{2}$ in. of water in shallow pan. Bake in hot oven 15 to 20 minutes or until tender. Remove from pan, pour off water, sprinkle centres with salt, pepper, brown sugar. Combine remaining ingredients except butter, spoon into squash halves. Brush with melted butter, return to pan. Bake further 15 minutes.

HAM AND CHERRY RING

Three cups minced cooked ham, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. ground cooked pork, 2 slightly beaten eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup breadcrumbs, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 tablespoon finely chopped onion, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon dry mustard, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon sage, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon pepper.

Combine in basin ham, pork, beaten eggs, milk, breadcrumbs, parsley, onion, lemon juice, mustard, sage, pepper; mix well together. Press into greased ring-mould, bake in moderate oven 1 hour. Serve with sauce.

Cherry Sauce: Drain 1 tin of cherries. Blend in saucepan $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons cornflour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind. Make up cherry juice to 2 cups with water, add to saucepan. Cook stirring constantly until thickened. Add cherries.

Continued overleaf

OUR FOOD AND COOKERY EXPERT

HAM — COLONY CLUB STYLE

One 15lb. ham, 3 bottles white wine (sau-terne), 2 tablespoons peppercorns, 2lb. brown sugar, 1 whole sliced pineapple, 6 cooking apples (sliced), 3 bay leaves, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup french mustard, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar, cloves, 2 bottles madeira.

Soak ham in cold water 6 to 8 hours before cooking. Then wash thoroughly in tepid water. Place ham skin side down in large boiler with cold water. Add white wine, peppercorns, brown sugar, sliced pineapple, sliced apples, and bay leaves (crushed). Bring slowly to boil, then simmer gently $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours, adding hot water to keep ham covered as liquid boils away. When the small bone becomes loose, the ham is cooked enough. Do not pierce ham because this will let out juice. Peel off skin while ham is still hot, being careful not to tear fat. Cover ham with french mustard then sprinkle with brown sugar. Spike ham all over with whole cloves. Place in large baking-dish, add madeira, let ham bake in moderate oven until it becomes

COPPER HAM

One 15lb. ham, 1 large green apple, 4 or 5 whole cloves, 2 sticks celery, 1 cup brown sugar, water.

Place enamel plate or dish upside down in bottom of well-scrubbed laundry copper. Half fill copper with cold water, add apple stuck with cloves, chopped celery, brown sugar. Place in ham to rest on enamel plate, add extra water to cover if necessary. Pack round lid of copper with old blanket; sugar bags, etc., so no steam can escape while ham is cooking. Bring very slowly to boil, then boil for 1 hour. Turn off heat, leave 12 hours without removing cloths. Lift out ham, drain, and wipe dry. Slit skin right round just below the top joint with a sharp-pointed knife. Peel skin off by gripping between thumb and fingers and tearing back towards the thick end of ham. Neaten any ragged fatty edges and decorate by glazing or coating with chaud-froid sauce.

Note: Large preserving pans can be used in place of copper if desired.

or diamonds, spread with desired glaze, and insert 1 clove into each square of fat. Bake, uncovered, in slow oven for remaining 45 minutes.

The following are suitable glazes:

- One cup brown sugar, juice and grated rind of 1 orange.
- One cup honey.
- One cup brown sugar, 1 tablespoon mustard.
- One cup red-currant jelly, melted.
- Three-quarter cup pineapple juice, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup honey, and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon mustard cooked until thick.
- Half cup maple syrup, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cider or apple juice, and 2 tablespoons mustard.
- Half cup orange marmalade.

For variation, instead of using cloves, make flower on top of glaze, using pineapple rings and apricot halves.

GLAZED HAM AMERICAINE

One leg of ham (12 to 14lb.), 1 cup white vinegar, 1 cup pineapple juice, 2 bay leaves, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. brown sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ dozen peppercorns and

'More spreads per jar'

says Miss Evie Hayes

"In the breaks between my spots on TV programmes, I find Marmite just the thing to lift my energy. I love its flavour in sandwiches and broth. So economical, too, with more spreads per jar. One thing I'm sure of, a little Marmite does a power of good."

Next time you feel like a snack, try the energy-lift of Marmite. Spread it on toast, cracker biscuits, or in sandwiches. Marmite is a velvet-blend of two of nature's richest food elements . . . vitalising yeast and vegetable extracts. . . It's nourishing, appetizing, aids digestion and builds resistance. Because Marmite is extremely rich in Vitamin B₁, use it often to help your family to better health. Add Marmite to all your soups, stews, gravies; see that every lunch you cut includes a Marmite sandwich or two. Tastes so good, and so economical . . . many more spreads per jar with Marmite.



**Insist on
the one and only**

MARMITE



DURING the coming school holidays these little spicy muffins will prove a great favorite served with milk for snacks.

Readers' recipes

● A Queensland reader wins this week's main prize of £5 for her recipe for spicy muffins.

A SURE winner for Christmas parties would be the cheese biscuits below. The recipe wins £1.

All spoon measurements are level.

SPICY CRUNCH MUFFINS

Topping: Combine $\frac{1}{2}$ cup flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup finely chopped nuts, 4 tablespoons melted butter or substitute; mix well.

Cake Batter: Two cups flour, 3 teaspoons baking powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 1-3rd cup sugar, 1 egg, 1 cup milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cooled melted white shortening, 1 cup prepared fruit mince.

Sift flour, baking powder, and salt into basin. Add sugar. Blend beaten egg with milk and cooled white shortening. Add all at once to dry ingredients; mix well. Spoon into greased muffin-tins to about half-full. Press teaspoon of fruit mince on top of each muffin, then sprinkle over prepared topping. Bake in moderate oven approx. 30 minutes. Allow to cool few minutes, then loosen muffins carefully, remove from tin. Serve warm or cold.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. K. Boorman, Taylor Ave., Golden Beach, Caloundra, Qld.

CHEESE BISCUITS

Eight tablespoons soft grated cheese, 3 tablespoons self-raising flour, pinch salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 2 tablespoons butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup coconut.

Sift flour, salt, and cayenne pepper into bowl, add butter and cheese, rub well together. Form into small balls with floured hands, roll in coconut. Place on greased oven-tray, bake in moderate oven until golden brown.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Miss S. Collidge, 120 Park Rd., Kogarah Bay, N.S.W.

Ways of using ham from previous page

SOUTH PACIFIC HAM

One large tin sliced pineapple rings or chunks, 1 teaspoon brown sugar, 4 whole cloves, 1 ham steak (about 2lb. in weight), 1 tablespoon each of fat and flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon dry mustard, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 1 tablespoon water, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup raisins, salt, pepper.

Drain off 1 cup of pineapple juice, pour into frying-pan, add brown sugar, cloves. Parboil ham-steak 10 minutes in this mixture. Pour off juice into small saucepan, reserve. Add fat to pan, add pineapple rings or chunks, brown ham and pineapple on both sides. Moisten flour and mustard with vinegar and water, add slowly to pineapple juice (in saucepan). Cook over low heat, stirring constantly until thickened. Add raisins, season. Remove ham on to hot platter, garnish with pineapple, pour over raisin sauce.

HAM LOUISIANA

Twelve ounces minced or cubed cooked ham, 1 tin sweet corn, 4oz. soft breadcrumbs, 1 teaspoon prepared mustard, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk, 3 tomatoes, 2 tablespoons melted butter, 1 teaspoon horseradish sauce.

Place ham in base of greased casserole. Combine corn, breadcrumbs, seasonings, milk, and spread over ham. Slice tomatoes $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick, arrange over top of casserole mixture. Brush with butter. Bake in moderate oven 40 minutes.

HAM BANANA CASSEROLE

Quarter-cup melted butter, 2 tablespoons flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 1 cup milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated cheese, 6 slices boiled ham, 1 teaspoon prepared mustard, 6 bananas.

Melt butter in small saucepan, add flour, stir over heat 1 minute without browning. Stir in milk and cook, stirring constantly until thickened and smooth. Add cheese, stir until melted. Remove from heat, season. Spread ham slices with mustard. Peel bananas, roll each in ham slice. Place banana rolls, seam side down, in baking-dish. Top with cheese sauce, bake in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes.

NEXT WEEK: International party food

it's "smorg-eggs-bord" time



By courtesy of the Poultry Farmer's of N.S.W. who are, of course the Egg Marketing Board for the State of N.S.W.

Just look at the recipes here. They're exciting, they're quick and easy, they're based on eggs. Collect more interesting egg recipes from your grocer's next time you buy, full-sized, farm fresh N.S.W. EGGS.

eggs make the frosty appetiser

Tomato Frappe: One 16 oz. tin tomato juice, juice 1 lemon, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, salt, pepper, 2 egg whites, (economical way to use left-over egg whites), $\frac{1}{2}$ gill cream, parsley. Add lemon juice and seasonings, sauce to tomato juice. Freeze until mixture begins to ice. Whip egg whites with salt until stiff, fold into tomato mixture reserving $\frac{1}{2}$ for cream. Pile mixture into 4 tall glasses. Whip cream until stiff, fold in remaining egg white mixture and pile on top of tomato mixture. Serve garnished with lemon wedges and parsley. Serves 4.

eggs make the tasty main dish

Seafood Nests: 1 cup flaked tuna, salmon or cooked fish, 1 hard boiled egg, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, 3 ozs. butter, 2 ozs. flour, 2 cups milk, salt, pepper, onion salt, 4 eggs, 1 oz. margarine, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup breadcrumbs. Melt butter, add flour and cook 1 minute, add milk and cook stirring constantly until mixture boils. Add fish, chopped egg, parsley and seasonings. Place in a large flat casserole. Make four depressions in sauce and break an egg into each. Melt margarine, add crumbs, toss till well coated. Sprinkle on top of casserole. Bake at 350° F. for 20 minutes or until eggs are set. Garnish with lemon wedges and serve with baked jacket potatoes and Caesar Salad.

Caesar Salad: 1 lettuce, 1 pkt. frozen peas, 2½ slices stale bread, margarine, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons white vinegar, 2 tablespoons salad oil, salt, pepper, few fillets of anchovies.

Wash lettuce and tear into bite-sized pieces. Cook peas and cool. Place egg in a saucepan of boiling water, remove from heat and stand for 5 minutes. Then break egg into base of salad bowl, add vinegar and oil, add lettuce and peas and toss. Cut bread into $\frac{1}{4}$ inch cubes, sprinkle with salt and pepper and fry in margarine until golden brown. Sprinkle on top of salad and garnish with fillets of anchovies.

eggs make the peachy dessert

Peach Ambrosia: 2 eggs, pinch salt, 2 tablespoons sugar, 2 cups milk, 1 tablespoon gelatine, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup toasted almonds, few drops almond essence, 1½ cups peach slices (fresh if possible), cream, cherries.

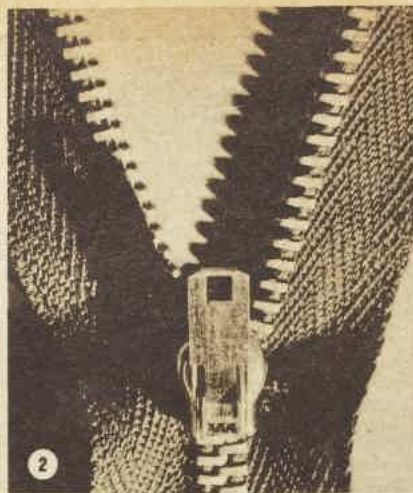
Beat egg yolks with salt and $\frac{1}{2}$ sugar, add milk. Stir over boiling water until mixture thickens. Add dissolved gelatine and essence to custard. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites, beaten to meringue with remaining sugar. Add chopped almonds and peaches, fill into serving dishes or mould and chill. Unmould onto serving platter, garnish with extra peaches and cherries and serve with cream.



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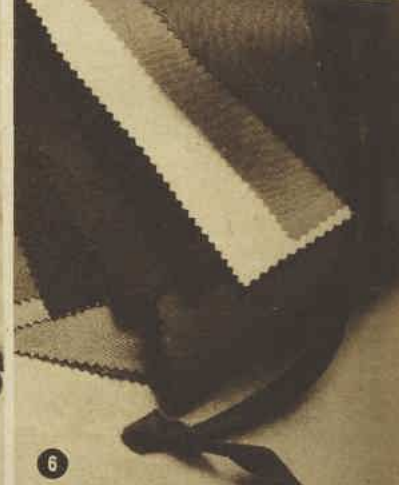


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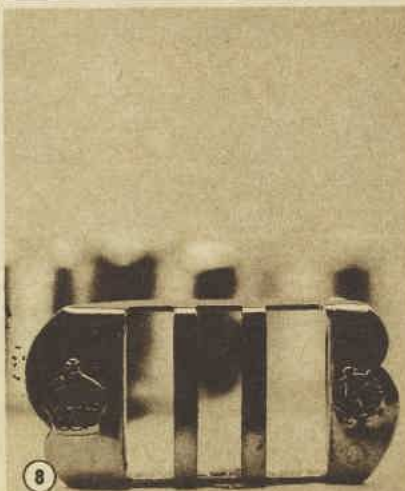
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SHORTS for men and boys

Swim safely



● Swimming is the main summer pastime for millions of Australians — but many forget that too little skill in the water can be dangerous.

PEOPLE can adapt themselves to water easily enough, but it is not their natural element. Even competent swimmers — and particularly parents — should remember this fact.

Every summer between four and five hundred Australians are drowned, and at least two hundred of these are lost needlessly.

Failure by parents to watch small children closely and over-confidence by reasonably good swimmers often cause these tragedies.

All parents know that small fry are insatiably curious, but not all realise that this very fact may cause a child to take risks.

Many children under the age of ten have been taught to swim these days, but that is no guarantee of safety in situations which cause panic. There are many in swimming.

They include the sudden collapse of a sandbank in the surf, a touch-down on soft mud or quicksand after a long swim in unfamiliar water, sudden cramp, the capsize of a boat or canoe, getting caught in weed or a snag, or the loss of an inflatable support when too far from the shore.

Panic is the worst thing that can happen

to a person in the water. Indeed, few people would drown if they kept calm.

So, never panic.

Consider all possible mishaps before entering the water, whether it is surf, lake, or river.

If this does not sound a suitably adventurous approach to swimming, remember that fools in the water usually end up risking their rescuers' lives as well as their own.

Parents can help children to swim safely.

Point out briefly where the risks lie and state what you would do to help if the worst happened. (This helps avoid panic.)

The gravest risk is in letting a child go out in a boat or canoe alone, or swim alone.

There is no truth in the notion that anyone in trouble will come to the surface three times. You may not even hear a cry for help.

Most of the drownings which might have been avoided occur during holiday times in rivers, lakes, and creeks.

Often they arise from boating accidents.

Boats or canoes rarely sink and oars or paddles will support a person floating.

It is tragic to read of children being lost when they could have sat in the swamped boat while the adults floated alongside, and

the best swimmer struck out for shore.

If boating this summer, take some dependable rubber or plastic inflatables along; or kicking boards, which teach confidence and support a person as long as he can kick.

Certainly take 50 to 100 feet of clothesline, which can be cast towards a swimmer in trouble or fastened as a safety line across narrow areas of swimming water.

When a swimmer is in trouble, the natural impulse is to dive to the rescue.

This should be the last resort — a child

By FRANK O'NEILL,
Former Australian Olympic
Swimming Captain

or adult could sink before anyone could reach him from the bank.

Depending on distance, it is better to extend a leg, a fishing rod, a branch, or throw something that will float.

One person should stay ashore when a family is swimming in unfamiliar waters.

Also everyone should know the principles of the new mouth-to-mouth method of resuscitation:

Keep the patient's head pushed well back over a supporting hand or your knee, pinching his nostrils and forcing your breath into the patient's lungs, disengaging to let the air come out, and continuing the cycle until breathing is restored.

The mouth-to-mouth method should be used only on swimmers who have stopped breathing, not on those who have merely swallowed some water.

It can be commenced while towing a patient in. (Minutes count.)

Safety in the surf is relatively easy to ensure at a patrolled beach.

1. Stay between the flags and keep a close watch on children. 2. Teach older ones and yourself to dive under waves which are too high to breast. 3. If using an inflatable float, watch for strong currents and rips.

An unpatrolled beach is always risky.

Even strong swimmers should go in cautiously and watch for undertow and rips.

If children are allowed in, the adults should ride their "shoots" into the shallows and check that no channels are forming.

The safest place for anyone to swim, or learn to swim, is a home pool.

With reduced costs and new methods of spray-concreting, hundreds of Australians are now having their own pools installed.

Safety lines placed across the pool at intervals give beginners confidence.

Games in the water should be safe ones, played on the surface, like water tennis (with a safety line for the net) and variations on cricket, baseball, and water polo.

Handicap kicking-board races are also safe — and the small boards pack easily.

River, creek, or lake water is usually too discolored for safe underwater swimming or deep diving.



first decisions

The future looks limitless and bountiful to a girl when a "pay-packet" takes the place of pocket-money from Dad. It is time for one of her first "adult" decisions. By financial planning now, she can make sure of some of the good things of life.

These are years of glorious opportunity for Australian youth. With the trend towards "equal pay for equal work" daughters as well as sons are benefitting. From the time they start to earn, girls and boys need the wisdom and experience of their parents to help them plan for future financial security.

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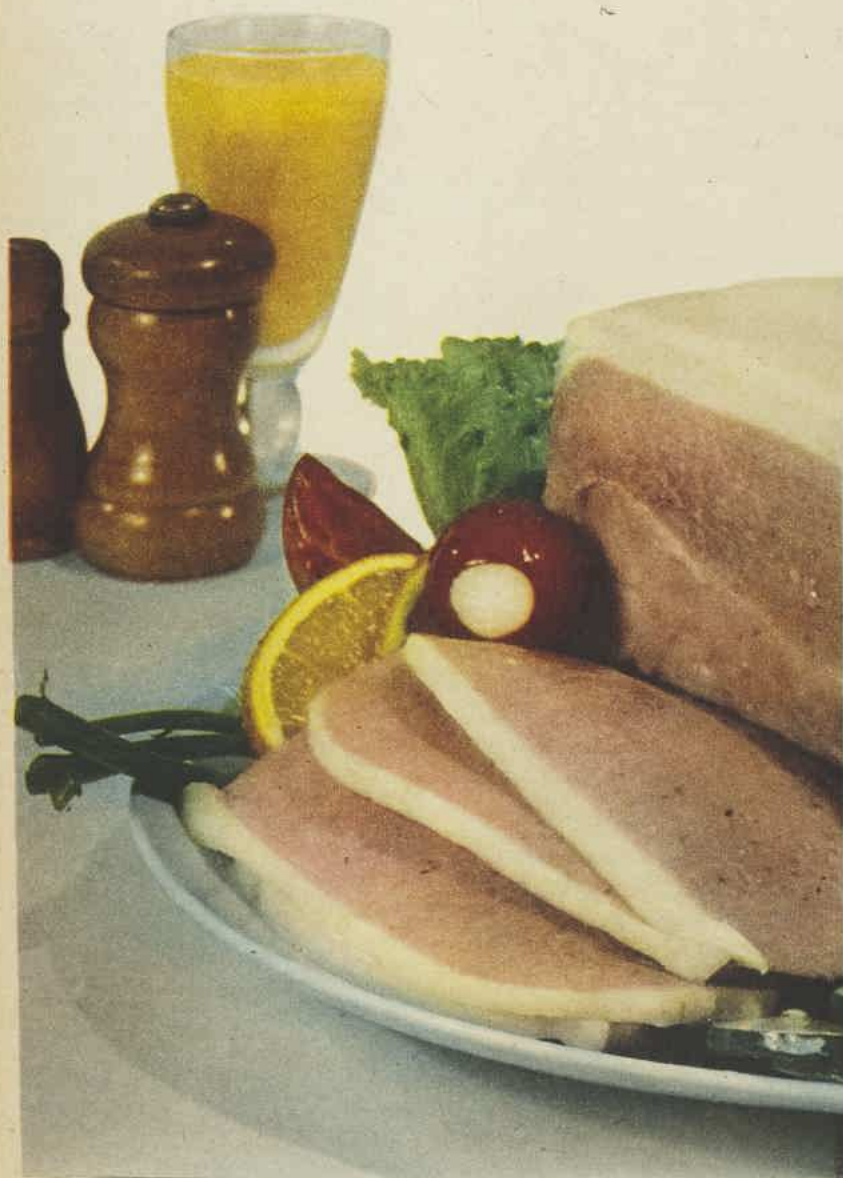
EVERY A.M.P. MEMBER ENJOYS THE UNQUESTIONED SECURITY AFFORDED BY FUNDS EXCEEDING £450,000,000 WHICH THE SOCIETY SEEKS TO INVEST TO THE GREATEST BENEFIT TO MEMBERS.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 30, 1960

Page 49



Christmas isn't Christmas without a **Mayfair** HAM



In handy cans from 1½ lbs., 2 lbs., 4 lbs., up to 14 lbs.

Continuing . . . SOMETHING LIGHT

from page 33

attempt to wring it afforded her a moment's grace. She needed one: the sudden shift of focus from her own future back to the children's was peculiarly unwelcome. But the opportunity to speak for them—Mr. Clark stood waiting inquisitively—wasn't so much offered as absolutely thrust upon her.

"Well, about their ambitions," said Louisa nervously.

"Ah! In the publishing business," nodded Mr. Clark. "Naturally it will be some years before the boys join me; but I'm glad to know they have ambitions about it! I dare say," he added whimsically, "they've some rather revolutionary ideas?"

"Well, yes," said Louisa. "I fully anticipate so. Paul will probably want me to put out primers of Russian by the Direct Method—whatever that may be!"

What on earth was Louisa to say next? Her impulse, on purely selfish grounds, was to cosy Mr. Clark on every point; moreover she sincerely found his attitude not only reasonable but sympathetic. Wasn't there an endearing parental pride implicit in his very jest at Paul the revolutionary? But Louisa had made a promise not to Mr. Clark but to the children; and she kept it.

"I'm afraid it's a bit more revolutionary than that," confessed Louisa. "They want to go and make jets."

The sun still shone outside. The big kitchen, warmed by both sun and Louisa's reckless use of hot water, was still warm as a greenhouse. Yet from some quarter blew a chilly wind. The big mound of soapuds slowly collapsed.

"So that was what they were talking to you about," said Mr. Clark ominously. "I hope you gave them no encouragement?"

"I tried not to," apologised Louisa, "only they seemed to have everything so worked out. And if they really can go to Rolls'—"

His glance cut her short. It wasn't definitely accusing, but it cut her short.

"That headmaster of theirs has much to answer for," said Mr. Clark coldly. "I don't blame my sons; but I shall see their headmaster today."

"Honestly, I don't believe anyone's been influencing them," persisted Louisa. "They've both got very strong characters—like yours. I believe it's just that they both know exactly what they're interested in; and it's jets."

"Machinery!" snapped Mr. Clark contemptuously. "Didn't I give them their motor-scooters?"

"And how wonderfully understanding of you!" agreed Louisa eagerly. (If this was her private opinion, unshared by Paul and Toby, she was still firm in it. She didn't speak to mollify. Louisa still refused to regard the boys' motor-scooters, any more than Catherine's horse, as a bribe. The thought of Catherine's treachery, yet to be revealed, made her almost quake; she hurried on to get the boys over first.) "In fact, what really worries them," said Louisa—skipping several intermediate stages—"is that they'd have to go and live in digs."

"I'm glad to hear it," said Mr. Clark bitterly. "That the idea of leaving the family roof arouses at least some little worry. To me it's simply unnatural." He paused, and with an unexpected gesture dropped his hand—as he might have dropped it on Toby's head—on Toby's shirt. "Isn't their natural place here with their father?" asked Mr. Clark sadly.

Louisa hesitated. She found both plea and gesture deeply touching; yet by some trick of memory what struck her most

was Mr. Clark's reference to himself in the third person. It was a locution she recalled of old—"If you'd only show your Aunt a little gratitude," or, "Your Aunt is only doing her best for you," and Louisa recalled also how extraordinarily irritating she'd found it. She did her best to put the memory aside.

"They'd be home quite often," pleaded Louisa. "They're looking forward to that already. All of them!"

"All of them?" repeated Mr. Clark incredulously. "All of them? Do you mean to say that Cathy, too, has some such preposterous notion—of leaving home?"

Whether because she'd just remembered Aunt May or whether from sheer nervous strain, Louisa suddenly lost her head.

"But she's told you about it herself!" cried Louisa impatiently. "Just as the boys have told you about Rolls! For heaven's sake, you can't pretend you don't know anything!"

The hand on Toby's shirt dropped.

FROM THE BIBLE

• "Thou therefore endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ."
—2 Timothy 2:3.

The young man Timothy, living in a difficult time when persecution may strike the Christian at any moment, is advised by Paul to discipline himself to endure hardship, and to steel himself to events as a soldier would to war. This would be pleasing to his Leader, Jesus Christ.

Mr. Clark waited—no more.

"They all want—Catherine and Toby and Paul—to be able to love you again."

He didn't flinch; he froze.

"It's only your holding them back," continued Louisa recklessly, "from everything they want to do—Paul and Toby from going to Rolls', Catherine from taking her training as a nurse—that's made them stop loving you. They remember Guy Fawkes Night and—everything. Can't you see what a serious thing it is," pressed Louisa, "to stop the flow of love?"

She made no more impression than the bird of legend brushing its wing across a granite pillar.

"A disappointment all the more bitter," said Mr. Clark, going on from where he'd left off, "in that I had built, I admit, certain hopes. I had hoped that this week you've spent with us might have been but the first of many. I will be frank: I had hoped to see a united and happy family benefiting by your affection for many a year to come."

"So had I," said Louisa sadly. "Instead of which it seems that your presence has been positively disruptive."

"I suppose it was because I was here they felt they could get cracking," admitted Louisa. "Because they felt you wouldn't be left alone . . ."

Cool as a hardened villain—in the circumstances—Mr. Clark lifted his eyebrows.

"They could hardly imagine you remaining after they were gone? That would scarcely, I think, be suitable. However, after all you have told me—and, more importantly, after all

"I shan't even suggest splitting up this house—though it could well be managed—into self-contained flats. But until that day arrives, the place of all three is obviously here at home with their father."

He looked confidently at Louisa for agreement. He was reckoning, and rightly, on her natural desire to take his side. He knew just as well as Louisa did Mr. Clark, what was in the wind! But he reckoned with out Aunt May.

"I do wish," exclaimed Louisa uncontrollably, "you wouldn't keep calling yourself their father!"

A last soap-bubble rose and burst, as Mr. Clark's brow grew dark.

"Since I am their father—"

he began, ominously again.

"Yes, of course, but 'haven't you ever noticed how irritating it is," begged Louisa, "to the young? I mean, look at Hamlet: 'Let not thy mother love her prayers, Hamlet!'—one can't wonder that he almost throttled her. I'm only trying to help," said Louisa.

"You make it hard for me to believe," stated Mr. Clark. He paused, regarding her, all too obviously, with fresh eyes.

"In fact, what I'm beginning to believe, though with what disappointment I can hardly express, is that you would positively abet my children in their foolishness."

It was at this point that Louisa, ever a realist, recognised herself in the position of one who may as well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb.

"Yes, I do," said Louisa brusquely, "because it isn't foolishness. I've never in my life met three such thoroughly sensible young people making such thoroughly sensible plans. I only wish you'd given birth to Hugo Pym—or any of the Pammies! Then you would have something to complain about! But there's another thing as well," said Louisa, pausing in turn: "something that as an outsider I dare say I've no right to talk about at all. Only I must, because it's so important . . ."

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To page 55

Kitchen at front of house

• An unusual design, this house, No. 911 in our series, has the kitchen at the front of the house, yet is accessible through the laundry from the back garden.

THREE spacious bedrooms have built-in wardrobes, and the master bedroom faces the back garden for extra privacy.

A large living-room, 12ft. by 16ft., has sliding glass doors which open on to a small terrace.

The bathroom has a separate shower-recess and toilet and is placed next to the laundry to save plumbing costs. The compact laundry, 5ft. by 8ft., opens on to the back garden and service area.

The exterior of the house is neat. The tiled roof has wide eaves shading the sliding glass doors of the living-room.

This house — plan No. 911 — costs £3300-£3700 built in timber with area of 10.6 squares.

Built in brick the house is 11.6 squares and costs £3500-£3900.

These prices are only approximate and do not include the price of the land. For accurate prices on your own site, please consult your local Home Planning Centres.

The Australian Women's Weekly Home Planning Centres are under the direction of experienced architects, and the Centres are also supervised by qualified personnel who will advise you on your building problems.

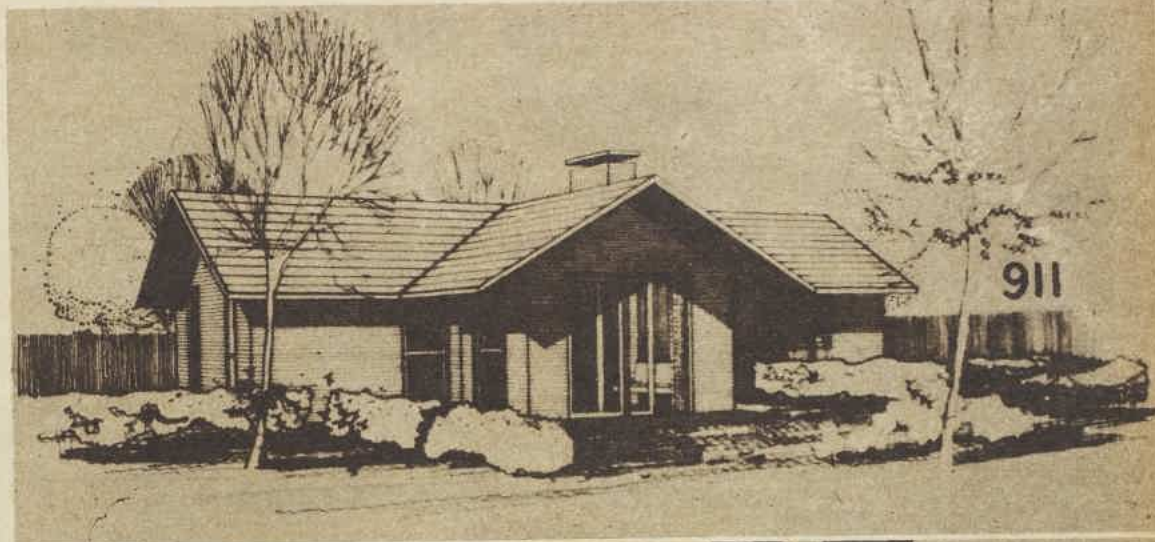
Color consultants

Color consultants, interior decorators, lighting specialists, and other skilled advisers on the staff of the store in which the Centres are located will assist you in furnishing and decorating your home.

If you have any trouble with plans, tenders, finance authorities, or your local council, return the plans or specifications and the Centres will deal with your problem and return the plans promptly.

Carports and garages are not always shown on the plans, but they can be included in the design. Add approximately £175 to £250 for a carport, and £235 to £400 for a single brick garage.

When ordering plans by mail, please state number of plan, whether the house is to be constructed in brick or timber, roofing material required, whether or not the site is sewerred, whether the plan is required as drawn or in mirror-reverse position.



PERPECTIVE SKETCH of Plan No. 911 shows tiled roof with overhanging eaves which shade sliding glass doors to the living-room.

Addresses of Centres

CANBERRA: Anthony Hordern and Sons Pty. Ltd., Civic Centre. (Please telephone J2311 to consult architect at this centre.)

BRISBANE: McWhirter's Ltd., The Valley. (Telephone 50121.)

MELBOURNE: The Myer Emporium, Lonsdale Street. (Telephone 32044.)

GEELONG: The Myer Emporium, Malop Street. (Please telephone X6111 to consult architect at this centre.)

ADELAIDE: John Martin and Co. Ltd., Rundle Street. (Telephone W0200.)

HOBART: FitzGerald and Co. Ltd., Collins Street. (Please telephone 27221 to consult architect at this centre.)

TOOWOOMBA: Pigott and Co. Pty. Ltd., Ruthven Street. (Telephone 7733.)

SYDNEY: Anthony Hordern and Sons Ltd., Brickfield Hill. Please address all mail to this Centre to Home Plans, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. (Telephone B0951, ext. 220.)



FLOOR PLAN for Design No. 911 shows the unusual planning of the house, the kitchen at the front, with access to the back garden through the laundry.

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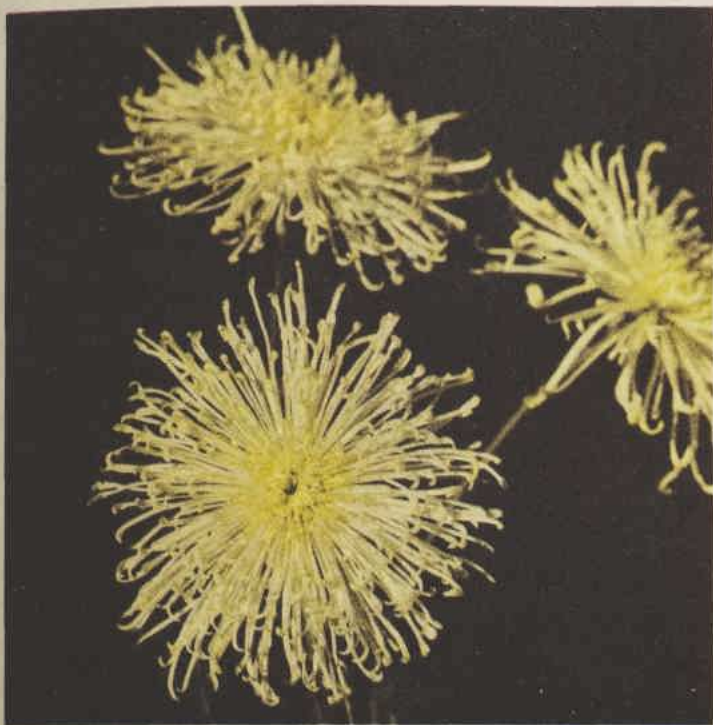


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Chrysanthemums



NEW Australian quilled chrysanthemum, which came into bloom on Princess Margaret's wedding day, has been named "The Princess" by its breeder, Mr. Reg. Smith, of Applecross, W.A. Plants will be available next year.

WELL-CARED-FOR chrysanthemums which were planted in spring will go through the summer without suffering any real check in growth. But they will be stunted if soil or cuttings are poor.

Persistent cultivation, which means keeping the surface soil always loose and free, is first in importance with chrysanthemums. But during the growing season, be sure you do not loosen the roots. The chrysanthemum doesn't like disturbance near its anchorage.

Proper watering is the next essential.

If the plants were not set out in newly manured or fertilised soil, they can be fed a little at a time as they grow.

Stake and tie the plants at intervals to prevent the unsightly bent stems so often seen in novices' gardens. As the stems are brittle, stake and tie them carefully.

Pinching back the stems—taking about 2in. of the main shoots from the tops—

is necessary at this time to produce many more side or lateral branches.

Do this with the finger and the thumb on the soft growth at the top, not on the hard wood lower down. But don't let too many stems grow from the new cuttings or basal growths. Such plants are usually overloaded with growth and produce small, unsatisfactory flowers.

January-February is the best time to start feeding chrysanthemums. After watering well, use weak liquid-manure or one of the commercial chrysanthemum mixtures. During very hot weather, mulch all round the plants with some old manure.

If aphids appear under the leaves or, later, round the bud-stems, spray with DDT emulsion or malathion. During wet or humid weather, spray regularly with malathion for control of the leaf-nematode, which weakens the plants.

Leaf spot (brown to black areas, sometimes approximating nematode damage) can be checked with bordeaux mixture sprays. This preparation will also check powdery mildew, which appears in wet or humid weather.

One of the newest chrysanthemums is "The Princess," pictured above, which bloomed for its breeder, Mr. Reg. Smith, of Applecross, W.A., on Princess Margaret's wedding day last May.

Mr. Smith bred "The Princess" from "Bendigo," which flowered at the time of the Bendigo Festival, and "Mrs. Smith," which was his father's first pure white seedling and which he named after his wife. Like his father, the late Mr. Walter H. Smith, of Parramatta, N.S.W., who began breeding chrysanthemums 35 years ago, Mr. Smith is a noted chrysanthemum breeder.

"Some use a camelhair brush for cross-pollination," Mr. Smith said, "but a feather does me. And it's cheaper."

CRIMSON Bavell, a lovely bloom, at Raydon Nursery, Turrumurra, N.S.W.



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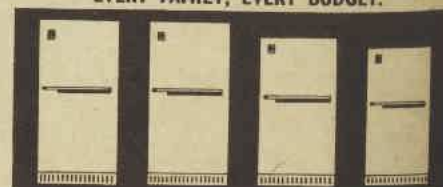
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See the new **HOOVER 5-ZONE REFRIGERATORS** today!

ANOTHER TRIUMPH BY THE MAKERS OF HOOVER CLEANERS, WASHERS AND POLISHERS.

Continuing . . . SOMETHING LIGHT

from page 50

they have seen fit to tell you—the inmost secrets of our family life banded with a complete stranger! — I begin to feel their absence almost preferable. Let my children leave me!" exclaimed Mr. Clark, with sudden vigor. "It is possible I may be less lonely than they expect! With no childish likes and dislikes to consider—"

For some reason the image of a Saxon head and ruddy cheeks flashed into Louisa's mind. Could it be a reflected image?

"I may even find the permanent companionship of a wife," said Mr. Clark, cruelly. Then he did something Louisa was never to forgive. He sat down at the kitchen table, and took out his pen and cheque book, and wrote her out a cheque.

"I imagine five guineas will be sufficient?" said Mr. Clark. "for a week?"

"As I've had my keep as well, yes," said Louisa. He held his pen poised; as though he'd expected more gratitude for his liberality.

"You have also done a certain amount of laundry work?"

"Five guineas covers that, too," said Louisa. "Just sign on the dotted line, will you? Because when you get back tonight, I shan't be here."

She left without seeing the children again, either. She couldn't bear to. She just wrote a note for Catherine.

"Darling, I'm sorry I can't

help, tell the boys," scrawled Louisa. "Try Lindy. And anyway try to love all the same . . ." She paused, and with mingled wryness and yearning signed, "Your affectionate failed step-mamma, or Louisa."

There was no love in her own heart, however, as she propped the note on Cathy's dressing-table, in that flowery bedroom of a young girl's dreams; rather Louisa herself now saw its roses spoiled by bird-time . . .

In fact, lacerated as she was, Louisa bore away from Glenarvon far more substantial profit than five guineas. At last, she'd met a man she positively disliked. She was no longer indiscriminately fond of men. Moreover, it may have been remarked that both her attention and her emotions, during the past week, had centred far more on the children than on their father. The male no longer, exclusively, filled her horizon.

In fact, it seemed as though she had come to a point where she could just take men or leave them.

Not without a pang, recalling each event of the two or three weeks preceding, she resolved to leave them.

Not without a pang, but at least, after Mr. Clark, with the calm of final disillusion.

"I must say you get around,"

observed the milkman. "How was the grub this trip?"

With some surprise, Louisa realised that at Glenarvon she'd hardly noticed the food at all. Only one meal stayed in her memory: a picnic Sunday lunch . . .

"I suppose I ate," said Louisa.

"But nothing tasty?" sympathised the milkman.

"Just plain family fare," said Louisa.

"Well, why not treat yourself to a spot of cream?" suggested the milkman.

"Look," said Louisa. "I may be what suffragettes chained themselves to the railings for, I may be the femme sole with all her rights—"

"I remember you telling me," said the milkman.

"—but all I've got out of it is that I can't afford cream. So lay off the high-pressure salesmanship."

"I'm not on commission," said the milkman, hurt. "That go for yoghurt, too?"

She hesitated.

"Keep it on till the Dairy cuts up rough," said Louisa.

"At any rate I've got a profession."

She still had a profession. It was a defeat, in a way, to subside upon it; Louisa was still intellectually convinced, on behalf of all femmes soles, as to the desirability of either rich or steady husbands—now with a family if possible thrown in. But each of her own three attempts in this field having failed, at least she had a profession to fall back on.

"Let's face it," thought Louisa. "I'm where I started. From now on, it's the dogs . . ."

WHICH made it all the more a pity that she'd forgotten, that last morning at Broydon, to load her camera. The shot Louisa now visualised was an absolute world-beater. She saw Ivor and Ivan on the cover of "Life." She saw herself getting a gold medal for it. She saw everything, in fact, but the actual print, which didn't exist.

"Yes, and why doesn't it exist?" thought Louisa grimly. "Because my mind, that's why, wasn't on the job."

It had been on Jimmy Brown; or, in other words, upon matrimony: just as at Glenarvon she hadn't thought to take a shot of Tomboy—the very subject for Pony Club Christmas cards!—because her mind had been on Mr. Clark. Louisa perceived that if she was to make anything of her profession at all, she'd better stick to it.

Mentally she burned her matrimonial boats; and being never one to do things by halves, immediately after a thin breakfast telephoned Hugo Pym.

"My dear Louisa!" cried Hugo warmly. "I've been trying to get hold of you for days! How did he like it?"

It took Louisa a moment to think back—past Mr. Clark, past Jimmy Brown, to F. Pennon.

"It's all off," said Louisa badly.

There was an incredulous pause.

"If you're talking about the show, darling—" began Hugo Pym.

"No," said Louisa. "I'm talking—"

"Because if you are, naturally it is. We're a rep. company."

Louisa took a deep breath.

"Listen," she said. "I'm talking, believe it or not, about myself. I'm not going to get married after all. So if you've

spread the news around, you might just unspeak it."

Again there was a pause. Louisa had known explanations would be difficult and they were.

"My dear girl," returned Hugo firmly, "I simply don't believe you. It's too ridiculous."

"Not ridiculous. Sad."

"I meant, fantastic," Hugo corrected himself.

"Good heavens, Louisa, only a couple of weeks ago there I saw you with my own eyes absolutely wallowing in devotion! Absolutely biting my head off at the least breath—! Are you sure," suggested Hugo hopefully, "it isn't just a lovers' tiff?"

"Quite sure," said Louisa.

"I mean, it would be a pity if I couldn't put on my Aristophanes just because you've had a slight run-in with your intended."

"Dear Hugo, I feel for you," said Louisa. "I'm still not going to marry—"

She hesitated. It was an added distress that she had to hesitate between more than one name. Had she ever told Hugo F. Pennon's? She couldn't remember . . .

"—anyone at all," finished Louisa.

Deliberately she burnt her boats. Her visit to Soho was at an hour deliberately chosen to encounter Mr. Ross.

"Keeping up on the job till the last?" joked Rossy.

"It's all off," said Louisa.

In the very tones of Hugo Pym—

"What d'you mean, it's all off?" demanded Mr. Ross.

"I'm not going to get married. I've changed my mind."

At least Rossy had no axe to grind. His concern was disinterested. It was nonetheless extremely irritating to Louisa's current mood.

"I remember you phoning me," said Mr. Ross anxiously.

"But if it's just a matter of settlements—"

At least, after her conversation with Hugo, Louisa knew at once whom they were talking about; and without a break skated over Jimmy Brown and Mr. Clark to do F. Pennon justice.

"The settlements would have been all right. They'd have been fine. I just couldn't stand," explained Louisa, "the life."

Rossy's concern simply deepened.

"If there's a door still open, I'd like you to talk to my sister. She had doubts herself—though I must say not many. Why don't I get you together?"

"I wouldn't waste her time," said Louisa, "though thank you all the same, Rossy dear. I'm back on the old stand: Datchett Photographer of Dogs."

Datchett Photographer of Dogs still had her profession; but it was at low ebb.

A peculiar mood of cheese-paring seemed to have settled over the entire dog-world. No client old or new, during the days that followed, wrote or telephoned to ask Louisa's services. Already grudging each penny, Louisa wrote or telephoned herself—without results. Even Supreme Champions were making do with last year's photographs; even the famous York establishment let her down. ("Dear Miss Datchett, fine as the last lot were, we don't seem to need anything fresh just now. Salsams and all the best.") The Bow-wows to Baby cheque was the last to come in.

What did come in were last month's bills. The Dairy's was the worst, but even the lesser ones added up alarmingly. Louisa began to wake at four in the morning, adding them.

It was a new thing for her to wake at all. All her life, hitherto, she'd put her head on her pillow and passed out for the next eight hours. She'd even thought it an inconvenience, that if she didn't get to bed till three, she didn't wake up till eleven. Now she woke regularly.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—November 30, 1960

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Page 55

Feather-soft
comfort for your
feet . . . in
**FOOT
COMFORT
NYLONS**
by
Prestige

Soft, absorbent
undersoles
keep your feet
fresh—
allow them
to breathe

Sole Comfort. Seamfree 15 denier sheers with airy "Ban-Lon" Foot Comfort undersole. 12/11
Sole Secret. 15 denier sheer stockings with a seam — and "Nylas" Foot Comfort sole. In 11 proportioned fittings. 14/6
Luxury Liners. 30 denier sheer stockings with a seam — and "Nylas" Foot Comfort sole. In 11 proportioned fittings. 12/9

Prestige

FINE HOSIERY, LINGERIE AND FABRICS

Her chief liquid assets were the two bottles of brandy pressed on her by F. Pennon when she left Bournemouth. Carried round to a famous wine-merchant in St. James' Street, so astonishing, and authentic, their labels, they almost doubled Louisa's capital; even so, it was under thirty pounds.

When the thought of hocking her camera entered her mind, Louisa realised that the time was past for any false pride.

After all, hadn't she always photographed en plein air?

"Look, Rossy," said Louisa, "outside Burlington House, do they ever have dogs with them?"

Mr. Ross considered her with what had become a habitual expression of affectionate disapproval. ("Dammit, if I can get over three husbands, why can't he get over one?" thought Louisa impatiently.)

"Not that I recall," said Mr. Ross. "It's the quarantine."

"But just now and again?" pressed Louisa. "They can't all be foreign visitors! Don't tell me you've never seen a peke in Piccadilly! What I mean is, would the boys mind if I strung along?"

"I'm not sure I quite see what you're getting at," said Mr. Ross uneasily.

"Well, you say, 'Take your picture, lady—'"

"Madam," corrected Rossy. "Sometimes adding," he admitted, "in that lovely hat."

"Well, I'd say, 'Take your dog?'"

Mr. Ross hesitated. He had a genuine affection for Louisa; also strong business instincts. As the two emotions — the sentimental and the professional — struggled in his breast, he looked less and less happy.

"It wouldn't do," he stated at last.

"Why not?"

"You've told me yourself about getting 'em to stand on tables—sometimes with a bone nailed to it. You couldn't set up a table with a bone nailed to it in Piccadilly. The police wouldn't let you."

"I don't have to have a table. I could squat down."

"I don't believe the cops would care for that, either. You'd hold up the traffic," said Mr. Ross firmly, "and get us all a bad name."

Louisa paused in turn. Rossy's co-operation was vital to her. She made a final effort.

"Look, Rossy," said Louisa again, "this may be something really big for me. It may be a whole new career. I swear not to poach! Unless there is a dog, I'll just be admiring the view. Just tell the boys to give me a chance—and you can remind 'em there'll be no whip-round, now, for a wedding present."

It wasn't her words that swayed him. The boys enjoyed giving wedding-presents. They liked to feel the generous sentimental glow. What swayed Rossy was the expression on Louisa's face.

"Okay," sighed Rossy. "I'll tell 'em. Though you'd still do better, in my opinion, to have a word with Sis."

High-hearted nonetheless stood Louisa next morning outside Burlington House. Rossy's word, however reluctantly given, had gone round. Josh and Manny grinned at her companionably, from the opposite side of the street. Benny sketched a double-handed boxer's salute. And if it took a certain courage, on Louisa's part, so to decline to the pavement, she'd always been, if nothing else, courageous.

She was there in readiness soon after ten. (Coffee-colored linen suit, beechnut boutonniere brushed free from mites, an appearance altogether as undashing as she could make it. She felt the beechnuts a particularly reassuring touch—for country cousins.) Until eleven, however, not so much as a shipperke crossed her field of vision.

Mr. Ross bagged a brace of

Continuing . . . SOMETHING LIGHT

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Texans, Josh, an Australian; Benny, opposite, a turbaned Sikh. Loyal Louisa hung back, fingering the camera about her neck only as might any tourist; and as at last a dog appeared, loyally the boys hung back in turn; leaving her a clear field.

Surprisingly, it was a Sealyham.

The dogs proper to Piccadilly are poodles and pekingese. Sighting a Sealyham, Louisa for one wild moment (she was a little overstrung) felt as though F. Pennon in person had come to her aid. The resemblance was indeed uncommon: thick, springy, brindled hair, bushy eyebrows, even F. Pennon's keen and sceptical old eye, were so accurately reproduced in canine miniature, the collar and lead looked to Louisa like a collar and tie. How thoughtful of old Freddy to wear them!

There had been a slight, entirely amicable discussion on the point; any pooch actually carried—any peke, or poodle, tucked under arm—was to count along with its owner as out of Louisa's field. ("They hold 'em up against their faces," explained Josh. "And often a good thing, too.") But with the Sealyham, or F. Pennon, trotting on a lead, Louisa hardly advanced.

"Take your dog, madam?" invited Louisa.

Her prospects, anthropoid and quadruped, at least halted. Surprisingly again, the anthropoid wasn't the regulation tweed-clad, county-type Sealyham owner but a fluttering blonde. ("Dammit, it is F. Pennon!" thought Louisa wildly.)

BECAUSE in Mrs.

Anstruther's exact voice—

"Ducky, someone wants to take your picture!" fluted the anthropoid to her quadruped. "Shall we say yes?"

Louisa was already down on one knee. Behind her she felt Rossy and Josh emanating waves of encouragement — all disapproving thoughts forgotten, urging her on to make good. The pavement was comparatively unencumbered, the sun was in the right place, and the moment practically historic as Louisa—the first canine photographer in Piccadilly—dropped to one knee and set her shutter at 1/300th.

Unfortunately, the quadruped said no.

With an absolute reflection of Freddy's most ill-tempered glance—called to the telephone, so to speak, in the middle of a cigar — Ducky jerked free his lead and attacked a Western Union Messenger. "Stop him!" shouted Mr. Ross. "Catch him!" shouted Josh.

Ducky raced on, snapped at two more Sikhs in passing, and nipped a South African delegate to an economic conference. The latter came out best; as Ducky plunged into the traffic, with all the élan of his ancestral impis he plunged after; and at least brought back news of where the culprit had gone to ground—down the Ladies beside Green Park.

Meanwhile the pavement round Louisa had become quite crowded. If opinions diverged—all the foreigners agreeing with each other that all dogs were dangerous, all the British agreeing that it was a shame to frighten them—Louisa was equally censured all round. As a policeman approached, she felt the eyes of even Josh and Rossy fixed on her in justified rebuke.

"Now then, what's all this?" inquired the policeman.

"He was frightened by the horrid camera!" wailed Ducky's owner.

"Now he's probably biting Ladies right and left," said the delegate, rather jovially. "You'll

have to send for a policeman . . ."

Fortunately Ducky chose this moment to reappear. No one could have guessed from his demeanor that he'd just been whacked on the behind by a cleaner's broom; he ambled back through the traffic with all the dreamy, dignified assurance of an absentminded professor. The sight of the policeman, however, appeared to give him pause: with what Louisa couldn't help feeling an absolutely cynical switch to pathos, he began to shake all over.

At least the policeman moved off. He wasn't looking for trouble. His eye just registered the presence, at the scene of the riot, of Louisa, and Josh, and Manny, and Mr. Ross.

"See what I mean?" repeated Mr. Ross. "Dogs won't co-operate. We're on tricky enough ground as it is, and if one of the public got bit—"

"Okay," sighed Louisa; and made the best amends she could by going straight home.

If at this point Louisa plumbed her professional nadir, there is always this about a

nadir, that any subsequent mention must inevitably be upwards.

Unless, of course, the pendulum has stopped.

Louisa's view was that it had. Perhaps this was because she wasn't eating enough. The debacle in Piccadilly had thoroughly dismayed her; during the succeeding week, in a panic attempt to conserve her capital she not only didn't pay any bills, she ate less and less.

Remorse kept her from sharing even a cuppa with Mr. Ross; if Hugo Pym had a spare sausage (which was unlikely, she wouldn't have shared that either, at the price of being urged to make up a non-existent quarrel with a non-existent Louisa was down to a steady diet of bread and margarine, she was very near pinching Number Ten's yoghurt, before the pendulum swung up again.

"There was a letter for you," said the milkman. "I brought it up."

"Does it look like a bill?" asked Louisa nervously.

"No, stuck down," said the milkman. "Very nice quality envelope."

To page 59

NOW IN AUSTRALIA - NEW FORMULA

LOXENE

MEDICATED SHAMPOO WITH **LOLAN**

CLEARs DANDRUFF INSTANTLY



How new-formula Loxene with "Iolan" attacks and beats dandruff three ways!

1. New formula Loxene with "Iolan" clears dandruff instantly.
The effective gentle antiseptic action of
2. "Iolan" controls dandruff and helps stop it starting again.
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Now your scalp can be cleared of dandruff instantly! That's the simple promise made and carried out by new formula Loxene Medicated Shampoo — the only preparation on the Australian market containing "Iolan." And with "Iolan" added to its own gentle deep-cleansing action, new formula Loxene Medicated Shampoo gets results that dandruff sufferers would never have believed possible. It clears dandruff instantly. Used regularly, it controls it and helps to stop it breaking out again. It conditions your hair and scalp, brings out the full depth and gloss nature intended your hair to have. New formula Loxene is remarkably effective — and economical to use. You get eight generous shampoos in every 4/6 bottle. Clear dandruff now — get a bottle of new formula Loxene with "Iolan" and put it to the test. Your mirror will tell you how wise you were!



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MIX WITH THE BEST, MIX WITH McWILLIAM'S



**MIX LONG DRINKS
 AS EASILY AS THIS**

1½ ozs. Cocktail, fill tall glass with cold lemonade. If desired you can embellish with ice and a slice of lemon or cucumber.



Continuing . . . SOMETHING LIGHT

from page 56

"What's the postmark?" asked Louisa—still wary. "Chesham Oaks," said the milkman. "Best part of Bucks." It was as a sort of propitiatory libation that Louisa took, along with the envelope, a spot of cream.

She looked at the signature first: Sybil Fox. The name meant nothing to her, but below was typed the encouraging word Secretary. Also the paper itself was creased.

"Dear Miss Datchett" (read Louisa).

"Lady Mary Tablet asks me to inquire whether you would be free to come down next Thursday, the 11th, at three-thirty, to photograph her corgis? There is a good train from Baker Street at 2.36, and a bus from the station yard will drop you at Chesham Hall. (There is no need to bring any lighting apparatus, as the photographs will be taken out of doors.) I may add that Lady Mary was very much struck by some pictures of poodles you had in the Tatler—she thinks they belonged to some film actress, but cannot remember the name—and would rather like the same sort of thing. Will you kindly let me know if this date suits you, also your fee? Lady Mary suggests three guineas, to include the finished prints.

Yours truly,

SYBIL FOX

(Secretary.)"

Datchett Photographer of Dogs kept her head.

The fee suggested, for half a working day, including prints, was outrageously low, and something told her it was all she could shake down. On the other hand, there is no world more snobbish than the dog world; the corgis of a Lady Mary Tablet would have their own built-in publicity.

A more disturbing point was what Lady Mary intended by the same sort of thing. The film actress was undoubtedly that Italian star to whom Louisa owed her trip to Cannes; could Lady Mary possibly be contemplating a Rescue by Corgis from Ornamental Water? If so, it would probably take not half a day but half a week, with a few movie technicians thrown in.

Louisa made a hasty check, and gratefully recalled the famous Rescue by Poodles fake as appearing only in the local French Press. What then had Lady Mary seen in the Tatler? Louisa searched about, but couldn't find the issue; she must have left it at Broydon Court. After some thought, however, she remembered a previous shot taken in Green Park of Coco and Cocotte affectionate to their mistress' celebrated underpinnings. Louisa had suspected at the time that it was those ankles, rather than those pooches, the Tatler paid for; and was not discouraged. If Lady Mary

herself had any ankles at all, if she wasn't on absolute hockey-sticks, something could be managed . . .

Fortunately, corgis are very low-slung.

Louisa kept her head, but with increasing difficulty. It was her chance at last. A really good job done on Lady Mary's corgis, and ankles, could put Datchett Photographer of Dogs into the very top class.

And how had it come to her, that chance? Through keeping her mind on her work. Inconceivable, in Green Park—before she'd heard from F. Pennon, before remembering Jimmy Brown, before encountering Mr. Clark—that she should have forgotten to load her camera! ("If I'd kept my mind on my work at Broydon," thought Louisa, "I'd have syndicates bidding now for that shot of Ivor and Ivan.")

It was astonishing, now, to remember how easily she'd let the rot set in: she'd just felt jaded one morning, had a talk with the milkman about Ibsen: was that really all, had no more than that been sufficient to arouse her so disastrous impulse towards matrimony? It seemed so; not otherwise, now, could Louisa account for her subsequent aberrations . . .

"I was a fool, but I've learnt my lesson," thought Louisa. "I'm not the marrying sort. But what I am is a damned good photographer of dogs, and here's my chance, it's all I

ask, and I'm going to take it."

She answered Miss Fox, Secretary, by return of post. (To telephone, or telegraph, might look over-eager.) The three days that intervened before the 11th she spent mostly in bed, conserving energy; also she dipped so far into her capital as to add to her diet of bread and margarine sardines and kippers.

Taking every possible pain with her appearance, on the crucial day, Louisa oddly enough found herself dressing for Chesham Hall as for the pavement outside Burlington House. (Discreet coffee-colored linen, spray of beechnuts on the coat.) This time, however, she added a hat, a practically county hat, a green felt porkpie once worn by Bobby at Cannes. Louisa stuffed as much of her hair under it as she could; her rowdy locks were always a weak point when it came to inspiring professional confidence, and she was taking no chances.

She was taking no chances. She was resolved to keep her mind strictly on the job, also not to waste an ounce of energy until she reached Chesham Hall.

Before boarding her train she looked for a compartment without a man in it—men in trains constituted a particular hazard. (All too often, getting out at their destinations they told Louisa how much better they felt for talking to her; leaving Louisa flat as a pancake. Sometimes she even had to get out herself; once, and

To page 66

Tea-Time WAFERS



No wonder Peek Frean's are world famous for their wafers! After all, who could resist that wonderful straight-from-the-oven crispness . . . and Tea-Time Wafers are extra special, with generous double fillings of chocolate, vanilla and strawberry. Look for the 'stay fresh' clear film pack at your grocer's today . . .

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NOTE: If ordering by mail send to address on page 87. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. They are available for only six weeks after date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



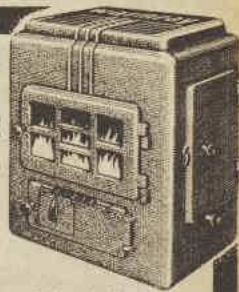
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HARBOR-SIDE LUXURY HOME

● The exciting new home of Mr. S. S. Marshall in Elizabeth Bay, Sydney, is an impressive example of clever designing, exotic and tasteful interior decorating.

Some of its unusual features include an indoor fishpond set into the living-room floor, a superb suspended staircase, and a marble dance-floor at the water's edge.



NEUTRAL tones highlighted with splashes of brilliant color make living- and dining-rooms warm and friendly. Black marble bar, circular fireplace, and fishpond are features. Picture is taken from centre of enormous living-room.

AUSTRALIAN HOMES



ROMAN BATH has domed skylight of fibreglass, ceramic-tiled walls and floor. Bathroom leads off from master bedroom through white shoji screen doors at the left.

MAGNIFICENT view as seen from the master bedroom, which has one entire wall, 30 feet long, of bookshelves and built-in cupboards. Wood was imported from South Africa.



FRONT view of house shows balconies with rope railings, large tiled swimming-pool, terrazzo yard with barbecue area at right. The glass doors lead into living- and dining-rooms.



JAPANESE - STYLE arched bridge with fishpond and rocks makes an unusual entrance, which is guarded by Mr. Marshall's Afghan dog, Ippy. Servants' quarters lead off at right.

● **More pictures,**
page 63

What makes FRIGIDAIRE^{*} the world's first choice in refrigerators?

*Regd. Trade Mark



Illustrated: 11.3 cu. ft. De Luxe 11

FRIGIDAIRE IS ALWAYS FIRST IN FEATURES!

Since Frigidaire made its first appearance in the earliest days of the domestic refrigerator, it has been the world's best seller through sensible, practical design. Only features of proven value to the housewife have been introduced and retained. These are some of the famous Frigidaire features that have earned the praise of millions of housewives throughout the world.

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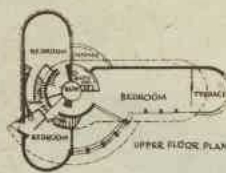
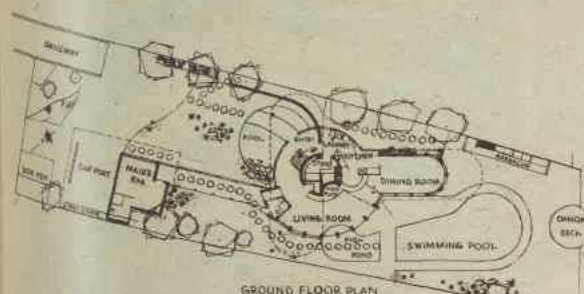
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AUSTRALIAN HOMES

KITCHEN is all-electric and excellently equipped with three sinks, dishwasher, built-in wall stove, and folding hot-plate unit. Shoji screen doors lead to the bar in the living-room.



PLANS of both floors of house show clever design to suit narrow site, which was formerly a tennis court. All rooms are very large, but space is well utilised. House was designed by Frank R. Fox & Associates.

BEAUTIFULLY designed staircase of moulded steel spirals up from entrance-hall to second floor and continues to gymnasium over master bedroom. Giant bear rug from Kashmir decorates white marble floor.

Color pictures by staff photographer Keith Barlow.



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CHRISTMAS GIFTS TO MAKE

● Here's something for every member of the family. These attractive Christmas gifts, which you'll enjoy making as well as giving, are both good looking and useful.

The directions are given below.



FOR AUNT

— cushion

FOR a cushion-cover 17in. square you will need $\frac{1}{2}$ yd. 36in. linen, odd pieces of colored linen, embroidery thread. Cut piece $\frac{1}{2}$ in. wide from one side of $\frac{1}{2}$ yd. of linen for placket.

With right side of material facing, work design. Bodies of figures are roughly shaped triangles, umbrellas are semi-circles with a scalloped edge. Faces are small circles. Hair, legs, umbrella handles, hands, dog, lamp-post, and raindrops are worked in satin-stitch, running, and chain-stitch.

Turn cover wrong side up, fold in half. Sew round three unstitched sides, allowing $\frac{1}{2}$ in. for hem. On the opposite side from the applique-work make a slit $\frac{1}{2}$ in. below the stitching along the whole of one side with the exception of $\frac{1}{2}$ in. at each end. Turn cover right side out and make row of stitching round all four sides $\frac{1}{2}$ in. from edge.

Make slit into a neat placket with $\frac{1}{2}$ in. strip of linen and sew on hooks and eyes or press studs.



FOR MOTHER

— striped patio tablecloth

QUARTER CIRCLES of 36in. American striped cotton form this cloth. You will need 4yds. Cut into 4 and, using width of cloth as radius, cut 4 quarter circles. Using $\frac{1}{2}$ in. hems all round, sew together with stripes at right-angles. Finished cloth measures 71in. in diameter. Napkins are made from 1yd. 36in. cloth.

Tea-cosy —

FOR GRANDMA



TO make this cosy for an average-sized teapot you will need $\frac{1}{2}$ yd. check gingham, $\frac{1}{2}$ yd. white cotton material, thick white embroidery cotton, cotton-wool or padding.

Cut out shape measuring 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. by 14in. from check material and, allowing for turnings, work criss-cross stitch pattern on it. (See picture at left.)

Cut out another shape measuring 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. by 14in. from white material. Place this and the embroidered check piece together, right sides facing. Allowing $\frac{1}{2}$ in. hem, stitch round three sides.

Turn right side out. Cut padding 8in. by 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. and insert it in check and cotton cover. Fold over and neatly sew remaining open end. Make eight ties from white material. Sew on.

Apron —

FOR ELDER SISTER

THIS pretty apron is made from three 10in. handkerchiefs and a strip of cotton material for a waistband.

Centre is formed with one handkerchief. Cut second handkerchief in half so you have two equal-shaped oblongs. Making sure that both raw edges are at the top, stitch side selvages together.

Turn down a small hem on raw edge and gather until it measures same width as centre handkerchief. With selvedge on top, stitch these two pieces together.

Cut third handkerchief in half so you have two equal triangles. Stitch these down sides of other two combined handkerchiefs (see picture at right) making sure selvages are on top.

Make an apron string measuring 60in. long by 2in. wide and attach apron to it in centre.



Continued on page 67

Christmas Engagement Diamonds



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three stations early, to accompany a nervous juvenile to his audition at a local rep; which was how she'd first met Hugo Pym.)

At that hour, half past two in the afternoon, and headed out of London, the train was by no means full: on the other hand, this allowed the native passion for privacy full play; to each smoker its solitary occupant—the worst possible hazard—and past each Louisa's experienced eye hurried her on. As she reached the last doors were being slammed all down the train; Louisa, nonetheless, perceiving again a solitary male within, hesitated. The young man looked cheerful enough, indeed uncommonly so; but appearances could deceive, and Louisa was taking no chances. Sticking her head through the door—

"Are you in any sort of trouble?" asked Louisa forthrightly.

As well he might, the young man looked surprised. But only for a moment. He was evidently a true child of his age.

"Is it for the Telly?" he countered interestedly.

"No, just a private poll," said Louisa.

"Then put me in the opposite column," said the young man—disappointed but still cheerful.

Louisa entered and relaxed. The train drew out. With a whole side of the carriage to herself she had plenty of room for her long legs. She stretched them comfortably out, and deliberately slackened every muscle; allowing herself to be swung with the train's motion limp as a rag doll. If now and then there was a jolt, it didn't worry Louisa; it merely kept her from dozing completely off. "An hour of this is just what I need," thought Louisa. "It must be as good as Zen."

She didn't exactly kick off her shoes, but she loosened her heels; the train did the rest.

At eye-level opposite an impression of Burnham Beeches pleased without exciting, rather soothed.

"Aren't you going to take it down?" inquired the young man.

"Take what down?" asked Louisa thoughtlessly.

"Why I'm in the other column."

Louisa continued to contemplate Burnham Beeches. Once again, she'd bought it; but this time she didn't mean to pay. As the young man waited expectantly—

"I don't need to take it down, I've a trained memory. But fire away," said Louisa—deliberately closing her ears.

It was still impossible that something shouldn't percolate. The train had decided to run with uncommon smoothness, the young man leant enthusiastically towards her. However unwillingly, Louisa picked up certain vital statistics: name something like Hally How, age twenty-something, National Service somewhere overseas, present occupation some sort of clerk. Dim, decent Hally How! Behind dropped eyelids Louisa's thoughts wandered to the Meares dachshunds: so easy to photograph, decent little clerks of the dog-world.

"After which," said Hally How earnestly, "we were finally able to get married."

Whereas borzois, in their skiing trousers, had always the air of being off to winter sports.

"I don't know if you're married yourself?" pressed Hally How.

Louisa shook her head. It would be nice for him if he

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thought she was memorising, but really she didn't care.

"You ought to try it," said Hally How earnestly. "I can't tell you how—how smashing it is. It's the confidence it gives a chap. Frinstance, you must have wondered why at this time of day, when I work in London, I'm headed out of London."

"It doesn't matter," murmured Louisa.

"I'll tell you. It's Marlene's birthday. I've a good mind to take the day off," I told her, "in celebration. Why don't I phone and say influenza?" She wouldn't have it. Her mum was in the ATS—searchlights, a very picked bunch, I've heard tell, and brought Marlene up according. "Go along to the office, ask for the afternoon," said Marlene, "tell 'em why you want it, and I'll have a smashing tea laid on for when you get back. Never doubting, d'you see, that I'd pull it off. Which is the whole secret," said Hally How. "Mind you put it in."

"Sure," murmured Louisa.

"I set it up to the boss without a frill. I would very much like the half-day off," I said, "on account of its being my wife's birthday. In fact, I intended to take the whole day off," I said, "only Marlene wouldn't stand for me having 'flu.' And d'you know what he replied?"

"No," said Louisa.

"Your wife's made more of

● It ain't no disgrace for a man to fall, but to lay there and grunt is.

Josh Billings.

a man of you than the Army," he said. "Take her out shopping and buy her a new hat." As I intend," said Hally How, "up to three quid. If any of this is immaterial—"

Louisa shook her head; or rather the train shook it for her.

"I'm glad, because I've often wondered how much is missed, when taking polls. (Rock-cakes, now, I do see might be set aside. Marlene makes smashing rock-cakes.) But as we're getting to my station, I'll just re-cap: what puts any chap in the okay column, nine times out of ten, is happy matrimony; and for women, of course, even more so."

Louisa swung her feet up on the seat and stretched frankly recumbent for another thirty minutes of Zen.

Not that she needed it. She felt indeed like a successful candidate after a particularly gruelling examination. Such a build-up for matrimony, but a month before, would have thoroughly distracted her from the job in hand. But not now. Even the numinous word rock-cake aroused but a vague feeling of affection for Molly and Teddy Meare.

Louisa had settled for a profession. Beyond the stately portal of Chesham Hall beckoned solid fame, solid fortune. It was without either regrets or misgivings that Datchett Photographer of Dogs got out at the right station and mounted the waiting bus.

It was a stately portal all right. Louisa gazed appreciatively at carved stonework scrolling up to an escutcheon above, at a great oak door ajar upon squares of black and white marble, with beside it a brass bell-pull, beautifully polished. "Staff!" thought Louisa, as she pulled it; and confidently awaited the arrival of a butler.

In the few moments' interval that followed she noted, more practically, the excellent con-

dition of all the paint. Chesham Hall, a rarity among stately homes, was as well kept up as Mr. Clark's Glenarvon; moreover was not merely being kept up, was being improved—for Louisa sighted, on the south flank, what looked like an old winter-garden under such scaffolding as suggested additions.

Mentally congratulating the aristocratic owners upon either a transatlantic marriage or a successful bout with the Income Tax, Louisa congratulated herself, too; it seemed out of the question that Lady M.'s cheque—such things had been known to happen—would bounce.

A butler answered. He was so perfect a specimen, from his greying hair to shoes polished like the bell-pull. Louisa momentarily suspected he'd been hired from the local rep. But his reserved, inquiring glance, as he in turn surveyed Louisa, was surely the result of more than clever direction: reserved and inquiring as it was, it explicitly placed her—somewhere between a collector for charity and an ex-service salesman. Without rancor, but firmly, she enlightened him.

"I," said Louisa, "am Datchett Photographer of Dogs. I have an appointment with Lady Mary Tablet for three-thirty. And let that," she added mentally, "teach you a lesson, my man!"

Undoubtedly he looked more respectful.

"An appointment did you say, madam?"

"To photograph Lady Mary's corgis."

"I will inform her ladyship you have arrived," said the butler—exiting within.

He still didn't invite Louisa to follow, but if she were to wait anywhere on so fine an afternoon she rather preferred to be outside. Indeed the prospect before her, as she strolled a little way past the tall windows, and sat down on a stone bench, was of great beauty.

On either side the drive—about five minutes' walk long, even for Louisa—stretched a miniature parkland of lush grass and handsome trees. Clumps of oak or beech, rising like islands in a green sea, made each its stately point; each in turn led the eye on to the next; and over all lay the temperate sunlight proper to an English nobleman's country seat.

"This," thought Louisa, "is the sort of place I shall come to often."

Why not? Her foot once within a first stately portal, how many other stately portals might not open to her? And remain open? No one knew better than Louisa the conservatism, as a class, of stately-portal-owners: until a favorite photographer of either their dogs or their children actually died or went gaga, to that same photographer they stuck with a loyalty Louisa now perceived as admirable.

In her own field the dozen already touched seventy; Louisa sincerely hoped he'd get the O.B.E. before packing up, but when he did pack up, why shouldn't she herself step into his shoes? ("Not that they'd ever give me the O.B.E.," thought Louisa—leaping the next twenty-five years. "I'm not the right type." It was a pity; the suffragettes would have been proud of her.)

But even without any explicit honor in view, what rewarding weekends might not lie ahead, photographing ducal poodles behind stately portals!

"All I'll need," thought Louisa, "is one really good dinner-dress," and determined to watch "The Times" personal column for the next Model Disposing of Balenciaga Wardrobe."

The sun lapsed a degree while she contemplated grouse

To page 75

CHRISTMAS GIFTS TO MAKE

(Continued)



FOR LITTLE GIRL —doll's cradle

Materials: Wicker bread basket 9in. long by 6in. wide; cylindrical cork 4in. long, for rockers; length wire 30in.; two small pieces more pliable wire; 1yd. figured cotton; 1½yds. ribbon; ¼yd. 18in. wide broderie anglaise; wadding.

Put cork through centre lengthwise. Place halves side by side on bottom of basket, make holes in each end of cork, attach to basket with small wire pieces. Double wire in half and twist to make stronger. Thread ends through wickerwork at one end of basket so wire stands upright. Bend 4in. section over to form bracket for curtain. From cotton material cut three oval shapes 8½in. by 6in. to fit inside bottom of basket. Stitch two shapes together, right sides facing, leaving an opening down one side. Turn right side out. Place wadding pad inside for mattress, oversew opening by hand.

Lining and frill: Cut strip 27in. by 3in. on bias of material. Stitch it to edge of third oval shape, right sides facing. This forms lining. Work large buttonhole in strip where wire bracket comes through. Next cut strip 60in. by 4½in. and gather on to bias strip, leaving a good heading of approximately ½in. Make ½in. hem at lower edge. Sew ribbon over gathering thread, leaving ends free for bow. Place over basket, put bracket through buttonhole.

Curtains: Cut strip of material 26in. by 16in. Make ½in. hem all round. Fold material in half, right sides facing; stitch down one side, leaving 2in. opening at bottom. Turn right side out, stitch across top 1in. from fold to within ½in. of edge. Turn, stitch down parallel to and ½in. from side seam. Sew second row of stitching across top ½in. from fold to edge, for casing.

Thread curtain over wire and gather material across top until all fullness is on bracket. Stitch open end. Sew ribbon on curtain, tie bow at top. Make sheets; pillow from broderie anglaise, cover from figured cotton.



FOR FATHER —barbecue apron

GENEROUS COVER-UP for a barbecue cook is this apron made from a square yard of ticking, slightly gathered into 1½in. band and bound with black tape. It is finished with big patch-pockets cut from contemporary prints of cars.

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Kind to your complexion, because they are so soft and strong.

Kind to tender skin. You'll welcome their gentleness and absorbency when removing make-up and stubborn lipstick.

Yet for all their softness, Scotties do not come apart with sneezing colds because of their superior 'wet-strength' — they come in the softest pastel pink, yellow and pure white in the new, easy-dispensing packs—nicer to have around the home.

*A superior paper-skinning process developed by Bowater-Scott

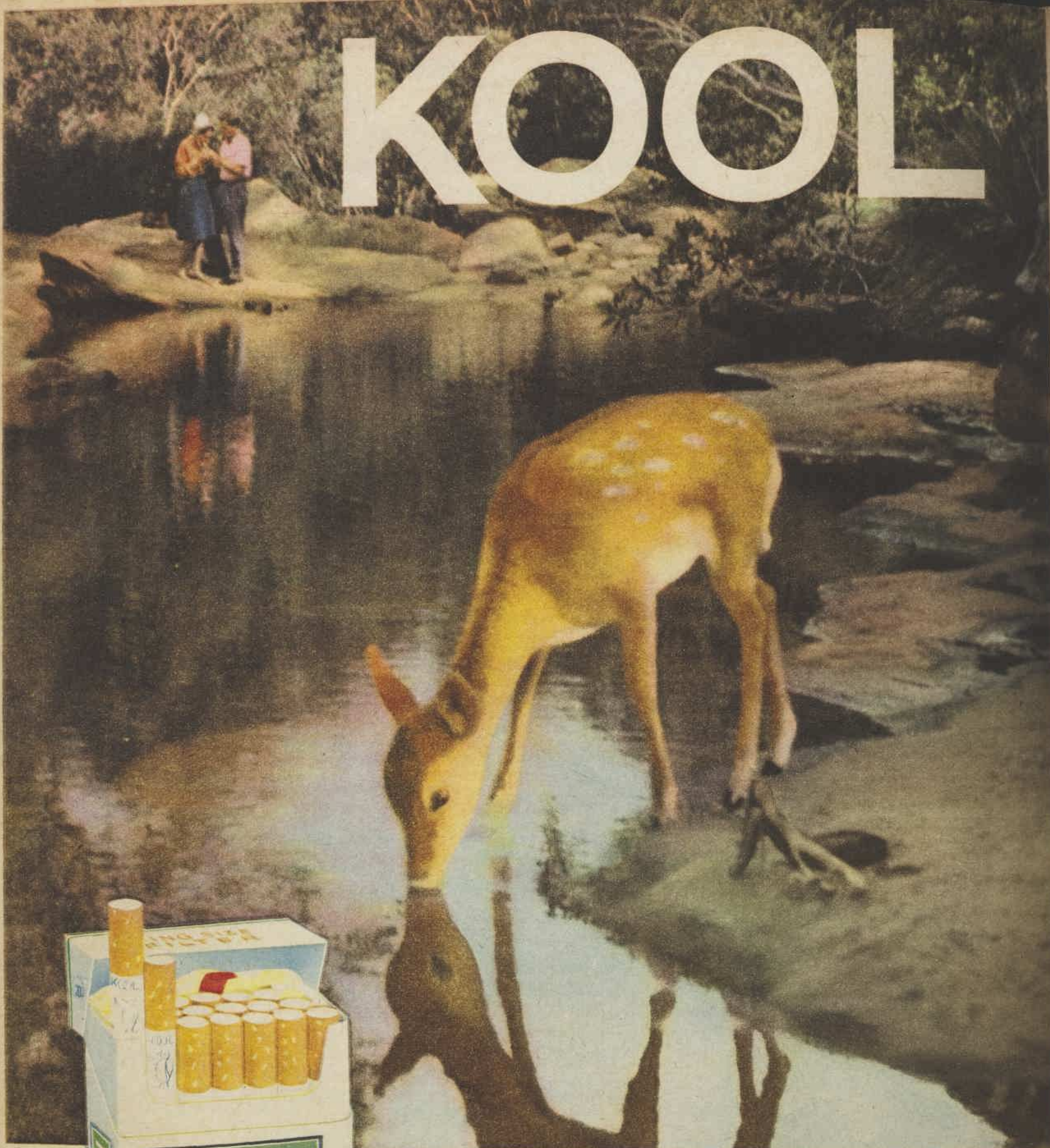


Scotties are now available at your favourite store in the large, thrifty, economy, 300-tissues family pack or the 100-tissue personal size.

—choose from white, pink or yellow

A Bowater-Scott product.

KOOL



KING
SIZE
FILTER

Today — make a fresh start with Kool, the most refreshing cigarette in the world. Great tobaccos, smoothly satisfying, best filter ever made. Every Kool you smoke tastes as good as your first.

Smoke Kool - the cigarette
that tastes fresh
right through the day



Willie the Penguin says
"SMOKE KOOL"

K.13.11.60.



LOCAL GIRL MADE GOOD

SHOW BUSINESS

KATHY LLOYD is one of Australia's new TV stars, a local girl who went overseas, made good, and came back home to make good again. Poised and good to look at, Kathy is now listed as one of the most-sought-after and highest-paid local female TV performers.

She is best known now as a singer, but it looks as if she will soon be just as well known as a comedienne.

She has a real flair for comedy, and this newly discovered talent is being skillfully fostered.

Kathy, a small success in Sydney in 1954, decided to try her luck in England. Only a few weeks after she arrived in London, Ted Heath heard her sing her favorite song, "Can't

Help Lovin' That Man of Mine," and liked it so much he gave her a three-year contract.

She came back to Australia in 1955 with the Ted Heath band as a featured artist, and in full-length slinky sheaths slew local audiences at the huge Sydney Stadium.

It was quite a momentous trip for Kathy. While she was here, she renewed a friendship with American film executive Rex Lipton, and married him.

A few weeks after the wedding she returned to England with the Ted Heath band and later went with her husband to America, where their home now is.

At present Kathy is back in Australia with her three-year-old son, Lloyd, visiting her family and capturing big TV audiences.

WHEN IT COMES TO DAILY REGULARITY

Do you work against Nature?

Check these questions carefully
— for your own sake !

- (1) Am I naturally regular ?
- (2) Do I take purgatives ?
- (3) Am I sure I get sufficient
bulk in my diet ?

Possibly for most of the time you may be naturally regular. But, if you—like so many other people—do resort to laxatives—even occasionally—take care before it is too late ! You may find you've started something you can't stop !

These are the
penalties you must pay if you work
against nature in what should be a regular, natural function...

Lack of bulk. Irregularity need never occur ! But if it does, look for its cause—not just for immediate relief. The cause is usually lack of bulk in your diet. Your system needs exercise just as much as you do and it's the bulk we should get in our food which gives your system the exercise it needs.

The Penalties for ignoring Nature. Purgatives may bring quick relief from constipation, but in doing so, they make your system increasingly lazy. Very shortly you will find that your system won't work by itself ! It needs a crutch ! This is Penalty Number one.

Penalty Number Two is that your whole system is being drained of vitality and essential elements everytime you resort to purgatives.

The Third Penalty, is that all this shows—it shows in the aging of your face ; it shows in lack of vitality ; worst of all, it must have its effect on your relationship with others !

So strongly does the British Medical Association feel about this, that it issued this warning which appeared in its magazine "Family Doctor."

"The constant use of purgatives does more harm than good. 'Remedies' of this type, by irritating and paralysing the bowels, may actually cause constipation."

"This fact was known in A.D. 100, and has been repeatedly confirmed ever since."

"If you have got into the purgative habit, get out of it at once. Regular habits, adequate bulk—like cereals, fruit and vegetables—in your diet, sufficient fluid and regular exercise, will keep most people fit in this respect. If these prove ineffective in your case, do not resort to purging—see your doctor."

Enjoy natural regularity ! The natural way to ensure healthful regularity is to make sure that your system gets sufficient bulk each day to enable it to function—the way Nature intended !

What better time than breakfast ? All-Bran, made by Kellogg's is specially made from Bran Nature's best source of health-ensuring bulk.

All-Bran, a food—not a medicine—builds you up and supplies essential food elements, while it treats your irregularity. Laxatives, by their very nature, drain away vitality and essential elements, whilst only giving temporary immediate relief.

So why not try a plateful of All-Bran tomorrow ? You'll find that it has a delicious nut-sweet flavour all its own, and you will be making sure that you get sufficient natural bulk in your diet to ensure better health, through gentle, natural regularity.

Make this simple 10 day test ! At each breakfast for ten days, enjoy a cupful of All-Bran either on its own with milk and sugar or, sprinkled over your present breakfast cereal. Drink plenty of water. If at the end of ten days you haven't experienced the benefit of natural regularity, return the packet to Kellogg's who will gladly refund double your money.

NOW! MORE ESSENTIAL VITAMIN B2 AND D THAN BEFORE
All-Bran contains at least twice as much Vitamin B2 (essential to a healthy body) as Bran itself. Vitamin D (for teeth and bone) not found in bran.

PLUS THESE VITAMINS AND MINERALS

.250 mgs./oz. Vitamin B1—for steady nerves and normal appetites.
.267 mgs./oz. Vitamin B2—for clear skin.
3.5 mgs./oz. Niacin—for healthy skin.
67 I.U./oz. Vitamin D—for strong teeth and bones.
3.0 mgs. oz. Food Iron—to maintain

correct level of red corpuscles in the blood. (Represents .010 p.p.c.).

18 mgs./oz. Calcium—the most important of the body's minerals. (Represents .064 p.p.c.).

240 mgs./oz. Phosphorus—essential for complete operation of the Calcium intake. (Represents .846 p.p.c.).

Plus Bulk—for natural regularity.

Reach for
new health
and natural
regularity
with
ALL-BRAN

All-Bran is a trade mark of Kellogg (Aust.) Pty. Ltd.





SLAVE REVOLT

AS Spartacus — the Thracian slave who with his army of serfs held Roman legions at bay and all but destroyed the Imperial Empire in one of history's greatest freedom struggles — Kirk Douglas heads an all-star cast, including Sir Laurence Olivier, Jean Simmons, Tony Curtis, Charles Laughton, Peter Ustinov, and John Gavin, in this Universal-International spectacular, "Spartacus."

When the army of 60,000 slaves led by Spartacus (Kirk Douglas) threatens Rome, Crassus (Sir Laurence Olivier) takes command of all Roman armies.



While a gladiator student in Capua, Spartacus (Kirk Douglas) falls in love with and later marries Varinia (Jean Simmons), the slave assigned to him.

Antoninus (Tony Curtis, left) is unhappy as a serf in the sumptuous villa of his master, Crassus, and escapes to join Spartacus and his rebel slaves.

All-Australian documentaries on 9

By NAN MUSGROVE

● Channel 9 has formed a special projects division to make documentary films for Australia-wide distribution.

"ODDS ON DEATH," the first of the new documentaries, will have its Australian premiere on Friday, November 25, as a Channel 9 "Friday Special" in their quality time-slot, 10.30 p.m.

All the special project films last an hour. Four are already made or in preparation, each one planned, written, and narrated by an acknowledged expert in his field.

Following "Odds On Death," which tells of the dangers of atomic radiation in Australia, is "The Year In Review," a flashback to the big news stories of 1960.

"Year In Review" is scheduled, naturally, for end-of-December viewing, and the next documentary planned is a history of Sydney, to be featured as a highlight of the Australia Day programmes.

This documentary has been planned and written by Mr. David McMillan, archivist of Sydney University.

The fourth of the documentaries breaks new ground with an hour—exhausting or stimulating depending on your point

of view—about jazz in Australia.

"Odds On Death" deals with the dangers of atomic radiation. Expert Dr. Alex Fraser, senior research officer in the animal genetics division of the C.S.I.R.O., has written, narrated, and overseen it.

It is said to be sensational. "It is certainly not a pleasant programme, it was not designed to be so," Dr. Fraser told me.

"But it is a programme that was requested. It arose out of one of TCN's 'Doorway To Knowledge' educational telecasts, 'Pattern Of Life,' which I do.

"Many housewives requested a programme about atomic radiation. They wanted to know all about it, its dangers, and what it did to the human being.

"In this programme we have told them. I have tried to cut away what I call 'radiation phobia.' Many people have such a phobia about it they are just plain scared.

"They want to know is there any reason to be scared of radiation.

"We have told them in 'Odds On Death.'"

It certainly sounds like a programme no one should miss.

Elvis won't be free

IF you're an Elvis Presley fan and are waiting round impatiently to see your hero on TV, you've got a long wait ahead of you.

Elvis is making no more TV appearances for some time on the advice of his manager, former circus barker "Colonel" Parker. (Parker, who, according to the American Press, assumed his military rank personally, discovered Elvis. He now earns 25 per cent. of what Elvis makes, and is said to have accumulated close to a million dollars.)

"It isn't good for Elvis to be seen for free," said Colonel Parker recently.

"Elvis does as I say, and my orders to him are, no television.

"People who want to hear him will have to pay for it at a movie or by buying his records.

"The trouble with TV,"

Colonel Parker said, "is too much for too little."

"Too little" for Elvis on the Sinatra show was 125,000 dollars (about £A62,500). Since then he has been offered as much as 50,000 dollars (about £A25,000), but the Colonel dealt with this offer smartly.

"For 50,000 dollars," he said, "Elvis will come out and take a bow. He certainly won't sing a note."

Elvis got another offer, too. It was for 500,000 dollars (about £A250,000) to make two one-hour TV shows and a batch of commercials. The Colonel turned it down indignantly.

"Who do they think Elvis is," he asked. "Perry Como?"

New police series good

THERE are two bright new spots in ABC-TV's programmes these days. One is the return of a new series of "Boyd, Q.C.," a courtroom drama, and the other an entirely new series called "Manhunt."

"Manhunt," to pay it a very high compliment, is a sort of "San Francisco Beat" set in San Diego. It is very good.



● Victor Jory as dapper Lieutenant Howard Finucane in Channel 2's new police series, "Manhunt."

It is a series of stories based on cases taken from the files of San Diego's police force, and stars Victor Jory as Lieutenant Howard Finucane.

To be really original about "Manhunt," I could say that truth is stranger than fiction. It certainly makes for better viewing.

Happily, too, it is minus blond night-club singers and all that jazz that TV's ersatz private-eyes go on with.

Have a look at it, and, when you do, notice the well-dressed

detectives. All actors "Manhunt" had to pass a "dress examination" with San Diego's Chief of Police, E. Jansen, before they went on camera.

Sports shirts and jackets are not allowed. Detectives must wear suits, never appear in shirtsleeves on the job, and a hat is obligatory wear.

As for Boyd, Q.C., he is just as suave and urbane as ever. I'd like to see Boyd and Perry Mason appear against each other. I reckon Perry might lose his first case.



Horst's rugged road to stardom

"Why did I become an actor? I would like to reply that I've always been interested in acting," said the 27-year-old German star Horst Buchholz. "But the truth is I needed the money."

AFTER the war, Horst, then a boy, was living with his family in East Berlin.

Jobs were scarce, and in post-war Germany everyone had to work—even school-children—to help in the family for survival.

Some of Horst's friends had jobs as bit players in stage shows. With his father recently discharged from a French prison camp and his young sister suffering from typhoid fever, Horst tried his

He got a job in a new production, and travelled each week from East to West Berlin going through the Brandenburg Gate on foot.

Once in the theatre, Horst had a liking to it, and decided to make it his life's work. At 16 he joined the Berliner Theatre and received about the best acting training possible.

As his roles got bigger and pay cheque fatter, Horst convinced his parents from East West Berlin. Eventually he settled in West Germany.

The actor's first film, "Marie-Anne"—a Franco-German production made in 1954—wasn't a success. But his 14 subsequent films have made him a star and given him a wife.

Buchholz met Mrs. B., French actress Miriam Bru,

on the set of Tolstoy's "Resurrection," filmed in 1956.

"I consider myself one of the luckiest men alive because of the life I have made for myself," Horst said. "If ever I get moody I think of the war years and drab post-war Berlin."



German star Horst Buchholz gives his views on a scene to director Josh Logan and his "Fanny" co-star Leslie Caron. "Fanny," Buchholz's latest film, was recently completed in Europe.

New Films

With Miriam Fowler

★★★ Excellent ★★ Above average
★ Average No star—poor

★★ HIGH TIME

This college comedy is peppered with jazzy high jinks and softened with an Old Groaner song. It's colorful and a laugh-getter. But the swift action, out to cram four years into two hours, is overscored with mood-breaking time flashes.

"A gander in a brood of ducklings," freshman Bing Crosby is after a belated higher education. To the cheers of his classmates and

the disgust of his snob children, Bing swings into the full fraternity round. On the campus he's great, but in his one too-brief old-time crooning spot he excels. A pleasing newtimer, dorm-mate Fabian, will win the under-twenties. —Regent, Sydney.

In a word . . . LIGHT.

★ TALL STORY

Ace-acting by Anthony Perkins and some witty dialogue pilot this breezy varsity farce

through a bumpy plot. In college to catch her man—gangling basketball hero Perkins—Jane Fonda runs a dizzy pursuit from the moment she hits campus. But her course is too easy and success comes too soon. What begins as a zany pursuit slips to an unfunny mating game. —Esquire, Sydney.

In a word . . . BRISK.

ROSSANO BRAZZI has withdrawn as the star of Vittorio De Sica's spectacular about the Napoleonic campaigns in Southern Italy and Spain because—"upon reconsideration, I don't think I'm right for the role of Napoleon." The film, as yet un-

titled, has had a stormy casting history. Sophia Loren was originally to play Empress Josephine, but she withdrew and Danielle Darrieux got the role. Anna Magnani was originally to have played a Corsican woman who had an important role in Napoleon's early life, but she withdrew because she didn't think the role was big enough. Katy Jurado got the part.

KIM NOVAK'S off-again-on-again engagement to director Dick Quine seems to be off again—at least for this edition. The reason is her infatuation with Carl Arruza, Mexico's famous matador.

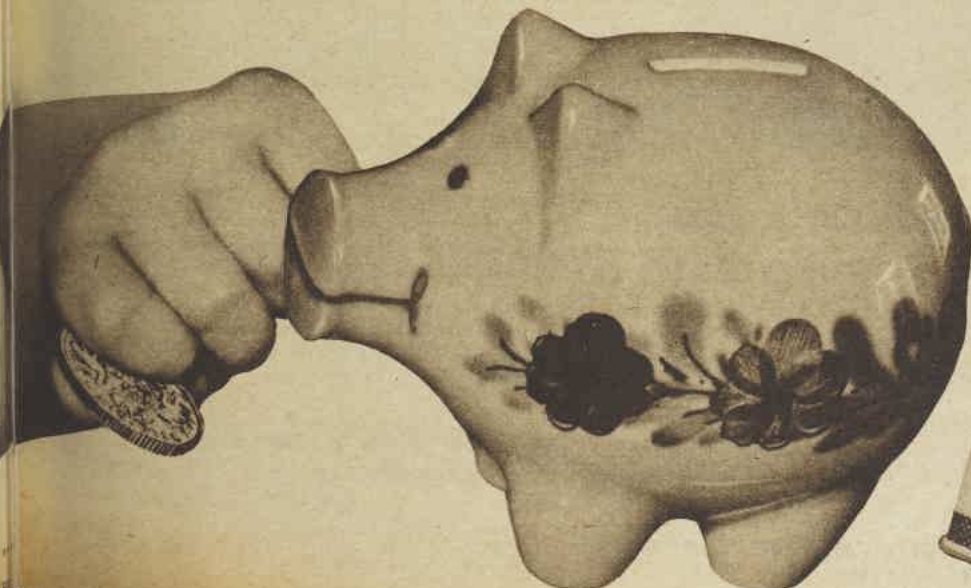
Kim, who has known Arruza for some time now, got to know him a lot better on a recent weekend in Tijuana. Arruza dedicated the bull to her, then gave a dinner-party that night in her honor.

MILLIE PERKINS and her studio, Twentieth Century-Fox, are feuding again—this time because they wouldn't give her permission to do a stage show in Hollywood under the direction of her husband, Dean Stockwell. What irks Millie is not the refusal itself, but the reason for it: the studio didn't consider Stockwell sufficiently talented to direct a "property" like Millie.

GIANT ECONOMY SIZE

Johnson's Baby Powder in the giant economy size contains more than 3 regular size tins of ordinary brands. So, you save up to 2/- every time you buy. And you save on the best—for Johnsons is the purest, finest powder, with a special moisture absorbing feature that keeps the skin comfortably dry . . . free from chafes and irritations.

Johnson's BABY POWDER
Best for baby - Best for you!



This is it!

Stripe

the toothpaste with
germ-fighting red stripes



NEVER BEFORE!

Stripe toothpaste contains an active concentration of Hexachlorophene freshly added as you squeeze the tube. It's in the stripes.

NEVER BEFORE a toothpaste that keeps your whole mouth and breath HYGIENICALLY CLEAN

Stripe really brightens your teeth. It keeps your mouth and breath fresh all day—tastes good, too! The active Hexachlorophene in Stripe attacks and destroys decay germs, helps preserve your teeth years longer.

WHY THE RED STRIPES? They give you an active concentration of germ-fighting Hexachlorophene. It is added freshly as you squeeze the tube. It rids your mouth and teeth of millions of odour and decay-causing germs other toothpastes leave

behind. Use Stripe and your teeth will be brighter, whiter, better protected against decay. Your breath will stay sweet and fresh all day.

Science proves STRIPE best for you. Stripe toothpaste not only destroys decay germs. Its antiseptic action lasts for hours, leaves the whole mouth hygienically clean. Extensive scientific tests have proved Stripe's anti-bacterial action even better than ordinary toothpaste and mouthwash combined.

Children love STRIPE too. They remind you it's time to clean their teeth. Get your Stripe toothpaste today. At all chemists and stores.

*You know you're right
—it's in the stripe!*



Giant size 3/6.. Economy size 4/8.

A fine Rezona Product

STZIFC

Continuing . . . SOMETHING LIGHT

from page 66

find me. I'm so ashamed I could die!"

"That's all right," said Louisa. "The light's fine. You do want them—your corgis—taken out of doors?"

Lady Mary clutched her untidy grey head.

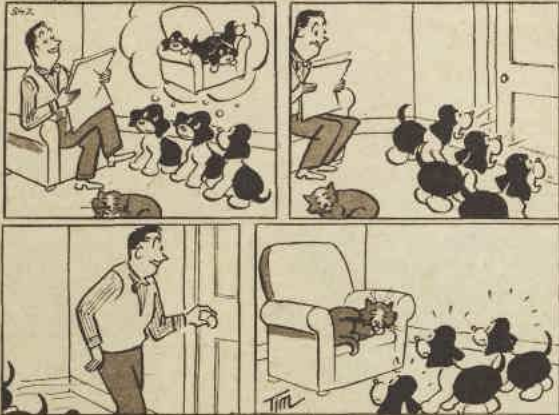
"But that's just what's so awful! I don't know how to tell you! They aren't here! They're in Scotland. They went up yesterday with the boys. I'm so madly sorry, but my secretary must have made a real bloomer. So I'm afraid there's nothing for it," finished Lady Mary brightly, "but to call the whole thing off."

It was an irrelevance that

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



and I are just companions in distress!"

Possibly because there is a solidarity amongst professional women, Louisa remained unconvinced. Herself and Miss Fox, felt Louisa, were what suffragettes had chained themselves to railings for—not herself and Lady Mary.

"I'm not cross with anyone," said Louisa. "I'd just like my three guineas."

Lady Mary started back as might a thoroughbred hunter before a knacker's cart.

"But, my dear, good creature," she protested, "isn't that perfectly—I'm sure you'll see it is, when you've had a moment to think—absurd? I mean, three guineas just for nothing at all—!"

Louisa looked at the scaffolding on the south wing. How much was that going to cost?

"For a wasted half-day," she corrected stubbornly.

"Ah, but what would you have been doing with it?" countered Lady Mary. "You'd have been having your hair done, or at a movie. I know what happens, with a spare afternoon in Town! Instead of which here you are in the fresh air, enjoying a nice little outing—"

"I didn't want an outing," said Louisa. "And my fee is three guineas."

Lady Mary looked injured but resigned.

"If you really insist—though I must say this isn't the way one's usually treated—I'll tell my secretary to send you a cheque."

"If she's as inefficient as you make out, I'd rather have cash," said Louisa.

Lady Mary brightened again. "But, my dear Miss Datchett, I haven't any cash! I never carry xipence! I'm just at my secretary's mercy! I do truly, don't imagine I don't, appreciate your position—but only Fox knows where to find my cheque-book."

"Okay," said Louisa. "Where is she?"

"As a matter of fact, she left yesterday, too," said Lady Mary. "for a holiday in Athens. (Something poor I could never afford!) So until she comes back I'm afraid we're really at a standstill. But I shan't forget! And now I'm going to send Johnson out to you," said Lady Mary kindly. "with a nice—"

She paused; the kindness

twinkled to democratic bonhomie.

"—with a nice cuppa!" finished Lady M.

Louisa didn't wait for it. Instead, with what she hoped was sufficient dignity, she walked out.

Straight-backed, with sufficient dignity, she reached the drive's end; and there outside the great gates, on the grassy bank behind the bus-stop, for the first time in her adult life sat down and cried.

When she'd wept in a Broydon attic, she'd been a child; and her tears all too natural—for loving if casual parents, for no more balloons brought back from a palais de danse. What she wept for now was the collapse of a career. After ten years' work, after establishing herself (or so she'd fondly believed) as Datchett Photographer of Dogs, she hadn't been able to squeeze three quid out of Lady M. She was so little established, anyone with a title could do her down. Here Louisa was possibly in error.

With a steak inside her, instead of sardines, the issue might have been different. But the upshot, whatever its cause, was as disastrous to her confidence and to her self-esteem as to her pocket. Outside the gates of Chesham Hall, on the grassy bank behind the bus-stop, Louisa sat with unchecked tears running down her face.

Only the wind, from time to time, dried them. No fellow-traveller appeared, to rouse her pride, or even a spark of vanity; in addition to all else, she'd just missed a bus.

No wolf appeared, either. The road was unfrequented; but Louisa sensed a deeper reason. Any number of men might have come by, without one stopping to make a pass at her. What attracted them of old (at a bus-stop, outside a telephone booth, in any public place) was their recognition of her special gift for aid and succor. (Wolf out of work, recalled Louisa, wolf misunderstood by wife, wolf needing musical instrument getting out of hock.) Now that she plainly needed aid and succor herself, they'd hurry by. Louisa didn't blame them, she wasn't resentful; there it just was.

She turned her back on the road, and wept anew.

In all folklore, the tear has its own and special place.

Witches, for example, cannot weep; nor mermaids; or if they do, they lose their magic nature. Only a tear, in the legend of Little Gerda and the Ice Queen, had power to shatter the frozen palace-prison. Some principal constituent, in that dropping of the eye, modern science has even discovered therapeutic against the evil of the Crab. Thus Louisa, weeping, invoked stronger forces than she suspected.

Sheer animal instinct for warmth had driven her into a last patch of sunlight; when the car stopped, and a man got out, she had her face half-buried in the hedge. Her hat lay beside her, pulled off long since, or perhaps pushed off by stiff hawthorn-twigs; the declining sun turned her foxy head to gold.

"You look as though you're wearing a halo," observed Andrew McAndrew. "Though I must say it's no' a thought that would have occurred to me at Broydon."

So far as Louisa was concerned, this was the end. Of all men breathing, the last she'd have chosen to find her so disconsolate was Mr. McAndrew.

She looked at him and hated him. Everything about the man—his calm and solidity, even his good car, his good clothes—pointed all too painfully her own vagabond dishevelment; the recollection of

To page 77



"Shaggy Dog"

toothbrushes

can't

clean teeth!

...time to buy

a new

Tek

ANTI-GERM
TOOTHBRUSH

the ONLY toothbrush

with built-in

GERM-FIGHTING

action



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An exquisite RODD pattern, in 44-piece services and a full range of matching pieces.



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GUARANTEED FOR 25 YEARS
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - November 30, 1960



ETA CHRISTMAS GIFT GUIDE

Give gay ETA Gift Packs this Christmas. This year's range of ETA Gift Packs is more exciting than ever before. All your old ETA favourites are again available, plus three wonderful new surprises especially designed for the festive season. With the ETA Non-Alcoholic Milk Bar, ETA Hi-Ball Sets and ETA Marzipan Fruits added to last year's selection, you'll be certain to find the right present for everyone amongst the wide range of ETA Christmas Gift Packs.



ETA NON- ALCOHOLIC MILK FLAVOUR BAR

Here's a complete home Milk Bar with six delicious flavours in wonderful fruit-shaped plastic bottles. Kiddies will love this delightful new attraction.



ETA MARZIPAN FRUITS

Moulded marzipan fruits, beautifully shaped and coloured ready to serve at Christmas direct from the plastic Gift Box.



ETA HI-BALL SETS

Feature the glamorous American style Hi-Ball Glass crammed with ETA Nuts and packed in sets of three in plastic presentation boxes. These delightful and very novel glasses will be ideal for parties, picnics after you have enjoyed the delicious contents.



ETA BARBECUE TRAY

A wonderfully useful gift for your friends. When all crunchy ETA Nuts are finished, use the spillproof tray and tumblers to serve party drinks.



ETA GIFT CANISTERS

An amazing variety. Big, gleaming jars filled to the brim with all your favourite ETA Nuts.

ETA Salted Cashews	ETA Almond Fourres
ETA Salted Peanuts	ETA Sugar-Coated Peanuts
ETA Mixed Nuts	ETA Nutbeams
ETA Chocolate Coated Peanuts	ETA Scorched Hazel Nuts
ETA Chocolate Coated Almonds	ETA Sugared Almonds



ETA COMPOSITE CARTON

Three gay packs of the freshest, most crunchy ETA Nut varieties.



ETA NUT BONS

Joy-filled bon bons that give each person a different packet of crunchy ETA Nuts; they'll really brighten up Christmas dinner settings.



ETA —The Perfect Christmas Gift

Continuing . . . SOMETHING LIGHT

from page 75

Mr. McAndrew. "You're shivering with cold. Not that it doesn't seem to be a habit with you," he added censoriously. "I've not forgotten all that champagne yet."

"When you were so childish about your whisky," retorted Louisa.

"Be your opinion what it may, you're still shivering," said Mr. McAndrew. "Will you get into the car, or do I lift you?"

He was undoubtedly capable of it. (Also the only man Louisa knew who was. Mr. McAndrew weighed about fourteen stone, in good trim. He played Rugby football, Louisa almost guessed it, for the London Scottish.) It still wasn't the threat of such a last indignity that swayed her. There was no bus for another hour. (However odious in other respects, Louisa felt Mr. McAndrew reliable about timetables.) And when she did get a bus, or if she walked, to the station, she had no idea when the next train was. Why cut off one's nose to spite one's face? Louisa got into the car.

Within a matter of minutes, she nearly got out again.

It had been easy enough, after but the briefest period of conjecture, to connect Mr. McAndrew's appearance outside Chesham Hall with the scaffolding over the Hall winter-garden; didn't he specialise in stately homes? So far, so good; Louisa's curiosity was satisfied — for she must have been a

little curious — without the need to encourage Mr. McAndrew (instead of slamming him down) by showing it. But as she considered the circumstances more fully, a really horrible suspicion stirred.

"Did you by any chance pinch that 'Tatler' I had at Broydon Court?" asked Louisa abruptly.

Mr. McAndrew grinned. "There was a pair of very fine ankles pictured in it — along with the couple of wee dogs."

Louisa wasn't deceived. That would-be salacious grin masked, she was almost sure, the even more repulsive aspect of a Good Samaritan.

"Did you by any chance show it to Lady Mary Tablet?"

"I might have done."

"Did you by any chance suggest me to photograph her beastly corgis?"

"Not at all. That was entirely her own notion," affirmed Mr. McAndrew.

Louisa wasn't deceived. On top of all else, he had managed to patronise her. His mere proximity now revolting, she glanced at the car door, half-minded to pull it open and hurl herself out. They weren't doing much over thirty — or if she did break her neck, what matter? Wouldn't a broken neck solve her every problem? So felt Louisa, at the moment, most sincerely; nor was the thought of Mr. McAndrew involved in all the nuisance of an inquest at all displeasing. She only hoped he'd get his licence endorsed . . .

WHILE she hesitated, however (indeed while she still had him in the witness-box), the latter so far misread her look as to reach across and wind the window up, then back for a light overcoat which he pulled about her shoulders. The resultant warmth was so grateful, Louisa at least temporarily abandoned thoughts of suicide. Moreover, she'd remembered a comeback.

"It may still interest you to know," retorted Louisa nastily, "that your Lady Mary Tablet has just gypped me out of three guineas."

She continued to feel humiliated nonetheless. Probably no car of its size ever bore a greater burden of resentment, and humiliation, and general ill-feeling.

When they stopped, not long afterwards, it was at a very small village inn. The benches against the walls were so narrow and hard, if Louisa suddenly recalled the Meares, it was only to hope that when they left her at Dorking station —

How long ago? Only a month? To Louisa it felt like a lifetime.

—they'd been able to sip their one small sherry apiece in brighter surroundings. Louisa couldn't think of any other reason for thinking of the Meares; though perhaps the landlady's expert glance (in this case how mistaken!) showed a slight diminution of umbrage as before a properly respectable couple. ("It's his size," thought Louisa vaguely, watching Mr. McAndrew insert himself between narrow bench and narrow table.)

She looked about again; for all gaiety of decor there was a stuffed pike, under glass, behind the bar, and on one wall an old broad-sheet commemorating an eighteenth-century murder. The leaves of a pair of rubber plants shone with a sickly, mortuary phosphorescence — probably floor-polish; which hadn't been applied to the floor. In all, it was one of the most depressing hang-outs Louisa had ever struck; and thus at least matched her mood.

"Not that the Meares would notice," mused Louisa aloud. They were the first words she

had spoken for some time. Mr. McAndrew looked at her.

"I'm glad the cat hasn't got your tongue altogether," he remarked. "Who might the Meares be?"

Impossible to go back to Kersynere Kennels, to Teddy and Molly Meare standing hand-in-hand on a railway platform! Taking a short cut —

"Well, they were married," explained Louisa.

"Most folk are," said McAndrew. "I don't see what way that specialises them."

"Yes, but she didn't know Teddy was a vet."

Mr. McAndrew glanced at Louisa's tumbler. She'd had only one small whisky, as yet unfinished.

"No doubt I'll plumb your mind in due time," he reflected. "I'm still glad to hear you've a few decent acquaintances. A vet's is a very respectable profession."

"Of course I've never seen them since," said Louisa discouragingly.

But somehow, just as they'd have wished to do, the Meares broke the ice. Moreover, Louisa was now at that stage of fatigue when it is easier to talk than not.

"They were really why I came to Broydon at all," she added, "to meet Jimmy again . . ."

"I understood the name was Freddy," objected Mr. McAndrew.

"No, Freddy was the one before," explained Louisa.

"The one before what?" inquired Mr. McAndrew patiently.

"The one I tried first, when I first thought of getting married at all."

"You surprise me," said Mr. McAndrew. "I'd never have credited you with such a sensible notion. From the way you carried yourself at Broydon, one would have thought photographing wee hounds — by which I intend canines in general," said Mr. McAndrew pointedly — "the whole aim of female existence. I never remember a woman," recalled Mr. McAndrew, "annoying me more."

Why the thought occurred to her Louisa had no idea. It occurred nonetheless.

"Was it you," asked Louisa suddenly, "who kissed me when the lights went out?"

Now it was Mr. McAndrew's turn to flinch. He looked a little aside; then up at the stuffed pike.

"Aye," admitted Mr. McAndrew. "Though more out of opportunism than anything else."

"Was it you who turned the lights out?" demanded Louisa, pressing her advantage.

"Certainly not," said Mr. McAndrew, recovering a little.

"At a guess, it was some silly young lad wishing to make a pass at a silly young lass. As I've told you, on my part it was sheer opportunism."

"I didn't even know who it was," said Louisa. "I thought it was Mr. Wray."

"Maybe he could have made a jump, at that," agreed Mr. McAndrew.

"At least you're not jealous," said Louisa coldly.

"Of that wee fellow? How should I be?" said Mr. McAndrew. "It was only I you bothered to slam down. I repeat, I felt if anything rather an aversion for you."

"You still came and took me out to lunch."

"I've a maybe foolish dislike of eating alone," explained Mr. McAndrew. "Go on with what you were telling me. You had a notion to get married."

Sadly Louisa thought back over the past weeks: recapitulating, and reviewing, and regretting.

"Well, I suppose it began

To page 79

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A free leaflet describing the essentials for a happy, healthy pregnancy and a normal, natural birth is available from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

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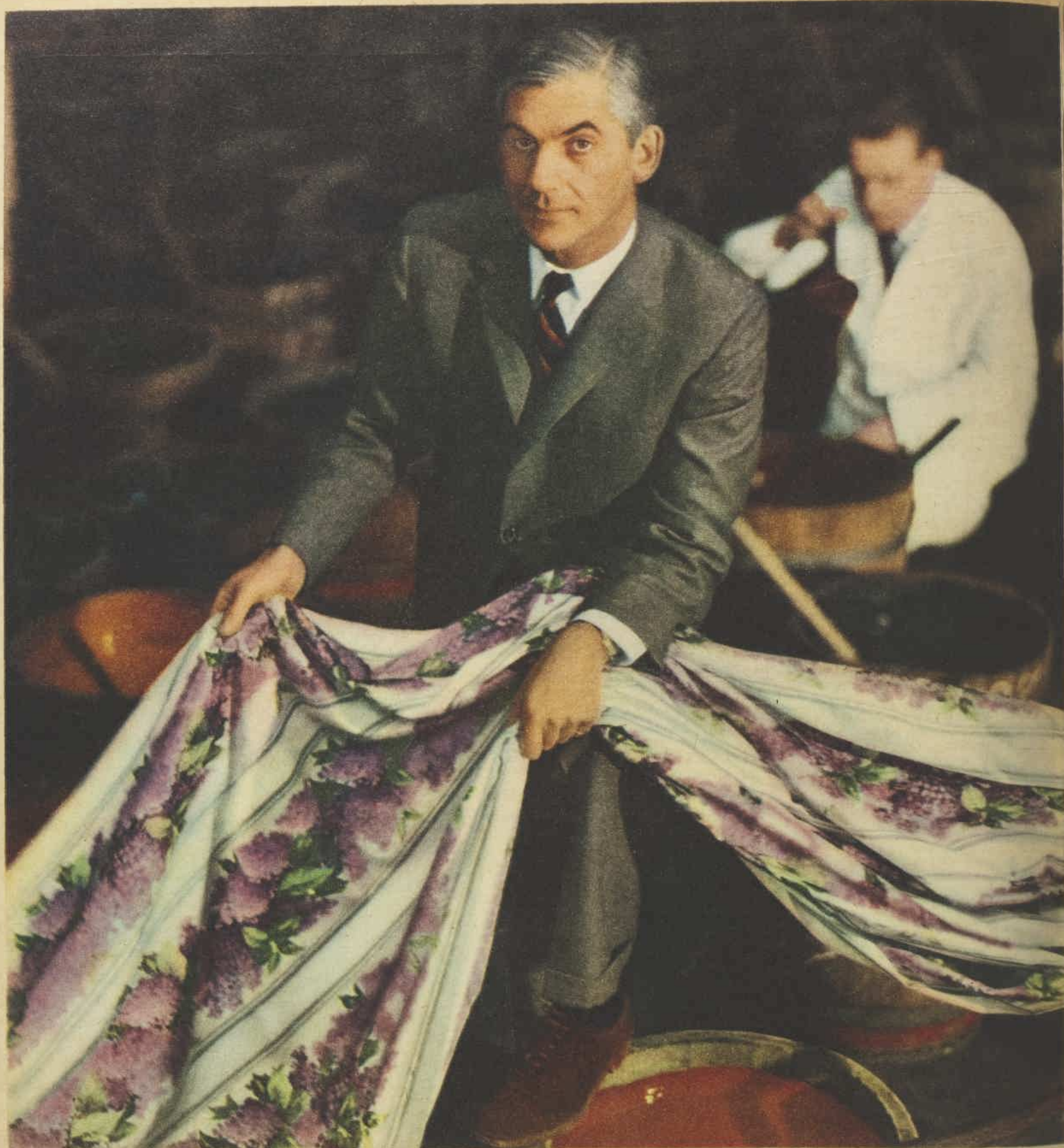
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 30, 1960



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Here you see Our Man at one of the Sanderson factories, running an expert eye over a length of fabric. It is one of thousands that Sanderson design, weave and print to make up a range that is little short of fabulous—in styling and patterns, colours and materials.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 30, 1960

from page 77

with talking to the milkman about Ibsen."

"I don't know whether to give you another whisky or not," said Mr. McAndrew.

"Freddie would," said Louisa. "Actually I don't want any, but I've never, you must have noticed it, met any man there with drinks. Freddie's is a quite wonderfully generous nature," said Louisa. "What I would like is something to eat."

"It surprises me you didn't marry him yourself," observed Mr. McAndrew, returning from the bar with a meat pie, "if such was your aim, and you've got an opinion of him."

"It surprises me, too," acknowledged Louisa, "now. But perhaps it wasn't just Enid—" "The widow?"

"Or butterfly on buddleia."

"I hope you're not running a temperature," said Mr. McAndrew. "Do you feel any warmer?"

"Warm as toast," Louisa assured him. It took her a moment to discover why; then she realised that she was wearing his overcoat. At some point she must have thrust her arms into the sleeves. As a garment it was far too big, but the simple tweed folds were wonderfully cosy, over a linen suit.

"It's to be trusted you've a good thick dressing-gown," said Mr. McAndrew worriedly.

"Two," lied Louisa.

"You'd better take that back with you," said Mr. McAndrew—obviously a hard man to deceive. "If it wasn't a butterfly on a buddleia—for heaven's sake!—put you off the old rip, and me what did."

"Well, perhaps I felt even then—subconsciously, you know—that he was past marring a family."

"In my opinion, it's an aspect that might have struck you outright," commented Mr. McAndrew.

"At least I'm not as old as Sarah wife of Abraham!" retorted Louisa, stung—also slightly confusing the point. "I didn't know I wanted a family, then, myself. It was only after Mr. Clark—"

"I'm glad to find you read your Bible," said Mr. McAndrew. "But just for the record, what's become of this Jimmy?"

Louisa sighed.

"He turned out to have something quite different in mind altogether."

"Ah!"

"Bamboo," corrected Louisa. Mr. McAndrew went back to the bar and fetched a couple more meat pies.

"At least old Freddie taught me money isn't everything," mused Louisa. ("Won't you have one yourself? They're very good.") All I learnt from Jimmy was to steer clear of bamboo. Which I suppose was useful, too, in its way; now that I look back, I can see I spent far too much time in the pansy-beds among the bamboo-bushes . . . Isn't that pie all right?"

"It beats me how you can tackle a second," said Mr. McAndrew frankly.

"Well, I'm hungry," said

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in *The Australian Women's Weekly* are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

Louisa. "I generally am," she admitted thoughtlessly.

"O my dear lass!"

Louisa looked at him in surprise. He instantly fixed the stuffed pie again.

"We'll find some more decent place on the road," he promised. "Get on now to Mr. Clark."

Louisa sighed anew.

"One thing he taught me I hope I'll never be ungrateful enough to forget. I'd never, really, disliked a man before, I was so fond of them; after Mr. Clark I don't see how I can ever be such a sucker for them again. I only wish," sighed Louisa, "he hadn't had such a nice family . . ."

A silence fell, as she remembered Paul and Catherine and Toby; a tear fell, salting not unacceptably the meat-pie.

"Is you the last?" prompted Mr. McAndrew.

Louisa nodded.

"I've given it up," she explained. "I suppose you could say I've made a pretty fair fool of myself. But I only wanted to get married!"

"Well, there's nothing wrong with that," said Mr. McAndrew kindly. "Still, what a daft way,

by your own account, you set about it! Don't you know that a woman wanting to marry should let herself be courted?"

"For instance, if you'd thoughts of marrying me," continued Mr. McAndrew, after a further pause, and now transferring his gaze to the broadsheet about the murder, "you should begin by letting me take you out a bit. To Sunday concerts at the Albert Hall, for example. So we'd get to know each other. D'you happen to be free this coming Sunday?"

"Well, yes, I am," said Louisa.

"Then there's Kew Gardens, if the weather doesn't break. Wet or fine, there's the British Museum."

"Or Westminster Abbey," suggested Louisa, more and more interested.

"London's filled with suitable spots," said Mr. McAndrew. "The point I'm making is, that's how you should let yourself be courted."

The more Louisa considered it, the more the notion appealed to her. Wasn't it indeed something she realised herself—the *va piano va sicuro*? And how delightful (recalling the other half of her device) to be oneself in the position of monkey softly-softly padded after by Mr. McAndrew! But there was a serious drawback.

"How long would it take?" she asked anxiously.

"Say a year to eighteen months."

"Then I'm sorry, but I can't wait," said Louisa. "I don't mean I can't wait," she added hastily, "I mean that any job, anywhere, if I can find one, just now I'd have to jump at. Even in Australia as an Assisted Immigrant. At Broydon," confessed Louisa, "I was just putting on the successful woman act. You thought I was successful, didn't you?" she asked wittily.

"Indeed I did," said Mr. McAndrew. "O my dear lass!"

The thread of her thought momentarily broken—

"You called me that before," said Louisa uncertainly.

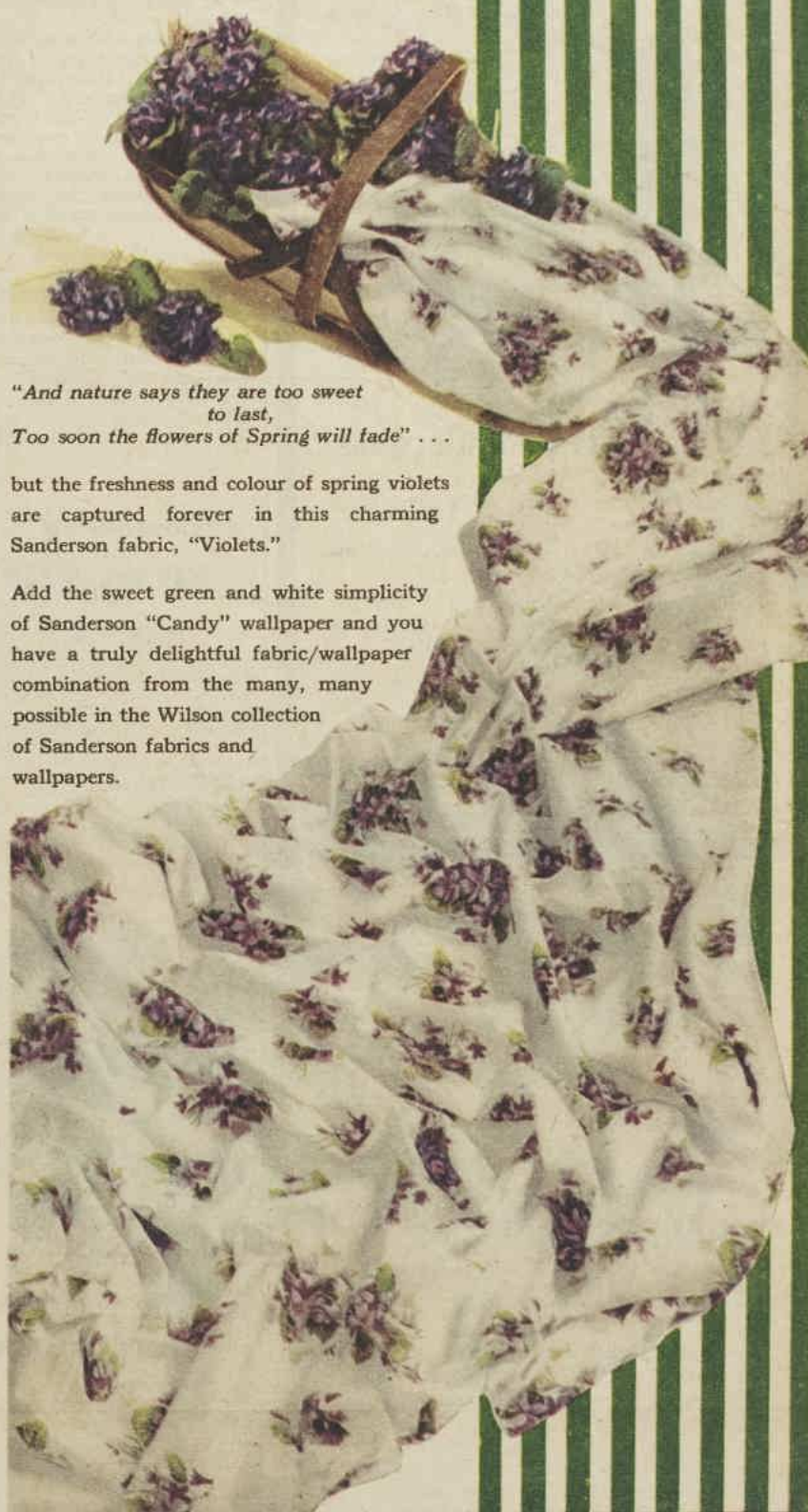
"Let it pass," said Mr. McAndrew. "Though you might try my own given name of Andrew."

"Didn't your mother call you Andy?"

"She did not. Nor am I

To page 80

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"And nature says they are too sweet to last, Too soon the flowers of Spring will fade" . . .

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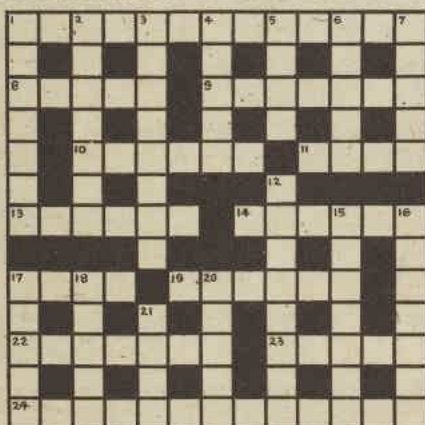
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THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- This statement appears to be a faulty comment on prune (13).
- Fear caused by an adder (5).
- Extend so as to rest upon above the hanging part of a garment (7).
- Take a short bolt after tea to make a three-legged stand (6).
- River in Bavaria (4).
- For destiny, give me an endless kiss before tea (6).
- Knowledge, especially of mysteries (6).
- Anything annoying you pick up at any step (4).
- I nod or could be situated within a building (6).
- For wanting to cheat the first Christian community he was rebuked by St. Peter (7).
- Good for stockings (5).
- An early writer of whodunits (5, 5, 3).



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

- An enclosed pasture land (7).
- Avenged his father's murder by killing his mother and Aegistheus (7).
- Invested with ministerial function (8).
- Jupiter transformed her into stone as she wept (5).
- Pitcher in a new era (4).
- The chief of the Jinn which were cast out of heaven (5).
- Swine-like mammal who can make a trip (5).
- Minos in a state in which he can't sleep (8).
- The kiss of winter could cause this (4, 3).
- This is worth gold (7).
- Stage of development in shape (5).
- Obnoxious persons were once punished by having to ride it (5).
- Pertaining to the centre of the face (5).
- There is in Bali a renegade who won't tell the truth (4).



Solution of last week's crossword.

Always look for the name

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Superfluous hair can be so offensive — unglamorous, too. But don't remove it the harsh way. Avoid razor rash and scratchy stubble — use new-formula VEET instead. New VEET is whiter, daintier than ever — faster, too! It's the modern cosmetic cream which stops quick regrowth by dissolving hair below skin level. Apply VEET, leave, then simply wash the hair away. Feel how soft, how smooth, your skin becomes! Don't be without this special beauty cream. It's safe for facial hair, too. 3/6 a tube; large size, 5/6. At all chemists and stores.

NEW VEET

YOUR BOOKSHELF

With JOYCE HALSTEAD

"Walk to the Paradise Gardens"

Charmian Clift (Hutchinson).

Charles Cant, successful architect, and his elegant wife, Julia, go to Lebanon Bay for a holiday. For Julia it is a first return to the place where she grew up, but the years have made many changes. The hotel, remembered as a verandah old building "with atmosphere," is now a steel and stucco edifice, complete with chromium chairs and dreary patterned carpet. And her old home has become a Butlin style holiday camp called "Paradise Gardens," run by a "Pommie," Roy Tressida.

Roy's aloof wife, Meg, warms to Charles' admiration, and is unaware that Con, the Greek waiter, is in love with her. Most of the characters, in their self-centred pursuit of life, draw little sympathy. The Greek boy has warmth, but Charles is hatefully disdainful. Julia and Meg both seem defeated. Roy is the ever-cheerful, boring villain of the piece. Background is full-flavored Australian yet incidental to the story which has macabre undertones. Character studies are piercingly drawn, probing deep into emotions. Excellent novel with some beautiful descriptive passages.

"Cats' A.B.C."

Beverley Nichols (Jonathan Cape).

The author labels cat-lovers—"F" (Feline), and non-cat-lovers—"non-F." The former will love this cleverly illustrated book and agree with everything he has to say about cats' character and behaviour, alphabetically tabled from A (Amusement) to Z (not zoo). In between are some delightful reflections under C—Cuisine—"Every cat, if given a chance, is an epicure"; E-Elegance; P-Purring; U-Under the Walnut Tree; and Y-Yawning.

Continuing . . .

SOMETHING LIGHT

from page 79

seeking a mother," stated Andrew McAndrew. "In my view, the man's part is to provide and cherish, not be taken care of like a bairn. D'you mean you're in any real financial difficulty?"

Louisa put it as plainly as she could.

"Well, if I don't pay some rent pretty soon, and if I do I don't see how I'm to eat, I'll probably be sleeping on a park bench."

"Are you telling me you owe for rent?" demanded Mr. McAndrew incredulously.

"Aye," said Louisa. "And you should see the Dairy bill."

It wasn't the stuffed pike he now regarded, nor the broadsheet about a murder, but Louisa's chrysanthemum head. Rather drooping, like a chrysanthemum under rain. Louisa didn't consciously droop, she was just very tired; but at the same time the thought washed over her, in a warm, relaxing tide, that before a man

so prepared to provide and cherish it didn't matter whether she drooped or not. In fact, she slightly revived.

"You're putting me in a very awkward position," complained Mr. McAndrew.

"It was your idea," pointed out Louisa.

"Might you not hold on for just a couple of months?"

"Well, I dare say I could borrow from old Freddy," offered Louisa.

"Don't speak merely to irritate me," said Mr. McAndrew.

"Can't you see that what I'm being driven up to is a Special Licence?"

Louisa sat back in his overcoat and let him worry it out. At last, she was being taken charge of—and how gladly! Only because it wasn't in her nature to be unhelpful—

"O my dear lad!" breathed Louisa tenderly, "O my dear lad!"

(Copyright)

The novel "Something Light," published by William Collins, will shortly be in the bookshops.

"Operation Terror" is exciting new serial

FIRST instalment of an exciting suspense story, "OPERATION TERROR," by The Gordons, will be published in next week's issue.

The Gordons are Gordon and Mildred Gordon, a husband-and-wife writing team who specialise in crime and suspense novels.

"Operation Terror" begins when pretty young Kelly Sherwood drives her car into her garage one night and a voice out of the darkness says, "You're going to do exactly as I say, because you really have no choice." On the threat of death to her younger sister, Kelly is forced into co-operation with the unknown man in a plan to rob the bank where she is employed.

Secretly she enlists the aid of the F.B.I., and then begins a cautious, slow tracking down of the criminal, with Kelly as the girl on the tightrope . . . fearful to take a step which may destroy her sister, but desperate to find the man who is guilty.

"Operation Terror," which will be published in four instalments, is one of the most exciting serials we've published, so don't miss next week's opening instalment.

Continuing . . .

TAKE ONE RAINY NIGHT

from page 29

reasoning, the evidence of everyone else's good sense actually used to justify her own mad impulses."

"Ben, it's the very last night for this picture—" "But, Mr. Callander, we must consider every possibility before taking this grave step. Perhaps this was her last opportunity to see some rare example of the cinematographers' art?" "Your honor, I'm obliged to point out that this miserable movie has been roundly condemned by every reviewer in the San Francisco Bay area."

"Ben, we'll be late. Now, go on and get the Howsers."

"From the sad shake of your honor's distinguished head I see you finally perceive what I'm up against. It is I who am expected to get out of the car and slog through a torrential downpour, while she sits in snug comfort —"

"Ben, hurry up, or we'll miss the beginning! And put on your raincoat."

"The only thing better than missing the beginning of this celluloid disaster—" Ben began tugging at a corner of his wadded-up raincoat—"would be missing the end and the middle, too." He opened his door. Thrusting an arm into a sleeve of the coat, he swung his long legs out of the car, then began to run, head ducked against the rain.

HE was struggling with his raincoat, and Ruth saw that he had his arm in the wrong sleeve. He ran across the small patch of lawn, reached the shelter of the Howsers' front steps, and stopped to look down at his coat. He pushed his other arm into the empty sleeve and—the coat on backward — reached around and managed to fasten one button. He took off his hat, ran his hand through his black hair, then put the hat on backward, too.

Peering through her rain-streaked window, Ruth watched him walk up the steps and push the bell; when he turned to stand with his back to the door, Ruth began rolling down her window.

The door behind Ben opened, yellow light filling the little entryway, and June Howser stood, a hand on the doorknob, staring in surprised silence at the figure in her doorway. Ben ducked his chin to his chest, the hatbrim at the back of his head rising to expose the apparently blank and featureless dark-haired face underneath it. June gasped.

"June, it's Ben!" Ruth called to her. "With his hat on backward."

"Oh, for heaven's sakes," June murmured.

"He was just talking about having me committed," Ruth called.

June smiled as she stepped aside to let Ben in. "Well, if he can prove you married him," June called to Ruth, "he's proved you're crazy. We'll be with you in a minute." June closed the door behind her and turned to Ben. "Come in and sit down," she said, "if you're sure you know which way to bend. Charley's nearly ready, finally. He's been stalling for half an hour."

"Charley, take your time!" Ben called down the hallway leading to the Howsers' bedroom. "Take several hours. Even days! I'll drive Ruth home, and we'll wait till we hear from you."

"Honestly, you're as bad as Charley about simply going to a movie." June had turned to a closet, and now she brought out a red raincoat and hat.

"Hi," Charley Howser appeared in the bedroom door.

way, adjusting his tie, a tweed coat over his arm. He was a rather short man, but he was very powerfully built; he had red hair and a homely, pleasant face. "Ben, you look as though you don't know whether you're coming or going."

Ben glanced at his rain-speckled coat. "It's symbolic means that I'm going to the movies when I wish I were coming home."

Charley nodded. "Me, too. Looks like a bad night, even for ducks. And a worse one for us." He slipped his coat on backward. "But maybe we can fool these addlepated women. Ben, I'll pour water on their heads, and we'll walk backward, and they'll think we've already been to the movies."

He nodded towards the living-room fireplace. "I'll start a fire, and we'll have some hot drinks and sit around talking about what a delightful picture it was."

"All right, you two, come on." June rattled the front-door knob.

Charley said, pulling his coat off, "I'm always thoroughly delighted to see the Callanders, but sitting in a movie I won't see them at all. On a night like this, I'd like to see the Callanders by flickering firelight."

"Charley," Ben said, "you're making my knees weak with desire at the very thought."

"Listen—" June frowned. "Don't you two really want to go?"

Charley looked at Ben. "Now, where would she get an idea like that, Ben? You must have said something."

"Not me. I love going to dull movies in a raging typhoon."

June opened the front door. "Ruth!" she called, and they heard Ruth's window being rolled down. "They're both lying here on the living-room floor, kicking their heels in a tantrum. Why don't we just let them stay here?"

"Suits me," Ruth called back. "Wonderful idea, in fact. They'd just sit muttering all through the picture, spoiling it for us. Come on!"

"Well, the reprieve came in time," June said to the two men. "Enjoy yourselves." She stepped out, pulled the door closed behind her.

Charley turned to Ben, shaking his head in surprise. "Ben, I owe it all to you," he said, tossing his coat on a chair. "How about a drink?"

"Maybe a little later, Charley." Ben stood up and began taking off his raincoat. "We just had dinner."

"Okay," Charley reached for Ben's coat. "I'll start a fire pretty soon, and we'll have some hot buttered rum or mulled ale or something, to celebrate. Reprieve is right. I hear it's the world's worst movie."

"Yeah, I read the reviews." Ben sat down on the davenport beside the fireplace.

"Those crazy women, going to a bad movie on a miserable night like this. You watch, though, they'll come back and say it was wonderful. They'll know better, of course—they'll know we were right and that it's a terrible picture." Charley sat down, clapping his hands behind his head. "Heck, they know it right now. But they've got to go to see it, just the same. What's it about, anyway?"

"Some kind of fifth-rate musical." Ben lounged back on the davenport. "A lot of weary way?"

To page 82

Gift-rapt

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Page 81

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(All prices capital cities.)

Six-Piece Gift Set. Comprising: 2½ pt. Round Casserole and Dual Purpose Cover, 1½ pt. Oval Pie Dish, 8½ inch Round Pie Plate, 2½ pt. Oblong Utility Dish, Pie Funnel. Price: Plain 42/9; coloured, 51/9.

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Copper Turkish Coffee Pot—Andromeda, Sydney.



Continuing . . . TAKE ONE RAINY NIGHT

from page 80

stuff about all of Paris going mad for 'l'amour.' You know, you've probably seen it a thousand times."

"Yeah, I know," Charley nodded. "There'll be at least one scene where a baker, a charwoman, a street cleaner with a twig-broom, and a gendarme, of course, all throw up their hands in ecstasy at sight of the young lovers and start singing. The gendarme has his thumbs hooked in his belt and reaches up to twist his moustache."

"Right," Ben smiled. "And the song is 'Love in the Louvre.'" The young couple wander into the Louvre Museum with arms around each other's waists, and just as the song ends there's a trick shot of—what's that famous painting in the Louvre? The woman with the mysterious smile?"

"You mean Mona Lisa?" "Yeah. The scene ends with a trick-shot of Mona Lisa winking at the audience. Real cute." "Right!" Charley was grinning. "And the heroine is a leggy, scrawny sort of girl—"

"You mean 'gamine,' Charley. There's a law against using any other word." "Of course, I'm sorry—gamine. She looks like nothing in the first half of the picture, wears a straw hat and a pinafore, and looks about twelve years old. Then comes the scene where she puts on her first evening gown—"

"And the hero says, 'Frou-frou! You've grown up!'" "And Maurice Chevalier winks at the audience," Charley was grinning happily. "You watch, though. June'll come back and insist it was great."

"Sure. So will Ruth. They'll back each other up." Ben frowned. "Too bad we don't know some of the actual horrible details to throw back at them."

"How do you mean?" "Well—" Ben glanced at Charley—"they'll come back and start yapping about what a great picture we missed. Then I'll say, 'No kidding? Did we really miss a good picture?' And you'd say, 'Well, I'll be darned. I'd have sworn it would be the kind of picture with the gendarme and the baker and so on all dancing in the street.' Only the example you'd use would be something that was really in the picture. You see what I mean?" Charley nodded.

"Then I'd say, 'Well, I'm sorry I missed it now, Ruth. I thought for sure it'd be full of ghastly cute stuff—like Mona Lisa winking at the audience.' Only I'd use some actual detail from the picture." Ben grinned. "They'd have to lie then, in pure self-defence. Deny there was any such thing in the picture at all. Then we'd have them. 'That so?' we'd say. 'Well, what was the picture like? Tell us all about it!'"

Charley looked up at Ben. "You suppose if we phoned the box office, they'd tell us a little about the picture?"

Ben shook his head. "Not the kind of actual details we'd need. We'd have to have some pretty specific incidents."

For several seconds both men stared at the floor. Then, in the same instant, both looked up, and as their eyes met, they grinned.

Very softly, Ben said. "Would it really be worth it, Charley?"

"Well," Charley answered, still grinning, and then shrugged. "My car's in the garage. We wouldn't need raincoats. Just walk down the inside stairway, drive out, and leave the garage door open. Going or coming, we wouldn't get wet. And on a night like this, we ought to be able to park practically in front of the theatre. We could drive down

and see, anyway. Wouldn't have to stay for the whole picture, either—just long enough to gather some ammunition, then back to the fireside and life-restoring booze."

Ben nodded. "Okay, I'm willing if you are."

"Let's go, then," Charley stood up. "Best reason I've ever had for going to a bad movie."

They did not find a parking place in front of the theatre; it was a block and a half away. The rain was coming down hard, drumming loudly on the



roof, and the men sat for a few minutes peering through the blurred windshield, discussing whether or not to return home. But it was too late for that.

Presently they got out and began to run towards the theatre, Charley's legs pumping hard, Ben loping beside him. They were panting when they reached the outer lobby, and they stood for a few moments catching their breaths, mopping their faces with handkerchiefs.

Their wives, they knew, liked to sit well forward, so the men sat far to the rear, slouched down in their seats. On the screen a cartooned mouse was being chased by a cat, who carried a pair of white gloves and wore a vest from which hung a gold watch-chain.

They watched a travelogue, then sat through some minutes of coming attractions. Presently the feature began. A girl, leaning out a garret window, looking over the rooftop around her, sang "You Aren't in Paris if You Aren't in Love" as the title and credit lines passed over the screen.

"My old friends, the chimpneypots of Paris," Ben said. "I'd have demanded our money back if we hadn't seen them." "I still will," said Charley, "if we don't hear some gay Gallic accordion music."

But before the girl's song ended a young man appeared in a nearby rooftop window and tried to begin an acquaintance by accompanying her on his accordion. Refusing to glance at him, the girl finished her song, then pulled down her blind, and the young Frenchman shrugged with both shoulders and both hands and struck a discord on his accordion.

Charley leaned towards Ben. "We're safe. This opus will be all we expect."

They sat watching the movie, following the plot with some small interest. When a pedestrian appeared in the picture, walking along a narrow Paris street carrying a yard-long loaf of bread under his arm, Ben nudged Charley. "Make a note," he murmured. "No Paris movie complete without a loaf of bread."

"I know," Charley muttered. "It's made of plaster. They've used it in every French movie since Chevalier was a teenager."

The picture continued. There was a scene presently in a sidewalk cafe. The young girl who had sung from her garret window was now tasting champagne for the first time; a handsome boulevardier, hands folded on

top of his cane, smiled indulgently.

The girl sipped from her glass, then looked up, her nose wrinkling in surprise, and Ben said, "It tickles my nose!" as the girl spoke the identical words. Charley let out a bark of laughter, the only person in the theatre to laugh. Several yards ahead a couple turned to glance at them.

Ben and Charley watched the movie for a considerable time. Again Ben murmured, "Make a note," as the picture showed a strolling gendarme rolling his eyes at sight of the girl and the accordion player leaning on a bridge rail.

They watched longer and later than they'd intended, and when a line of mesh-stockinged girls dancing the can-can appeared on the screen, Ben glanced at his watch. "This thing must be nearly over," he murmured to Charley. "We'd better get out of here if we want to beat the girls home."

It was still raining and again they ran to the car. Ben sneezed on the drive back to the Howlers. But Charley started a fire in the living-room fireplace and mixed them each a drink. They had shed their wet jackets and were by the fire, sipping the drinks, when they heard Ben's car pull into the driveway.

The motor stopped; car doors slammed. Charley got up and opened the door. As Ruth stepped in, followed by June, Charley said, "Well, look who's here, Ben—Yvonne and Fifi!"

How was the movie, petites?"

"Oh, fine," said June. Ruth murmured, "Wonder. They began removing raincoats and hats."

"Oh?" Ben said from davenport, and his eye rose in surprise. "Well, I darned. I'd have sworn it foul, wouldn't you, Char?"

"Yeah," Charley said. "Looks as though maybe I missed something, Ben. T about it, ladies. I'll fix a drink."

"Oh, never mind," June said. She turned from the closeting a hand to her head, just her dark hair. "I want a drink. Unless does."

"No, thanks," Ruth w towards the davenport, su brightly at Ben. "Well," said, sitting down beside Her cheeks, Ben noticed, flushed from the rain and looked very pretty. what've you two been doi

To page 85

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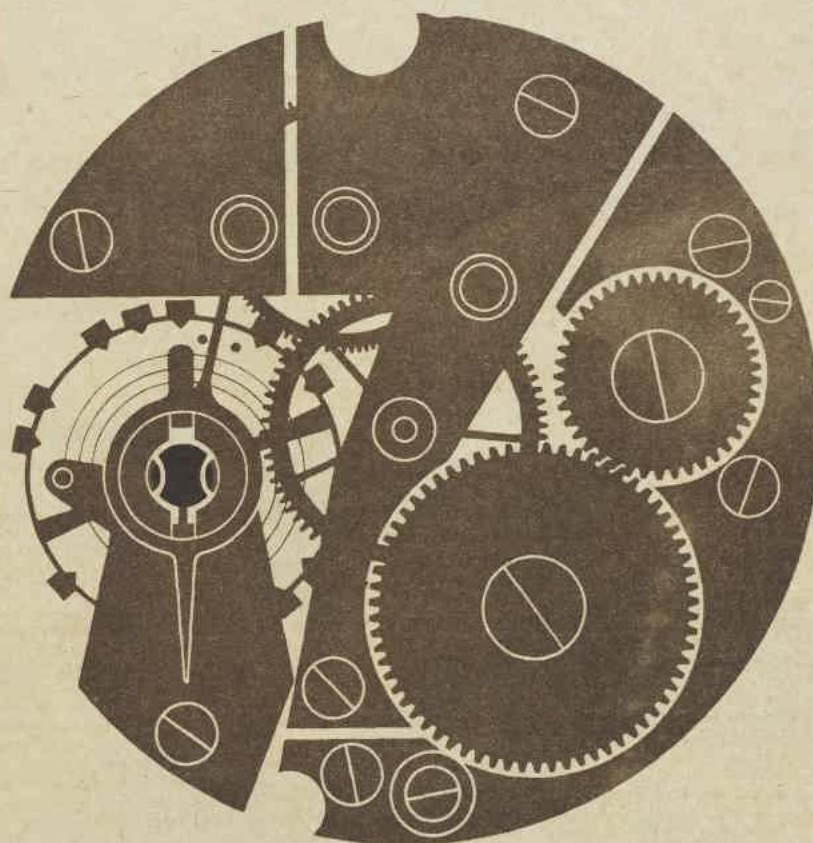
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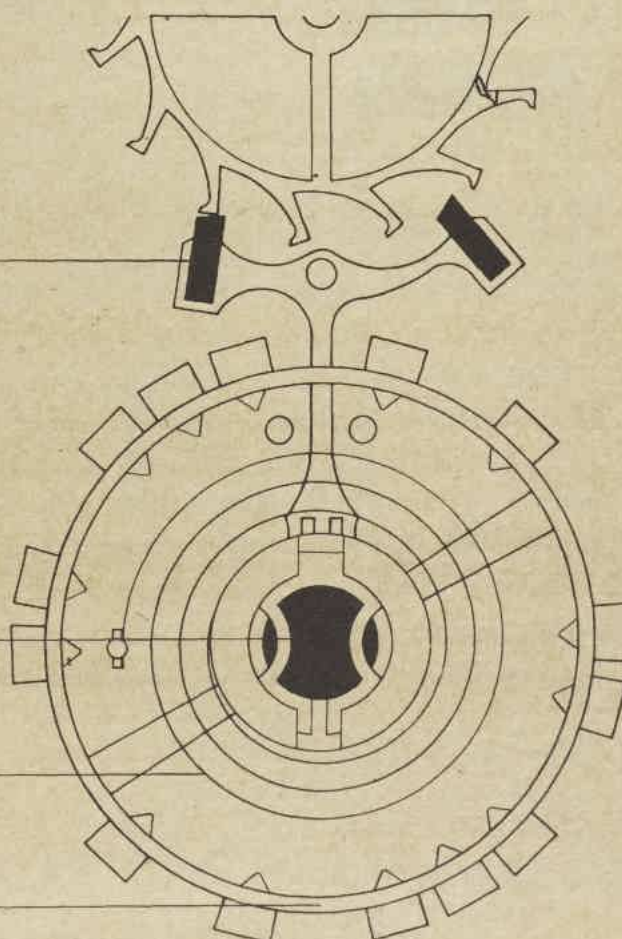
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BY EVE HILLIARD

For week beginning November 28

ARIES

The Ram

MARCH 21 - APRIL 20
Lucky number this week, 5.
Lucky color for love, green.
Lucky days, Monday, Saturday.
Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday.
Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday.
Lucky days, Thursday, Friday.
Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday.
Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday.
Lucky days, Thursday, Friday.

TAURUS

The Bull

APRIL 21 - MAY 20
Lucky number this week, 4.
Lucky color for love, orange.
Lucky days, Tuesday, Thursday.
Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday.
Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday.
Lucky days, Thursday, Friday.
Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday.
Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday.
Lucky days, Thursday, Friday.

GEMINI

The Twins

MAY 21 - JUNE 20
Lucky number this week, 5.
Lucky color for love, grey.
Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday.
Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday.
Lucky days, Thursday, Friday.
Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday.
Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday.
Lucky days, Thursday, Friday.

CANCER

The Crab

JUNE 21 - JULY 20
Lucky number this week, 2.
Lucky color for love, white.
Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday.
Lucky days, Thursday, Friday.
Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday.
Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday.
Lucky days, Thursday, Friday.
Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday.

LEO

The Lion

JULY 21 - AUGUST 20
Lucky number this week, 6.
Lucky color for love, light blue.
Lucky days, Monday, Saturday.
Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday.
Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday.
Lucky days, Thursday, Friday.
Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday.
Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday.
Lucky days, Thursday, Friday.

VIRGO

The Virgin

AUGUST 21 - SEPTEMBER 20
Lucky number this week, 8.
Lucky color for love, black.
Lucky days, Thursday, Friday.
Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday.
Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday.
Lucky days, Thursday, Friday.
Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday.
Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday.
Lucky days, Thursday, Friday.

LIBRA

The Balance

SEPTEMBER 21 - OCTOBER 20
Lucky number this week, 6.
Lucky color for love, navy-blue.
Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday.
Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday.
Lucky days, Thursday, Friday.
Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday.
Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday.
Lucky days, Thursday, Friday.

SCORPIO

The Scorpion

OCTOBER 21 - NOVEMBER 20
Lucky number this week, 3.
Lucky color for love, violet.
Lucky days, Monday, Saturday.
Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday.
Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday.
Lucky days, Thursday, Friday.
Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday.
Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday.
Lucky days, Thursday, Friday.

SAGITTARIUS

The Archer

NOVEMBER 21 - DECEMBER 20
Lucky number this week, 1.
Lucky color for love, yellow.
Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday.
Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday.
Lucky days, Thursday, Friday.
Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday.
Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday.
Lucky days, Thursday, Friday.

CAPRICORN

The Goat

DECEMBER 21 - JANUARY 20
Lucky number this week, 3.
Lucky color for love, mauve.
Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday.
Lucky days, Thursday, Friday.
Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday.
Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday.
Lucky days, Thursday, Friday.
Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday.

AQUARIUS

The Waterbearer

JANUARY 21 - FEBRUARY 20
Lucky number this week, 1.
Lucky color for love, brown.
Lucky days, Monday, Saturday.
Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday.
Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday.
Lucky days, Thursday, Friday.
Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday.
Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday.
Lucky days, Thursday, Friday.

PISCES

The Fish

FEBRUARY 21 - MARCH 20
Lucky number this week, 8.
Lucky color for love, silver.
Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday.
Lucky days, Thursday, Friday.
Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday.
Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday.
Lucky days, Thursday, Friday.
Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday.

The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary
a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility
for the statements contained in it.

AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - November 30, 1960

Continuing . . .

TAKE ONE RAINY NIGHT

from page 82

June walked to Charley's easy chair and Charley pulled another chair beside it.

"Oh, nothing much," Ben answered. "Tell us about this wonderful picture we missed. I thought sure it'd be a typical French-bread opus."

"What kind?"
"Oh, you know," Ben shrugged. "So full of French charm and quaintness you need a sedative to watch it. In every really bad movie about Paris there's always a shot of a quaint Frenchman lugging around a yard-long loaf of quaint French bread. You know what I mean, Charley?"

Charley nodded, sipping his drink. "Yeah," he said. "Only I call them champagne-tickles-my-nose movies. You know" — he looked around, smiling brightly — "if the movie's really bad enough, there's bound to be a scene where some girl tastes champagne for the first time."

"I know," Ben nodded sadly. "The only thing worse is the big can-can scene, with everybody so hilarious you want to kill yourself."

"And, of course, a shot of the rooftops of Paris," Charley grimaced.

"And a song about love in Paris — very mournful."

"With accordion music!" Charley closed his eyes as though he were in pain.

"Oh, sure," said Ben. "Movie'd be illegal without it."



He turned to Ruth. "Nothing like that in this picture?"

"Oh, no," she said, and glanced at June. "Was there, June?"

"Of course not," June shook her head firmly.

"Well, tell us about it, honey," Charley said. "Sounds as though we should have gone along."

"Oh, you should have!" June said. "It was — charming. Really very delightful — and warm."

Suddenly she giggled and said, "You tell them, Ruth!"

"Oh, it was very nice!" Ruth said quickly. "Just sort of — well, sort of warm and cozy, wasn't it, June?"

"Yes," said June. "It tickled my nose."

The two women burst into laughter, shoulders shaking, covering their faces with their hands.

Charley looked at them, smiling, nodding wisely. "Well," he said, "looks as though the truth, as always, is out. How about it, June? The picture was just as terrible as we in our wisdom predicted, wasn't it?"

June nodded several times, recovering from her laughter.

"Yes," she said then. "I'm sure it was. Ruth thought it would be. We talked about it in the car, on the way to the theatre."

Ruth nodded. "Ben's usually right about movies." She looked at him, smiling. "I hate to admit it, but you really are, dear. And I'd read the re-

views myself. There wasn't any parking place near the theatre, anyway, and we'd have been crazy to walk in that rain."

"So we went to The Inn," said June.

Charley sat staring at her. "The Inn?" he said slowly.

"Yes. You know — that nice place on Geary with the open fireplace in the middle of the lounge. They park your car for you and bring it back, and there's a big awning from the kerb to the door. Not a drop of rain touched us all night."

"You — didn't go to the movies? At all?" Ben said slowly to Ruth.

"Of course not. A terrible picture like that? On a night like this? We went to The Inn, sat by the fire, and talked. We had a wonderful visit, didn't we, June?"

"Wonderful," June said, smiling. "Two hot buttered runs apiece. Came home, finally, when it stopped raining."

"Where'd you two go to?" Ruth asked. Not waiting for an answer, she looked at June. "I always envy Ben," she said.

"His hair curls when it gets wet in the rain. Look at it!" She put a hand on Ben's head, then frowned. "Still wet," she said.

"You should have worn your

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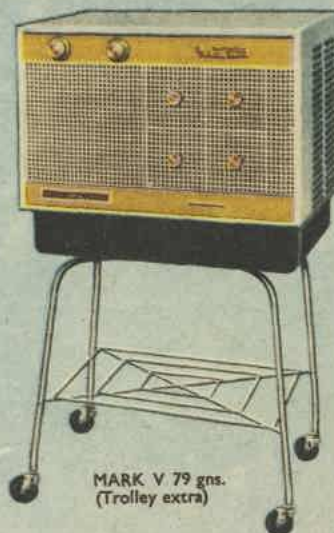
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Now I'm buttonholing all my friends and urging them to switch to Tampax, too. Take a fresh look at the things you want, the way you want to be—even on difficult days—and you'll turn to Tampax. There just isn't anything quite like it!

Available in two absorbencies—Regular and Super—to meet personal needs. Ask for Tampax at any chemist or store.



Invented by a doctor—
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If you'd like a sample (in plain wrapper) just send name, address and 7d. in stamps to the Nurse Dept. A. World Agencies Pty. Ltd. Box 3725, G.P.O., Sydney.

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Get rid of Sciatica pain ... all the pain, with wonderful A.R. TABS. At last, here's a positive relief for those excruciating twinges and pains. Follow the directions faithfully and positive Sciatica relief is soon felt. In just a few days all the pains and aches completely go. A.R. TABS will not affect the heart or cause unpleasant gastric upsets. Gentle, yet powerful, A.R. TABS is the positive relief for Sciatica pain—8/6 and 15/- at all Chemists.

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